



THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

1861

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THE
SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

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NOTICE.

The "SIXPENNY MAGAZINE" has achieved the success which the Press so warmly prophesied for the enterprise. A circulation unprecedented even in these days of large numbers, calls for an expression of our gratitude for the welcome so universally accorded to the First Number. Subscribers may rest assured that no effort of ours will be spared to render the "SIXPENNY MAGAZINE," both in quantity of matter and quality of contents, equal in value to any Periodical ever attempted. In the present number is commenced a New Novel, "THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE," which will present pictures of English life and scenery. Readers thus obtain a choice of three serial tales of great interest, originality, and power.

We beg to offer our best thanks to the numerous Contributors whose prompt offerings enable us to present a table of contents as varied and as amusing as can be found in the pages of any magazine, however costly or pretentious.

It is respectfully intimated that the Editor cannot be responsible for any articles that may miscarry or be mislaid. All MSS. are received subject to this condition.

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ITALY AND CAVOUR.

HOWEVER little we may habitually think of it, it is a privilege to live in the present time. Never, surely, in the history of the world, was there a period in which such momentous changes were going on in so many different parts of it as now. The mind grows confused in trying to realize the amount, or nature, or tendency of the forces that have been at work, within a few years, to produce such events. Thus, to refer to politics alone,—using that word, however, in its broadest acceptation, to include at once the external relations of states with each other, and the varying social phenomena that mark their internal condition,—who can think without awe of the consequences involved for the whole Continent in the French Revolution of 1848, of the Indian Mutiny, of the Chinese wars, with the impending rupture of that mighty empire, of the abolition of Russian serfdom, and of the crisis of American Slavery. What varying elements are here at work—barbarism against civilization, freedom against despotism, selfishness against self-sacrifice, old habits and modes of life and thought against new and startling social theories—that seem, like moral earthquakes, to heave the very ground beneath our feet. And yet, precisely at the time that change seems to have become the normal state of national life, and that nothing seems to be accepted as fixed, precisely at that moment do we find all the elements of such life grow daily richer and more complex. Never before were the sources of the wealth of nations so abundantly opened; never was benevolence more actively at work than now, to discover the causes and to mitigate the effects of the thousand evils that afflict the poor; never were law and legislation more willing to look into the essentials of things and forget their idolatry of mere forms; never was science in its practical manifestations so full of present gifts or of future promise: the electric telegraph, and the suspension of pain at will, are but two of the steps with which its wonderful progress has been recently marked.

Among all these movements there is none more interesting, perhaps none more important, than the efforts made by so many European communities, since the convulsion and opportunity of 1848, to re-constitute themselves in accordance with the facts of race,

language, and political and social sympathy. And what a lesson to governments and their tools, the diplomatists, ought not these events to be. Consider for a moment the position of the Congress of Vienna, to which Europe owes the arrangements that followed upon the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo. It had every possible material power in its hand, and it had every conceivable motive for building permanently whatever it might desire to erect. And for a time it seemed to be perfectly successful. The Napoleons were banished from France, Poland was quiet in its dismembered agony, Tory governments ruled in England, and unmitigated despotism almost everywhere else. Thus time was given to allow Liberal influences to die out in their enforced helplessness and inaction, and to develop all the natural strength and virtue that may belong to Conservatism. Yet now what do we see—and think—of the doings of the Congress of Vienna? A Napoleon is again on the throne of France, and powerful enough to keep all the rest of Europe in anxiety; Poland, so often dead, rises again threateningly from its ashes; Tory governments have become impossible in England; and as to the Continent, we have but to glance at Italy or Germany to see that the same terrible failure has overtaken there the handiwork of the legitimate governments. The truth is—and it is a truth that is always found the hardest to learn by those who most need it—in governing nations, as in governing individuals, all artificial methods are useless or evil, unless they are in accord with the natural elements involved. When foreign countries forced upon France a dynasty that it had rejected, when imperial spoliators divided Poland, when Italy was left partly Austrian and partly Italian, the deepest instincts of human nature were outraged; and there was a Conservatism aroused in opposition, that in the end proved far too strong for all the other and more impure sorts of Conservatism. It is possible, let us observe in passing, that no country may need to study the lesson thus given by events more profoundly than England itself, which is apt to be wilful in its strength, and occasionally illiberal towards others in its love of liberty. We have in India, for instance, a hundred millions of people to deal with, under



circumstances tending greatly to disturb the even balance of honest judgment; and with whom, if we do not take care, we stand in danger of becoming a kind of Austrian tyranny. Happily we have free speech, and honest men to tell us the truth, and we accept that truth in the long run.

But of all the national struggles that have marked these last few years, that of Italy is incomparably the greatest and most interesting. Everything has combined in it that is naturally most calculated to awe, to awaken, or to cheer the hearts of men. We have here had passing before our eyes, a sublime drama on the old model, with great men for the actors, the world's most renowned soil for a stage, an oppressed people, now mourning, now exulting, as the chorus, and the whole civilized globe for spectators. Let us glance at some of the earlier incidents of this drama. It is thus only we shall understand the true position of Cavour, as one of the heroes concerned so conspicuously in the *dénouement*.

The opening of that drama shows us the Italy of the Congress of Vienna. Peace restored, there is nothing now, say the statesmen, to prevent the people from rapidly recovering from the losses and miseries of war and developing life worthily. The people, it is soon discovered, are of a different opinion. While the one has been going backwards the other has gone forwards. Every instinct of the one is unnatural, detestable, to the other. We are told that in some States it was made penal to pronounce the name of the exile of St. Helena. In Rome, with a littleness scarcely credible, it was contemplated to cease to light the streets at night, because that custom owed its origin to the French. The public clocks put up during their occupation of the Eternal City, marking the division of the day according to the system prevalent through the greater part of Europe, but, unfortunately, termed *French time* by the common people, were next laid under an interdict.*

These comparatively slight incidents show, perhaps even more trustworthily than severe ones, the *tone* of the rulers of Italy. Of course suspicion, jealousy, and hatred grew fast under such conditions. Moderate men found they were just as little listened to by the several governments as those who were considered extremes.

In Modena the inhabitants languished (as we are told by competent authorities) in a sort of living death, which was esteemed the surest guarantee of their loyalty and obedience. In Parma, they found themselves and their fortunes constantly fluctuating in accord with the progress of the amours of Marie Louise, their lady-sovereign; until at last, under the tutelage of an Austrian diplomatist, who became her chief minister, "every description of injustice, extortion, and political rigour were permitted or enforced;" and to give the finishing touch to the whole arrangement of political affairs there, the privilege of claiming audiences from the duchess was abolished, so that no channel remained through which the people could speak or the sovereign hear of the misery and discontent that existed. In Lombardy, strange to say, under direct Austrian rule, the government was far better than in most of the other parts of Italy, that is to say, in all matters not relating to politics. But on that subject nothing could exceed the jealous ferocity of the white-coated officials. They did not simply put down all manifestations of nationality wherever they appeared, but they insulted and irritated in every possible way the men whom they oppressed. Italians seemed to have no right in their own churches, theatres, or coffee houses; everywhere the Austrian looked, and spoke, and moved as one of a superior race, and as delighting in the pain and humiliation he was for ever inflicting. Men could neither converse, nor sing, nor paint, nor write as Italians; they were forbidden to serve their country in public offices; the modicum of liberty guaranteed to them in 1815, of a representative council, was quietly got rid of; they were heavily taxed; and, as if conscious of what must be the result of such a life at home, namely an ardent desire to escape from it, all sorts of obstacles were thrown in the way of those who would travel abroad.

In Naples matters were worse. No Italian country had received the benefit of such good laws and institutions, yet none had suffered more through the bigotry, and bad faith, and cruelty of the sovereign. Life, property, liberty, and character, all that men everywhere hold most dear, were held in Naples at the mere pleasure or caprice of a despot. Nay, that statement does not comprise a full idea of the evil. They were held at

* Gretton's *Vicissitudes of Italy*.

the pleasure of the police. Now, however bad a king may be, he is but one man, his powers even of hate are limited, he can but direct his personal attention to a certain number of individuals; but once let such a man give the reins into the hands of the police, and every member of the body becomes a kind of petty and vulgar tyrant, made only the more cruel and rapacious because he knows his authority is uncertain, and because, in striving to please his employers in the performance of such a duty, he must so debase himself and stifle all natural resentments against the work given him to do, that he needs some kind of relief; and he finds it in subjecting men who are mentally and morally his superiors to all sorts of fantastical acknowledgments of his supremacy of position. The viler the man, the sweeter no doubt is this kind of compensation to him for having sold his soul.

In Sicily the same influences, of course, prevailed as in Naples, with the addition, that the Sicilians did not acknowledge the same personal tie to the king, and that they had enjoyed an ancient constitution, which England had guaranteed in 1812, but which had been faithlessly revoked by the King of Naples, while England, to its shame be it said, remained silent.

But even yet we have not mentioned that which was perhaps the worst of all the plagues that afflicted Italy, and which was rampant in Naples—the debasing religious superstitions which everywhere existed, and which the priesthood to a great extent taught and nurtured. It was in the Roman States, of course, that this evil was at its height. There the priesthood did not simply influence and corrupt the kingly, and to a certain extent the national mind, but they held all government in their own hands. The world is but too well acquainted, through the testimony of independent travellers, with the result. There were, as we have intimated, many bad governments in Italy, but none of them, not even that of Naples, could vie with the ecclesiastical rule in the Roman States. It was at once cruel and contemptible. It was proud, inflexible, and exacting, yet mean, blind, and corrupt. Beggary and brigandage, favouritism and sensuality flourished, while railways, and scientific meetings, and infant asylums were tabooed. There was comparative immunity for the worst criminals, if they could bribe the officials with money or the priests with an hypocritical show

of piety. Many of the clergy were notoriously depraved in their private lives. Commerce was a thing to benefit monopolists, and the post office an invention useful to enable the government to learn the private sentiments of the letter-writers. Even the confessional itself was prostituted to political and personal uses.

Tuscany alone, up to 1845, existed as a sort of oasis in the political desert, under the rule of Leopold; but after that time, under the influence of the Jesuits, it began to suffer sufficiently to make it wish, like all its sister States, for a sweeping change. Piedmont—as yet unconscious of its superb destiny to lead Italy on to freedom—was not so well off as Tuscany, nor so badly off as the rest of the Italian States. Its king was a thorough despot, and he was surrounded by the members of a particular society called *La Cattolica*, which had been founded by or through the Jesuits, to support unlimited temporal power for the king over the bodies—he being good enough, in return, to give the priests unlimited power over the souls—of men. The chief ministers were members of this society.

Such, then, was the state of Italy for many years after the Congress of Vienna, ruled by a number of petty sovereigns, who were secured—at least they thought so—against any revolt of their subjects by the ever-lowering shadow of the Austrian power; and who, of course, had to pay to Austria something in return for the protection she conferred: that something being simply national independence. Need we wonder that, under such a condition of things, Italian character became a byword; and that in England, for instance, the Italian people were looked upon chiefly as a fiddling and dancing community that had given itself up to paltry or sensual pleasures?

It is astonishing how long this prejudice prevailed among us, in spite of repeated insurrections. But all the means of obtaining a knowledge of the truth were in the hands of governments, and few facts could get abroad, except such as it pleased them to circulate. And it is worth commenting on, how pernicious the mistake is that thinks we need not trouble ourselves about the affairs of other countries; or that is so ready to take it for granted that other nations are not as we are, and do not desire liberty, because they cannot under any or all circumstances command the means of armed

revolt. The delusions that so long existed about Italy still prevail about France. And when, some fine day, a new revolution occurs across the Channel, we shall gaze on it in astonishment or disgust, as something inexplicable; all the while forgetting that, if we had only supposed our neighbours capable of the same desire for freedom as ourselves, and of suffering as keenly from the deprivation of it, we should probably have done them but justice, helped to keep up sympathy and increase better knowledge between the two countries, and, at all events, would ourselves stand before the world in a somewhat more dignified attitude than we do under these great political surprises.

The first outbreak against the "order" that had been established by the famous Congress was that of Naples, in 1820; which was so successful that the king, Ferdinand I., swore to the Constitution. Piedmont desired to follow the example, and Charles Albert, then regent, in the absence of the king, Charles Felix, gave encouragement to the demands of the people; which encouragement, however, his principal refused to sanction. It was supposed by the Piedmontese, and by a great many other hopeful Italians, that Charles Albert was thenceforward committed to the liberal cause. But in a few months the supporters of that cause were overthrown in both countries by the aid of Austrian armies, and then the patriotic party received their first baptism of blood—too often, alas! to be subsequently repeated. Executions, imprisonments, and banishments were the order of the day. Three noticeable results followed. There could be no longer any hope of reconciling the people and their rulers under the existing state of things: that was one conclusion forced upon all earnest and thoughtful men. The next was, that they saw it was not so much domestic tyranny they had to struggle with, as the rule of a foreigner, alien alike in genius as in blood to the Italians: that greatly simplified duty. And the third deduction was, that as one gigantic foreign power thus weighed the country down, it became equally clear that only a still mightier native power could raise it up. And what was that but the union of all the Italian nations into one nation? There must be no more Romans, and Lombards, and Tuscans, and Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, to allow Austria, through the several sovereign princes, to carry out her old Machiavellian rule of divide and conquer

—no, there must be henceforth but one banner that the people could march under with the hope of victory, and on that was inscribed "The Unity of Italy." The raising of that banner by Joseph Mazzini, and his keeping it everywhere displayed before the thoughts of his countrymen, in spite of all obstacles, is the cardinal incident of the first act of the Italian drama.

It was natural enough that when the native princes thus willingly placed themselves under the tutelage of Austria, men should think of getting rid of them by the same blow that freed the country from the foreigner; for how else could they be safe from royal treachery, always on the watch to bring back the old state of things? Hence republicanism must have grown as an idea, if the Italians had been previously unacquainted with the thing. But with their history, in which republics had so often played a glorious part, such a consequence was inevitable. Joseph Mazzini was a republican. But it is a memorable fact that almost at the outset of his career, in 1831, when Charles Albert came to the throne of Sardinia, Mazzini addressed a public letter to the king, calling upon him to give liberty to Italy, and warning him of the ruin that would follow if he refused or hesitated. Now it must be borne in mind that the king *had* committed himself to the liberal cause while acting as regent, had committed himself to the same general view that all patriotic Italians held as to the miseries of the country under so many despotic princes, themselves but the instruments of the Austrian Emperor, and was therefore morally bound to use his new power to do something at least to alleviate the national condition. Yet what was his answer to this appeal from a young ardent Italian?—but simply a sentence of banishment.

And then began a series of plottings and counter-plottings on both sides, that have not even ceased up to the present hour. The king's motive was transparent. He was more afraid of the republicanism which might overthrow him than enamoured of the liberty which might regenerate Italy. And the consequence was, that as he would not be the leader of the people in those days of danger and uncertainty, even though tempted by the dazzling vision of universal monarchy in Italy, he clung to the old ways, and persecuted the apostles and adherents of the new faith. But Mazzini in exile proved stronger than at home. He brought together a number of exiles, and founded the society of Young

Italy. And whatever faults may be laid to his charge—however guilty he may subsequently have been of recklessly playing with Italian lives in the pursuit of his unchanging policy to let neither Italian rulers nor the world have rest while Italy was enslaved—we do not hesitate to say that history will award to him the proud title of the Evangelist of Italian unity. When that idea had penetrated into the inmost core of the nation's heart, all things were possible; without that nothing.

Charles Albert's dalliance with liberalism while Regent, and the secret ambition that began to be ascribed to him of desiring to be the future leader of the Italians in a crusade against the Austrians, but which he himself cautiously concealed, no doubt were the facts that first helped to bring Piedmont into a prominent position, and to suggest the idea of that State taking the initiative of movement. But unless bolder men had stepped forward to do for the king and the country what the former would not risk for either, the day of emancipation would have been indefinitely postponed. But among the supporters of royalty arose three men, all Piedmontese, and all filled with a vivid idea of the importance of their country in connexion with the future of Italy. These were Gioberti, Balbo, and D'Azeglio. Gioberti taught, and for a time with great success, that the temporal power of the pope was not incompatible with the advantage of Italy; and he thus strove to remove from the liberal path a great stumbling-block—the idea that in promoting political progress, people would be impairing the powers of the Church. Balbo's eloquence took for its theme the nomination of Charles Albert as the future chief of a military Italian confederation; while D'Azeglio endeavoured with great earnestness and talent to keep the Italian idea of unity within monarchical limits: he, too, looking to Piedmont to take the initiative. Of course Charles Albert was gratified by the writings of these men, and he did not hesitate secretly to commend them, but he not the less allowed obstacles to be opposed to their dissemination through his dominions.

It is remarkable that the several theories of these men have been as carefully tested by events as if the sole object had been to discover their truth. A new Pope was elected soon after—Pius IX., the present occupant of the Vatican—and his first important act electrified Europe. He gave a complete political amnesty. Gioberti's

theories were now apparently being rapidly reduced into the most admirable practice. Reform followed reform, and the Pope's government began to be idolized for its own virtues, and held up as an example and guide for all the other Italian rulers, most of whom were driven along the same path. But it was not long before the Pope's mind underwent a great change: he lost faith in the very cardinal point of Gioberti's faith, that the interests of the Church would be promoted by the policy in question. Influenced by this fear, and by the constant promptings of Austria, he began to draw back; and ere long the very man who blessed the volunteers from the balcony of the Vatican as they went off to the "Holy War" against the Austrians, was himself running away to Gaeta, in the inglorious disguise of a footman, to accept the inglorious protection of the King of Naples. And so ended Gioberti's faith, about which at the time so much noise was made.

Balbo's was not destined to any greater success. Charles Albert did become the Italian leader, after the universal outbreak that succeeded the French Revolution of February, 1848, and for a time was signally successful. But the same hesitation and want of straightforward honesty of character that had made him so long unwilling to accept or renounce the brilliant position apparently assigned to him by fate, and which caused him to thwart and oppress other men who were willing to do the work he left undone, followed him into the war and destroyed him. After the victory of Goito, and his obtaining possession of Peschiera, he and his partisans broke through the solemn engagement that he had voluntarily entered into not to make any stipulations, but simply to fight as the soldier of Italy, and leave Lombardy to determine its own fate after the war. He began to urge on the immediate annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. In other words, the moment he had done something, he wished to be rewarded. By the same act he thus indicated he had no faith in his own cause—royalty—and no faith in the grateful feelings of the Lombards, when he should have overcome all their enemies. He was fatally wrong. Had he kept all Italian hearts together—whether royalist or republican—and led them on to final victory, there cannot be the remotest question but that he would by universal acclamation have received the crown he

coveted. But from the time of this ill-judged and selfish measure, jealousies were aroused between the two great parties which paralysed action, caused the king to be beaten at Custoza, induced him to make his disgraceful armistice with the Austrians before Milan, and obtain from them permission to retire unmolested (an act that again overwhelmed his name with obloquy); and that, finally, when he made yet again an attempt to overthrow Austria, ended in the fatal defeat of Novara. After that Charles Albert abdicated in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel, and died, as we all remember, a broken-hearted man.

D'Azeglio's theory alone proved the true one. It was a delusion to think that the Pope's temporal government could ever be really reconciled with the good of Italy; it was a delusion to think Charles Albert a man of true heroic proportions, and fit to conduct so grand a cause; but it was not a delusion to think, after all, that Piedmont was the State fitted to lead the other States, and that the national movement could alone be successfully conducted to a final resting-place by a monarchy. But D'Azeglio was not himself capable of so great a task as guiding that monarchy, or preparing public opinion to accept Piedmontese control after such dreadful and serious mishaps. But the man was at hand, in God's own time, and his name was—Cavour.

A few words are due to the great events in Rome and Venice which preceded the complete triumph of Austria and the reaction. It seemed, at one time, that the republican party would succeed where Charles Albert had failed. Notwithstanding all adverse influences, Rome was able to depose the Pope as a temporal power, and proclaim a republic. And for a few weeks there was a state of things prevailing that promised a revival of the old republican glories. And had France not interfered, there seems no reason to doubt that the republic would have consolidated itself, and with the aid of Venice, also a republic, would then have taken the initiative, and have transferred the whole of Italy by degrees into a confederation of republics. But this was not to be. The French Republic interfered and put down its Roman sister by mingled fraud and violence, though not until Mazzini had proved his right divine to govern, and Garibaldi had drawn all eyes to his military skill and heroism. Of course the single explanation of the con-

duct of France is, that its republic so called was really no republic at all, but a sham in the hands and under the guidance of men who had done their utmost to discredit the republican creed, and who were, like their head, Louis Napoleon, watching their opportunity to destroy the government entrusted to them. The Roman Republic fell, but fell with dignity, under a foreign force. After that there was no hope for Venice; though, with wonderful courage and fortitude, she persisted till every possible chance of Italy's coming to her aid was resigned, and then she, too, succumbed to the old Austrian master.

It is under these circumstances that Cavour appears on the scene. Born of an ancient family, bred as a courtier in the palace of the reactionary king of Sardinia, Charles Felix, but too plain-spoken to be retained in that capacity long, he began early to study the political sciences; and, looking probably upon England as the fountain-head of instruction in such matters, he came to this country, and examined with a friendly but critical eye the nature and working of our institutions. He returned to Turin in 1842, and for some years contented himself with watching the evolution of events and with literary occupation. He was no liberal, but he saw the old system of things was failing, even before the French Revolution of February sent it tottering down, a mere wreck, by the mere transmitted shock. In 1847 he established a paper, the *Risorgimento*, in conjunction with Balbo, and three other aristocratic coadjutors. In the pages of that periodical the Cavourian ideas were first discussed, such as his theories of reform, his notion that Naples, Rome, and Piedmont should form a liberal crusade, and those bold views with respect to the temporalities of the Church which were soon to excite so much enthusiasm among the liberal party, and so much hatred from the Church. But it was not till after the defeat of Charles Albert at Novara that Cavour's position became at all important. In 1849 he entered the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, and his work began very speedily.

The future just then looked very black. All Italy was lying prostrate under the reaction, Piedmont alone excepted; and even that country was in danger from Austria, if it made the smallest movement to alarm the German oppressors. Yet there were patriotic men scattered everywhere about who were determined

there should be no rest for oppressor or oppressed till the chains were broken. The republican party stood high in estimation, and would be looked to for the future, if Piedmont did not again prepare herself for the contest, and win the sympathy and support of all Italians in so doing. How was that to be done? Cavour answered that question grandly. He said, in effect, we must keep Piedmont constitutional and liberal, in spite of all difficulties. We must show to Italy there is one sovereign, Victor Emmanuel, who can be trusted. We must show to the European world we desire nothing that need alarm kings or people; we seek only to follow in the steps of England. And he did these things, for power was soon entrusted to him. In 1850 he became Minister of Commerce and Agriculture as the colleague of D'Azeglio, and inaugurated a system of free-trade, promoted education, the transfer of monastic property to the coffers of the State, the construction of railways, improvement of postal communication, financial reform, and re-organization of the army. These were measures calculated not simply to improve Piedmont, and set an example to other states, but to suggest to all thoughtful observers they were framed for some special end, and what that would be no one doubted. Cavour thus succeeded in drawing attention away from the republican to the Piedmontese or royalist party. He was obviously planning to give to his country and king at some favourable opportunity the initiative of a new struggle. But it could scarcely be expected that the republicans, towards whom Cavour was always austere, and not unfrequently unjust, would or could have faith; and hence—in opposition to the views of many of the best-friends-of-Italy—partial outbreaks were from time to time taking place, that ended in failure, bloodshed, and dissension.

It became evident also that, apart from other questions, there was one fact that determined plainly that if the people could choose between royalty and republicanism to lead them, they would do wisely to accept the former. It was regal Piedmont alone that had a position to start from, an army actually ready for warfare, and a constitution to show to all men what domestic progress awaited them, when freedom and peace should be obtained. By facts of this kind, and the inferences to which such facts unavoidably led in the existing state of men's minds,

did Cavour prepare the way. But time was necessary, and so years passed on. Opportunity must be solicited: and it was obtained with consummate skill. The Crimean war broke out, and although it was not Cavour (we believe) who first proposed to the English Government, but the English Government that proposed to him, that a body of Piedmontese soldiers should join the allies, still the Italian statesman deserves all praise for the sagacity and boldness that made him adopt so important a step. It was that army and its conduct that first enabled Cavour—by that time premier of Sardinia—to plead the cause of Italy in the Congress of Paris, when he made Austria listen to most unwelcome truths. Still nothing followed except public attention, interest, and sympathy.

The time is not yet come for us to know what was really the nature of Cavour's next step, the secret treaty with Louis Napoleon. But there is one fact that should never be lost sight of—when Cavour brought in the French to help Italy, it was impossible for him to say when he would again get rid of them. The English press were at the time almost unanimous in their condemnation of this act; and we do not think that Cavour's success should make us forget it was not a dignified nor a prudent course to take, nor one that should be imitated by any country that properly respects itself.

But the treaty was made, war again broke out, and the French entered Italy; and while attacking the Austrians, left the rest of the country to assert its own claims. One state after another—Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and portions of the Papal States—took advantage of the opportunity, and instantly organized themselves; and now was seen how wisely Cavour had foreseen events, when he believed that Piedmont, with an honest king and a constitutional government, must draw the other parts of Italy to her the moment they were free to come. Magenta was fought, and Solferino, and the Austrians—thoroughly beaten, yet still formidable in that fortress-quadrangle—agreed to the treaty of Villafranca, by which the Pope was to be chief of a new confederation, and Austria, as possessor of Venice, one of the members!

This was no measure for Cavour to sanction, and he retired for a time. He was already committed to a general support of the idea of United Italy, and he

had shown, by his unceasing struggle with the Pope, how little faith he had, or could have, in that potentate's fitness to preside over the political destinies of Italy. Would it were possible to pass over the next incident in Cavour's career, the sacrifice to Napoleon of Nice and Savoy, doubtless in pursuit of a secret negotiation previously entered into. Had a republican done this to promote *his* object, how terrible would have been the outcry. But even the act itself was made worse by the falsehood that accompanied it. No English gentleman in an English parliament would be able to hold up his head if he had done what Cavour did—deny that any intention existed to give up those countries to France, at the very moment when we now know he had consented to give them up, and was secretly preparing matters so that they should be given up without noise or danger of attempts at rescue from indignant Europe. By this same act Cavour did another thing, which may yet work evil for Italy—he aroused the natural anger and alarm of Switzerland, a friendly country, which was greatly injured by the measure in question.

But one of the most remarkable consequences of the loss of Savoy and Nice, was the renewed power and impulse it gave to the republican party, and to those men who stood between both parties, as simple lovers of the country, and of whom Garibaldi might be called the chief. Under this new incentive, men and money for an expedition to Naples were collected by Mazzini; and it was that expedition, so originated, that Garibaldi subsequently took the lead of—Garibaldi himself a native of Nice, and therefore now no longer legally an Italian. The world knows by heart all the incidents of that wonderful campaign, which ended in adding a third of Italy, at one blow, to the King of Sardinia, or rather, to the national unity typified in his person. It is said that Cavour secretly aided this expedition while officially disavowing it; and it is probable enough that when he heard it was organized, and certain to make the attempt, that he again struck out boldly, in order to keep royalty on the winning side, and so checkmate Mazzini.

But the great republican leader has had little justice. He has ever been prepared to put aside his own theory, if only the other camp would accept the onerous duty of committing themselves and their

fortunes to the idea and aim of the unification of Italy. But Garibaldi's old friends and former companions understand him better, and know that now, as before, the paramount question is, not whether royalty or republicanism shall rule, but whether royalty will hold fast to the assertion of Italian right to be one in spite of all obstacles. For our own part, we think that Cavour was entitled to full faith with regard to the only remaining questions, Venice and Rome; but we also think the liberal party did right to keep ever pressing him on, knowing that there was Napoleon ever working in the dark to paralyse the great statesman's aspirations and policy.

And just while all Europe waited in anxiety to see how Cavour would manage to keep back Garibaldi and the party of action, without weakening their power, when he should be ready to direct them against the Austrians—he died.

Rome, alas! still in the hands of the Pope and the French; Venice still an Austrian possession. Happily, he knew there could be no reasonable doubt that Italy would ere long obtain both these places, and be formally and completely constituted. Perhaps he was conscious that his own death might accelerate the solution, by simplifying relations with France. All Cavour's broad national policy must not only live after him, but be sanctified and enriched, and wonderfully strengthened by his sudden death, so like that of a martyr stricken through devotion to his cause. But, on the contrary, the secret ties and understandings—if any—whatever they may be, and which may have cost Cavour incalculable suffering to reflect upon, must die with him. No diplomatist would dare, we think, to propose to the new Premier of Italy a fresh dismemberment on the ground of secret promises given by Cavour; and certainly no Italian statesman would listen for an instant to any such suggestions. Even while we write Louis Napoleon, probably seeing he has no longer anything to gain by secret workings on the hopes or fears of the Italian Premier, has recognised the independence of the country. He still reserves the question of French protection of the Pope at Rome. But now that England and France have both recognised the King of Italy, it is obviously but a work of time for him to obtain possession of his own natural capital. At last the handwriting is on the wall against the temporal power

of the Pope; and it is only wonderful he and his advisers should for so worthless and hopeless a cause imperil and weaken their influence in their own proper sphere. Probably God destines some new form of Protestantism to rise up in Italy, and these troubles and conflicts may be only his instruments of preparation.

As to Venice, its junction with its own people is certain, now that Italy can feel assured she has not to maintain a double conflict, that is to say, with France and Austria. It will be impossible for the latter power, torn to pieces by internal convulsions, and with Hungary waiting and watching to destroy her—it will, we repeat, be impossible for Austria to resist the attack of Italy when Italy shall come fully prepared to the contest. The alliance between Italy and Hungary, which Garibaldi and Kossuth will settle if the King of Sardinia hesitates, will necessarily at the critical moment paralyse action even in the famous quadrangle. When those fortresses are beleaguered with armies of hundreds of thousands of men, and when the news reaches the Austrian garrisons that Hungary is in arms against the government of Venice, it is easy to predict the collapse that must take place. The Hungarians, called by the voice of their country as expressed in the Diet, will assuredly at once compel a pause, and probably, with the Italian aid, settle the whole business in a few hours or days. Yet Austria, blind as ever, seems hurrying on to perdition; still playing the

despot in Hungary, though conscious it is Hungary alone that can save her, and maintain her in the position of a great European power.

Looking, then, at all the elements of the position, so far as they can be readily traceable, we believe Italy may have yet arduous struggles to make, but that her success is certain, and that over Cavour's grave she may feel a new assurance of how much she owes to her great statesman. The only advice we could wish might be offered to the present rulers of Italy by men that they would listen to, is, that they should resolutely refuse to acknowledge any longer republicans or royalists, but that they should call upon all Italians, no matter what their abstract creed, to come forward and serve their country. Then will they see how easy it is to heal these dissensions that have so often perilled the future of Italy. Then will they understand how much of heroism and self-sacrifice exists in the hearts of many of the men who are continually held up to public obloquy. Then will they find that Italy needs alike her moderate party and her party of action; and that she has a heart large enough to appreciate the varying services of all her more eminent children—her prophetic idealist and self-sacrificing conspirator Mazzini; her grand soldier-hero Garibaldi; her bold, sagacious, and consummately skilful statesman Cavour; and her honest, faithful-hearted king Victor Emmanuel.



THE PHILOSOPHER DISARMED.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By EDMOND ABOUT.

CHAPTER III.

MARY ANNE.

THE studies of my youth have developed in me a passion which has ended by crushing all others; it is the desire for knowledge, or, if you prefer to call it so, curiosity. Up to the day when I started for Athens, my only pleasure had been learning; my only vexation, ignorance. I loved science as a mistress, and no one had as yet come to dispute possession of my heart with it. On the other hand, I must allow I was not romantic, and poetry and Hermann Schultz rarely entered by the same door. I walked about the world as in a vast museum, with a spy-glass in my hand. I observed the pleasures and sufferings of others as facts worthy of study, but unworthy of envy or pity. I was no more jealous of a happy household than I was of two palm-trees wedded by the wind. I had just as much compassion for a heart lacerated by love as I felt for a geranium withered by a frost. When a man has dissected living animals, he is no longer sensitive to the cries of palpitating flesh. I should have made a famous spectator at a fight of gladiators.

Photini's love for John Harris would have moved the heart of any one but a naturalist. The poor girl, it was evident, entirely wasted her affection. She was too timid to let her love be seen, and John was too careless to guess it. Even had he perceived anything, was there any chance of his taking an interest in a simple, ugly girl from the banks of the Ilissus? Photini spent four other days with him—the four Sundays of April. She looked at him from morn till night with languishing and despairing eyes; but she never found courage to open her mouth in his presence. Harris whistled calmly. Dimitri snarled like a pup, and I watched with a smile this malady, from which my constitution had always preserved me.

My father wrote to me about this time to tell me that business was bad. Travellers were becoming scarce. Money was dear, our opposite neighbours had just emigrated, and hence, if I had found a German princess, I could not do better than marry her out of hand. I answered him, that I had found no one as yet to fascinate me save the daughter of a poor Greek colonel; that she was seriously caught, but with another than myself;

that I might, with a little skill, become her confidant, but never her lover. In other respects my health was good, and my herbal magnificent. My researches, hitherto confined to the suburbs of Athens, might possibly be extended further. Security was springing up again—the brigands had been defeated by the gendarmerie, and all the papers announced the dispersal of Hadji Stavros' band. In a month at the latest I could start again for Germany, and request an appointment which would provide bread for the whole family.

We had read, on Sunday, April 28, in the Athens *Siècle*, the grand defeat of the King of the Mountains. The official reports stated that he had twenty men placed *hors de combat*, his camp burned, his band dispersed, and that the gendarmes had pursued him into the Marathon marshes. This news, most agreeable to all foreigners, had seemed to cause less pleasure to the Greeks, and particularly to our hosts. Christodulos, for a captain in the phalanx, was wanting in enthusiasm, and the daughter of Colonel John had nearly cried on hearing of the brigand's defeat. Harris, who had brought the paper, did not conceal his delight. As for myself, I was enabled to go to the country, and was enchanted. On the morning of the 30th I was away with my botanizing box and stick, Dimitri having called me at four o'clock. He was going to take the orders of an English family which had arrived at the Strangers' Hotel a few days previously.

I went down Hermes Street, and turned into Eolus Street. In passing by the Gun Square I saluted the small artillery park of the kingdom, which slumbers under a shed, while dreaming of the capture of Constantinople, and in four strides I reached the Patrosia promenade. The meleanthus that border it on either side were beginning to expand their odoriferous flowers. The deep blue sky was somewhat lighter between the Hymettus and the Pentelicus. Before me, on the horizon, rose the summits of Parnassus, like a breached wall. It was my destination. I went by a cross road to the house of the Countess Ianthe Theoloki, occupied by the French Legation; I walked along the gardens of Prince Michael Soutzo and the Academy of Plato, which a president of the Areopagus made a lottery of a few years back, and I entered the grove of olives. The matinal thrushes and the blackbirds, their cousins german,

were leaping among the silvery leaves and chattering joyously over my head. At the end of the wood I crossed large green barley fields, where the horses of Attica, short and thick-set like those on the frieze of the Parthenon, were consoling themselves for the dry provender and heating food of the winter. Flocks of turtle-doves flew away on my approach, and the crested larks rose vertically in the sky like the rockets at a display of fireworks. From time to time an indolent tortoise crossed the road, dragging its house with it. I carefully turned it on its back, and went on my way, leaving it



TURNING A TURTLE.

the honour of getting out of the scrape. After two hours' walking I entered the desert. All traces of cultivation disappeared: nothing was visible on the parched soil but tufts of dried grass, Star of Bethlehem bulbs, and the long stems of withered asphodels. The sun rose, and I saw distinctly the firs which bristle on the side of Parnassus. The path I had taken was not a very sure guide, but I proceeded toward a group of scattered houses on the slope of the mountain, and which must be the village of Castia.

I crossed at a leap the Eleusinian Cephissus, to the great scandal of the little flat tortoises which leaped about in the water like simple frogs. One hundred paces further on, the road was lost in a wide and deep ravine, hollowed by the rains of two or three thousand winters. I supposed, with some show of justice, that the ravine must be the road, for I had noticed, in my previous excursions, that the Greeks dispense with having a road wherever the water has been kind enough to take that duty on itself. In this country, where man but slightly thwarts the labours of nature, the torrents

are royal roads; the rivers, turnpike roads; the rivulets, cross country roads. Storms do the office of highway engineers, and the rain is an inspector who keeps up, without any control, the means of communication, great and small. I therefore buried myself in the ravine, and pursued my journey between the two scarped banks which hid from me plain, mountain, and my destination. But the capricious road took so many turnings, that it was soon difficult for me to know in what direction I was walking, and whether I was not turning my back on Parnassus. The wisest thing would have been to climb up one or other of the banks, and see where I was; but the sides were steep, I was tired and hungry, and I felt jolly in the shade. I sat down on a block of marble, took from my box a loaf, a shoulder of cold lamb, and a flask of the wine I have before alluded to, saying to myself, "If I am on a road, some one is sure to pass, and I will inquire."

In fact, as I was shutting up my knife, to stretch myself in the shade, with



A STRETCH IN THE SHADE.

that soft beatitude which follows the breakfast of travellers and serpents, I fancied I heard a horse's footfall. I laid my ear to the ground, and perceived that two or three riders were coming up behind me. I buckled my box on my shoulders, and made ready to follow them, in the event of their proceeding in the direction of Parnassus. Five minutes later I saw two ladies make their appearance, mounted on living horses, and dressed like Englishwomen travelling. Behind them was a footman whom I had no difficulty in recognising: it was Dimitri.

You, who have been about the world a little, must have noticed that the traveller always sets out without troubling himself much about the vanities of the toilet; but if he happens to meet ladies, be they as old as the dove of Noah's ark, he suddenly emerges from his indifference,

and casts an anxious glance upon his dusty envelope. Even before distinguishing the faces of the two riders behind their veils of blue crape, I had made a general inspection of my person, and was tolerably satisfied with myself. I wore the clothes you now see, and which are still presentable, though they have served me for nearly two years. I had only changed my head-covering, for a cap, even were it so handsome and good as this, would not protect a traveller against sun-strokes. I had on a wide-brimmed felt hat, which did not show the dust.

I took it off politely as the two ladies passed, though they seemed hardly to notice my bow. I held out my hand to Dimitri, and he told me in a few words all I wished to know.

"I am on the road to Parnassus?"

"Yes, we are going there."

"I can accompany you?"

"Why not?"

"Who are the ladies?"

"My English. The Milord has remained at the hotel."

"What sort of people?"

"Pooh! London bankers. The old lady is Mrs. Simons, of the house of Barlee & Co.; the Milord is her brother; the young one is her daughter."

"Pretty?"

"That is according to taste. I prefer Photini."

"Shall you go as far as the fortress of Philæ?"

"Yes. They have hired me for a week, at ten shillings a day and food. I have to arrange their excursions. I began with this one as I felt sure of meeting you. But what bee has stung them?"

The old lady, annoyed at seeing that I had borrowed her servant, had set her animal at a trot in a passage, within the memory of man, no one had ever trotted. The other steed tried to assume the same pace in its noble jealousy, and, if we had conversed a few minutes longer, we should have been distanced. Dimitri ran off to rejoin the ladies, and I heard Mrs. Simons say to him in English—

"Do not leave us. I am English, and wish to be properly waited on. I do not pay you to converse with your friends. Who is that Greek you were talking to?"

"He is a German, madam."

"Oh! what is his trade?"

"He looks for herbs."

"Oh! then, he is an apothecary?"

"No, madam, he is a professor."

"Oh! does he speak English?"

"Yes, madam, very well."

"Oh!"

These four "ohs" of the old lady were said in three different keys, which I should have felt a pleasure in scoring, had I been a musician. They indicated, by very sensible gradations, the progress I had made in Mrs. Simons' esteem. Still she did not address a syllable to me, and I followed the little party at a short distance. Dimitri no longer dared to speak with me; he walked in front like a prisoner of war. All he could do in my favour was to give me two or three glances, as much as to say, "What prudes these Englishwomen are." Miss Simons did not turn her head, and I was hence incompetent to decide in what her ugliness differed from that of Photini. All I could see, without indiscretion, was, that the young English lady was tall and admirably formed. Her shoulders were tall, her waist round as a bamboo, and supple as a reed. The little to be seen of her neck would have made me think of the Zoological Gardens, even if I had not been a naturalist.

Her mother turned to speak to her, and I doubled my pace to hear her voice in reply. Have I not already told you that I am passionately curious? I arrived just in time to catch the following conversation:—

"Mary Anne?"

"Mamma?"

"I am hungry."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

"I, mamma, am so hot."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

You fancy that this truly English dialogue made me smile? Not at all, sir, for I was under a spell. Mary Anne's voice had followed—I know not what road, to penetrate I know not where. The fact is, that in listening to her I felt as it were a delicious agony, and felt very pleasantly choking. In my whole life, I had never heard anything younger, fresher, or more silvery than that low voice. The sound of a shower of gold falling on my father's roof would, in truth, have appeared to me less sweet. "What a pity," I thought to myself, "that the most melodious birds are necessarily the ugliest," and I feared to see her face, and yet was dying of envy to gaze on her; such power does curiosity exert over me.

Dimitri counted on letting the two ladies breakfast at the khan of Calysia. It is an inn built of badly joined planks,

but you find there at all seasons a jar of raisin wine, a bottle of raki, bread, eggs, and a regiment of venerable brooders, whom death transforms into chickens, by virtue of the law of metempsychosis. Unfortunately the khan was deserted and the door locked. At this discovery, Mrs. Simons scolded Dimitri very sharply, and as she turned for the purpose, she showed me a face as angular as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth resembling palisades.

"I am English," she said, "and accustomed to eat when I am hungry."



I AM ENGLISH.

"Madame," Dimitri replied, piteously, "you shall breakfast in half an hour at the village of Castia."

I, who had breakfasted, indulged in melancholy reflections on the ugliness of Mrs. Simons, and muttered between my teeth an apophthegm from the Latin grammar, "As the mother is, so is the daughter."

From the khan to the village the road is simply detestable. It is a perpendicular flight of steps between a rock and a precipice which would make even chamois feel giddy. Mrs. Simons, before entering this diabolic path, where the horses had just room to put down their four feet, asked if there was no other road.

"I am English," she said, "and not made to roll over precipices."

Dimitri began praising the road, and

assured her there were others a hundred-fold worse in the kingdom.

"At any rate," the good lady continued, "hold my horse's bridle. But what will become of my daughter? Lead my daughter's horse. And yet I must not break my neck. Can't you hold both horses at the same time? This path is indeed detestable. I am willing to believe it is good enough for Greeks, but it is not fit for English ladies. Is it not so, sir?" she added, as she turned graciously to me.

I was introduced. Whether regular or not, the presentation was made. I arrived under the auspices of a personage well known in mediæval romances, and whom the poets of the fourteenth century called Danger. I bowed with all the elegance nature has accorded me, and answered in English:—

"Madame, the road is not so bad as it appears to you at the first glance. Your horses are sure-footed, as I know, from having ridden them; and then, you have two guides, if you will permit it, Dimitri for you and myself for the young lady."

No sooner said than done. Without waiting for an answer, I boldly advanced, took Mary Anne's bridle and turned to her. As her blue veil had just flown back, I saw the most adorable face that ever upset the scientific thoughts of a German naturalist.

A charming Chinese poet, the celebrated A-Scholl, asserts that every man has in his heart a nest of eggs, each containing a love. To hatch them the glance of a woman is sufficient. I am too learned to be ignorant that this hypothesis is destitute of any solid foundation, and that it is in formal contradiction with all the facts revealed by anatomy. Still, I must allow that Miss Simon's first glance caused me a sensible disturbance in the region of the heart. I experienced a most unusual commotion, which, however, had nothing painful about it, and it seemed to me as if something had broken in the bony structure of my chest, just above the bone called the sternum. At the same instant my blood coursed violently, and the arteries in my temples beat with such force that I could count their pulsations.

What eyes she had, my dear sir! I trust, for your repose, that you may never come across any like them. They were not of very surprising size, and were not out of proportion with the rest

of the face. They were neither blue nor black, but of special and personal colour, made for them and mixed expressly on a corner of the palette. It was a burning and velvety brown only found in the Siberian garnet and certain garden flowers. I could show you a scabiosa and an almost black variety of hollyhock, which recal, though without rendering, the marvellous shade of her eyes. If you have ever visited a forge at midnight you must have remarked the strange gleam reflected by a steel plate heated to a brownish red—that was their exact colour. As for the charm they possessed, no comparison could describe it, for that is a gift reserved for a small number of individuals in the animal kingdom. Mary Anne's eyes had something about them simple and yet clever—a candid vivacity, a flash of youth and health, and at times a touching languor. All the knowledge of the woman and all the innocence of the child could be read in them as in a book; but you would have gone blind had you read that book for long. Her glance burned, so truly as my name is Hermann: it would have caused the peaches on your wall to ripen.

When I think that poor Dimitri thought her not so good-looking as Photini! in truth, love is a malady which singularly dulls instinct! I, who had never lost the use of my reason, and judge everything with the wise indifference of a naturalist, I assure you that the world never saw a woman comparable with Mary Anne. I should like to be able to show you her portrait, such as it has remained engraved on my memory. You would see how long her lashes were, what a graceful arch her brows formed over her eyes, how the enamel of her teeth laughed in the sun, and how rosy and transparent her little ear was. I studied her beauty in its slightest details, because I have an analytical mind, and a habit of observation. One of the features that struck me most in her was the fineness and transparency of her skin; her epidermis was more delicate than the velvety down which envelops fine fruit. The roses of her cheeks seemed composed of that impalpable dust which illumines the wings of butterflies. If I had not been a doctor in natural sciences, I should have feared lest the rubbing of her veil should remove the fragile lustre of her beauty. I do not know if you like pale women, and I have no wish to clash



THE TWO GUIDES.

with your ideas, if you happen to have a taste for that style of dying-away elegance which was the fashion for a certain season; but in my quality of professor I admire nothing so much as health, that joy of life. If ever I have myself called as physician, I shall be a precious man for families, for it is certain that I shall never be captivated by one of my patients. The sight of a pretty, healthy, lively face causes me nearly as much pleasure as that of a vigorous shrub whose flowers expand gaily in the sun, and whose leaves have never been attacked by caterpillars or May bugs. Hence, the first time I saw Mary Anne's face, I felt a violent temptation to squeeze her hand and say to her, "How kind it is of you, miss, to be in such good health."

I have forgotten to tell you that the lines of her face were deficient in regularity, and that she had no statuesque profile. Phidias might have, perhaps, refused to make her bust; but Pradier would have asked her for a few sittings on his knees. I will confess, even at the risk of destroying your illusions, that she had on her left cheek a dimple, which was not matched on the other; which is contrary to all the rules of symmetry. You must know, too, that her nose was neither straight nor aquiline, but slightly turned up after the French model. But I would deny, even on the scaffold, that this conformation rendered her less pretty. She was as lovely as the Greek statues; but in a different style. Beauty is not measured by an immutable type, although Plato affirmed it in his sublime vagaries. It varies according to the age, the peoples, and the cultivation of the mind. The Venus of Milo was, two thousand years ago, the loveliest girl in the Archipelago; I do not believe that she would be in 1858 the prettiest woman in Paris. Take her to a dressmaker in the Place Vendôme, and a milliner's in the Rue de la Paix. In whatever drawing-room you might present her, she would meet with less success than Mrs. So-and-so, who has less correct features and not such a regular nose. A woman geometrically lovely might be admired in an age when woman was only an object of art intended to flatter the sight, without appealing to the mind—a bird of Paradise, whose plumage was contemplated without even inviting it to sing. A lovely Athenian girl was as well proportioned, as white, and as cold as the column of a temple. Mr. Merimay showed me in a book that

the Ionic column was only a woman disguised. The portico of the Erechthæum, or Athens Acropolis, still rests on four Athenian women of the age of Pericles. The women of our day are pretty winged creatures—little, active, and, before all, thoughtful, created not to bear temples on their heads, but to awaken genius, cheer our toil, animate our courage, and enlighten the world by the flashes of their wit. What we love in them, and constitutes their beauty, is not the regularity of their features; it is the animated and mobile expression of feelings more delicate than ours; it is the flashes of thought round that fragile envelope which is unable to contain it; it is the petulant sport of an intellectual countenance. I am no sculptor, but if I could wield a graver, and I had a commission to make an allegorical statue of our age, I swear to you that it should have a dimple on its left cheek and a turned-up nose.

I led Mary Anne's horse to the village of Castia. What she said to me along the road, and what I was able to answer her, have left no more trace on my mind than the flight of a swallow leaves in the air. Her voice was so sweet to hear, that I, perhaps, did not listen to what she said to me. It was like being at the opera, where the music often does not allow you to understand the words.

And yet all the circumstances of that first meeting have become ineffaceable on my mind. I need only shut my eyes to fancy myself back again. The April sun shone on my head. Above and below the road the resinous mountain trees exhaled their spices in the air. The pines, the tuyas, and mastich trees seemed to be burning a sharp and rustic incense in honour of Mary Anne passing. She inhaled with ardent pleasure this odoriferous bounty of nature. Her little nose quivered and clapped its wings; her eyes, her glorious eyes, turned from one object to the other with sparkling joy. On seeing her so lovely, so lovely and so happy, you might have taken her for a dryad escaped from her tree. I can still see the animal on which she was mounted; it was Psari, a white horse from Zimmermann's stables. Her riding-dress was black; Mrs. Simons' dress, which closed my horizon, was bottle-green, and sufficiently eccentric to evidence her independent taste. Mrs. Simons wore a black hat, of that absurd and ugly shape which men of all countries have adopted; her daughter wore the grey felt hat of



A PRETTY HORSEBREAKER.

the heroines of the Fronde. Both wore chamois leather gloves: Mary Anne's hand was rather large but admirably shaped. I have never been able to wear gloves. And you?

The village of Castia was deserted like the Calysia Khan. Dimitri could not at all understand it. The Khan is situated near the fountain in front of the church. Each of us went to knock at the door, but there was not a soul at home. Nobody at the Papa's, nobody at the Paredros' house. The authorities had removed with the population. All the houses of the village are composed of four walls and a roof, with two openings, one serving as a door, the other as a window. Poor Dimitri took the trouble to break in two or three doors and five or six shutters, in order to convince himself that the inhabitants were not asleep. But these bur-

glaries only served to deliver a luckless cat, forgotten by its master, and which fled like an arrow in the direction of the woods.

This time Mrs. Simons thoroughly lost her patience, and said to Dimitri—

"I am English, and people cannot play tricks on me with impunity. I will complain to the Legation. What! I hire you for an excursion in the mountains, and you make me ride over precipices! I order you to bring provisions, and you expose me to a death of hunger! We were to breakfast at the Khan, and the Khan is abandoned. I have the courage to follow you in a fasting condition to this frightful village, and all the peasants have departed. That is not natural. I have travelled in Switzerland. Switzerland is a mountainous country too, and yet I never wanted for anything: I always breakfasted at the proper hour, and on trout, do you understand?"

Mary Anne tried to calm her mother, but the good lady had no ears. Dimitri explained to her as well as he could that the inhabitants of the village were nearly all charcoal-burners, and their calling often dispersed them over the mountains. At any rate, no time was lost as yet; it was not eight o'clock, and they were sure of finding an inhabited house, and breakfast ready at a house not ten minutes' walk from the village.

"What house?" Mrs. Simons asked.

"The monastery farm. The monks of Pentelicus have large farms above Castia, where they keep bees. The good old man who manages the farm has always wine, bread, honey, and fowls; he will furnish us with breakfast."

"He may have gone from home like the rest!"

"If he has, he cannot be far. Swarming time is approaching, and he will not go far from his hives."

"Go and see: for my part I have ridden enough this morning. I will make a vow never to mount a horse again before breakfast."

"Madam, you have no occasion to mount your horse," Dimitri replied, patient as a guide. "We can fasten up the horses to the trough, and get there quicker on foot."

Mary Anne decided her mother. She was most anxious to see the good old man and his winged flocks. Dimitri fastened the horses up near the fountain, by laying a heavy stone on each bridle. Mrs. Simons and her daughter drew up

their skirts, and our small party entered a scarped path, very agreeable assuredly to the goats of Castia. All the green lizards warming themselves in the sun discreetly retired on our approach, but each of them drew an eagle's cry from worthy Mrs. Simons, who could not endure crawling things. After a quarter of an hour's vocalization, she at length had the joy of seeing an open house and a human face; they were the farm and the good old man.

The farm was a small building of red bricks with four cupolas; no more or less than a village mosque. Viewed from a distance, it did not lack a certain look of elegance. Clean outside, dirty inside; such is the motto of the East. In the neighbourhood could be seen, under the protection of a mound covered with thyme, some hundred straw hives placed on the ground, and aligned like the tents in a camp. The king of this empire, the good old man, was a short young man of four-and-twenty, round and plump. All Greek monks are decorated with the honorary title of "good old man," with which age has nothing to do. He was dressed like a peasant, but his cap, instead of being red, was black; it was by that sign Dimitri recognised him.

The little man, on seeing us come up, raised his arms to heaven, and gave signs of profound stupefaction.

"That is a strange fellow!" said Mrs. Simons; "what is there to astonish him so? You might suppose he had never seen English ladies."

Dimitri, who ran on before us, kissed the monk's hand, and said, with a curious blending of respect and familiarity—

"Bless me, my father; wring the necks of two chickens—you will be well paid."

"Unhappy lad!" the monk said, "what do you here?"

"Breakfast."

"Did you not see that the khan below was abandoned?"

"Of course I did."

"And that the village was empty?"

"If I had found any one there, I should not have clambered up to you."

"Then you are in partnership with them?"

"Them?—who?"

"The brigands!"

"Are there brigands on Parnassus?"

"Since the day before yesterday."

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere."

Dimitri turned sharply to us and said,

"We have not a moment to lose—the brigands on the mountains! Let us run to our horses. A little courage, ladies, and legs, too, if you please."

"That is a little too strong," Mrs. Simons cried, "what, start without breakfasting!"

"Your breakfast might cost you dear, madam; let us make haste, in Heaven's name!"

"Why, it is a regular conspiracy! you have vowed to kill me by hunger! Now it's the brigands; as if there were any brigands! I don't believe in brigands! All the papers assert there are none left. Besides, I am English, and if any one touched a hair of my head——"

Mary Anne was much less confident. She leant on my arm, and asked me if I thought we were in danger of death!"

"Death!—no."

"Robbery?"

"Yes!"

"What do I care?" Mrs. Simons remarked; "they may rob me of all I have about me, but I must have my breakfast."

I learned, at a later date, that the poor woman was subject to a rare disease, which the vulgar call wolf's hunger, and which professional men have christened *boulimia*. When hunger assailed her, she would have given her fortune for a dish of lentils.

Dimitri and Mary Anne each seized her by a hand, and dragged her towards the path by which we had arrived. The little monk made all sorts of signs, and I had a violent temptation to push her on behind; but a clear and unmistakable whistle suddenly made us all halt.

"St!—st!"

I raised my eyes. Two clumps of mastic and arbutus trees controlled the road on the right and left. From each tuft three or four gun-barrels emerged, and a voice cried in Greek—

"Sit down on the ground."

This operation was the more easy to me, because my knees were already giving way beneath me; but I consoled myself by the thought that Ajax, Agamemnon, and the boiling Achilles, had they found themselves in the same situation, would not have refused the seat offered me.

The gun-barrels were lowered towards us. I fancied I saw them unnaturally elongated, and that their ends were about to meet over our heads. It was not that fear troubled my sight, but I had never before remarked so sensitively the desperate length of Greek muskets. The entire



FROM EACH TUFT THREE OR FOUR GUN-BARRELS EMERGED.

arsenal soon debouched in the road, and each gun displayed its butt and its master.

The only difference that exists between demons and brigands is, that the former are not so black as they are called, and the latter are even more filthy than they are supposed. The eight ragamuffins who formed a circle round us were so dirty, that I should have liked to hand them my money with a pair of pincers. You might guess by a slight effort that their caps had been red, but even soapsuds could not have discovered the original colour of their clothes. All the rocks of the kingdom had stained their petticoats, and their jackets kept a specimen of the different soils on which they had rested. Their hands, their faces, and even their moustaches were of a reddish-grey, like the ground that bore them. Each animal assumes the colour of its abode and habits. The Greenland foxes are of the hue of snow, the lions that of the desert, the partridges that of ploughed fields, while the Greek brigands are the colour of the high road.

The leader of the little band which had made us prisoners was not distinguished by any external sign. Perhaps, however, his face, hands, and clothes were rather richer in dirt than those of his comrades. He bent all his long body over us, and examined us so closely that I felt the pricking of his moustaches. He was like a tiger sniffing its prey before it takes a mouthful. When his curiosity was satisfied, he said to Dimitri,

"Empty your pockets."

Dimitri did not let it be repeated twice. He threw down before him a knife, a tobacco pouch, and three Mexican dollars, representing the sum of about fifteen shillings.

"Is that all?" the brigand asked.

"Yes, brother."

"You are the servant?"

"Yes, brother."

"Take back a piastre. You must not return to town without money."

Whereupon Dimitri began bargaining.

"You might leave me two," he said.

"I have two horses down there, they are hired from the stables, and I shall have to pay for the day."

"You will explain to Zimmermann that we took your money."

"But if he insist on being paid?"

"Tell him he is only too happy to see his horses again."

"He knows very well that you do not

take horses. What could you do with them in the mountains?"

"Enough. Tell me who that tall, thin fellow is by your side?"

I answered for myself.

"An honest German, whose spoils will not enrich you."

"You speak Greek well. Empty your pockets."

I laid on the road some twenty francs, my tobacco-pipe, and pocket-handkerchief.

"What's that?" the Chief Inquisitor asked.

"A pocket-handkerchief."

"What's it for?"

"To blow my nose."

"Why did you tell me you were poor? Only milords use pocket-handkerchiefs. Take off that box on your back. Good! now open it."

My box contained a few plants, a book, a knife, a small packet of arsenic, an almost empty flask, and the remains of my breakfast, which enkindled a flash of covetousness in Mrs. Simons' eyes. I had the boldness to offer them to her ere my baggage changed its owner. She accepted gluttonously, and began devouring the bread and meat. To my great amazement, this act scandalized our robbers, who muttered to each other the word "schismatics!" The monk crossed himself half-a-dozen times after the fashion of the Greek Church.

"You must have a watch," the brigand said to me; "lay it with the rest."

I surrendered my silver watch, an hereditary ornament weighing a quarter of a pound. The scoundrels passed it from hand to hand and considered it very fine. I hoped that admiration, which renders man better, would dispose them to restore me something, and I begged their chief to leave me my tin box. He rudely ordered silence.

"At any rate," I said, "give me two crowns with which to return to town."

He answered, with a sardonic grin,

"You will not want them."

Mrs. Simons' time had arrived. Before putting her hand in her pockets, she addressed our conquerors in the language of her fathers. English is one of those few idioms which you can speak with your mouth full.

"Reflect carefully on what you are about to do," she said, in a menacing tone. "I am English, and English citizens are inviolable in all the countries of the world. What you may take from me will serve

you little, and cost you dear. England will avenge me, and you will all be hanged at the least. Now, if you want my money, you have only to say so; but it will burn your fingers; it is English money!"

"What does she say?" the orator of the brigands asked.

Dimitri answered—

"She says she is English."

"All the better! all the English are rich. Tell her to do as you did."

The poor lady emptied on the sand a purse containing twelve sovereigns. As her watch was not visible, and they displayed no intention of searching us, she kept it. The clemency of the conquerors left her her pocket-handkerchief.

Mary Anne threw down her watch with a whole bundle of charms. She tossed from her, with a movement full of saucy grace, a bag of shagreen skin which she wore in a sling. The brigand eagerly opened it with the zeal of a custom-house officer. He drew from it a small English housewife, a bottle of salts, a box of lozenges, and about four pounds in money.

"Now," the angry beauty said, "you can let us go, for you have nothing more to expect from us."

She was informed by a threatening gesture that the audience was not ended yet. The leader squatted down before our plunder, called the good old man, counted the money in his presence, and handed him the sum of thirty-five shillings. Mrs. Simons nudged my elbow.

"You see," she said to me, "Dimitri and the monk betrayed us; they are sharing with the thieves."

"No, madam," I answered at once; "Dimitri only received alms of what was taken from him. That is a thing done everywhere. On the banks of the Rhine, when a traveller has ruined himself at roulette, the farmer of the latter always gives him the money to return home with."

"But the monk?"

"Has received the tithe of the booty, in accordance with an immemorial custom. Do not reproach him, but rather feel grateful to him for trying to save us when his monastery was interested in our capture."

This discussion was interrupted by Dimitri taking leave. He had received his liberty.

"Wait for me," I said to him; "we will go back together."

He tossed his head sorrowfully, and answered in English, so that the ladies might understand—

"You are prisoners for some days, and you will not see Athens again till you have paid a ransom. I will go and inform the milord. Have these ladies any message to give me for him?"

"Tell him," Mrs. Simons cried, "that he is to run to the embassy; that he must then go to the Piræus and find the admiral; he must also complain to the Foreign Office and write to Lord Palmerston. We shall be released by the force of arms or the authority of diplomacy; but I insist that not a penny shall be paid for my liberty."

"I," I then said, without such a display of passion, "beg you to tell my friends in what hands you left me. If a few hundred drachmas are needed to ransom a poor devil of a naturalist, they will find them without difficulty. These gentlemen of the highway will not set too high a price on me. I am tempted to ask them, while you are still here, the exact amount they consider I am worth."

"It is useless, my dear Mr. Hermann; they will not fix the amount of your ransom."

"Who, then?"

"Their chief, Hadji Stavros."

CHAPTER IV.

HADJI STAVROS.

DIMITRI went down toward Athens, the monk went up to his hut, and our new masters drove us into a path that led to the camp of their king. Mrs. Simons displayed her independence by refusing to set one foot before the other. The brigands threatened to carry her in their arms, and she declared that she would not allow herself to be carried. But her daughter recalled her to gentler feelings by leading her to hope that she would find the table ready laid, and breakfast with Hadji Stavros. Mary Anne was more surprised than terrified. The subaltern brigands who had arrested us had displayed a certain amount of courtesy; they had not ransacked our pockets and had kept their hands off their prisoners. Instead of plundering us, they had begged us to plunder ourselves; they had not noticed that the ladies wore earrings, and had not even requested them to remove their

gloves. Hence they were far above those banditti in Spain and Italy, who cut off a finger to have a ring, and tear off the lobe of an ear to take a pearl or a diamond. All the dangers with which we were menaced reduced themselves to the payment of a ransom; and, moreover, it was pro-

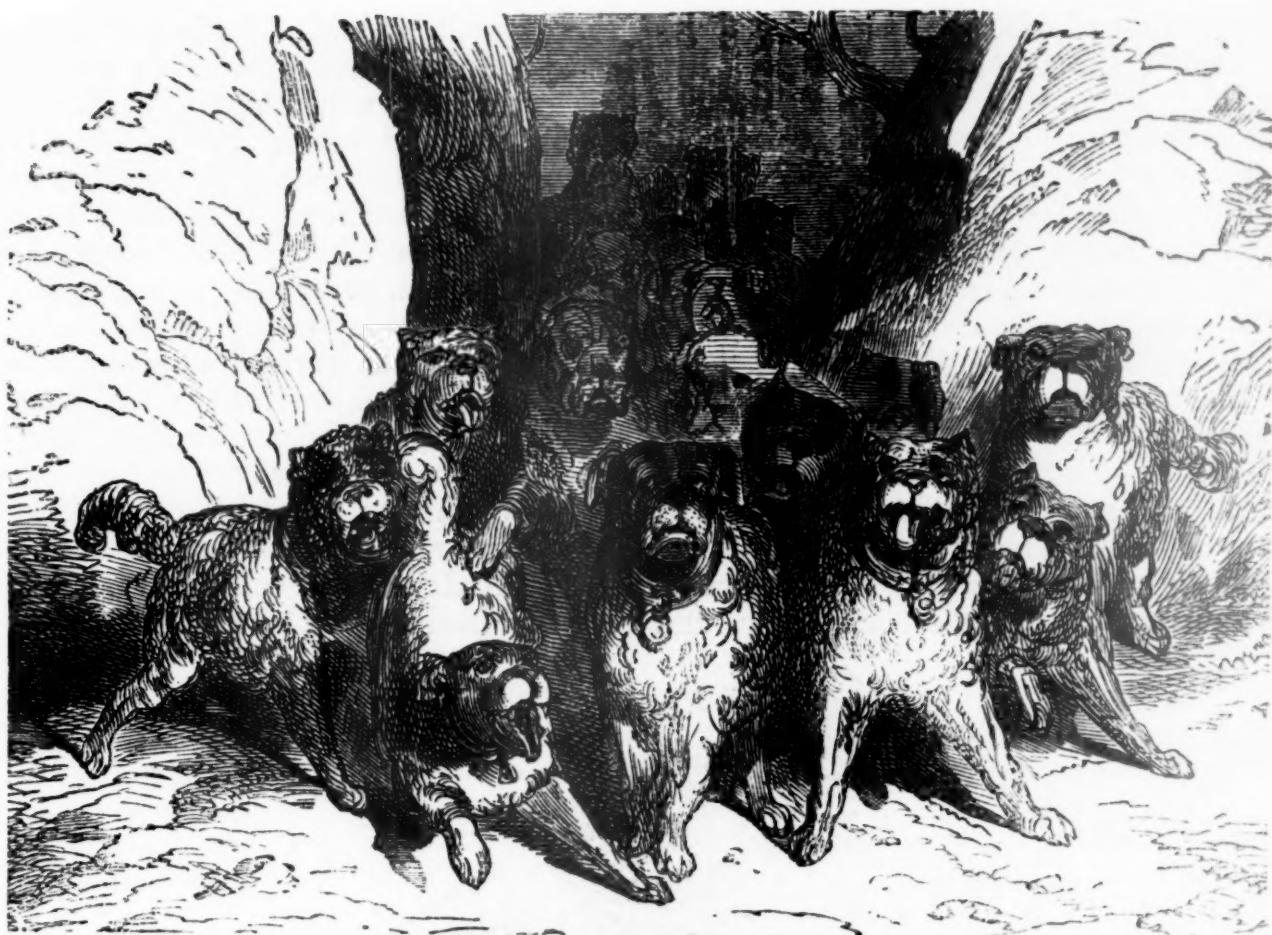
bable that we should be delivered gratis. How could it be supposed that Hadji Stavros would hold us with impunity at five leagues from the capital, the court, the Greek army, a battalion of her Britannic Majesty's forces, and an English cruiser? Thus reasoned Mary Anne. For



THE WALK TO THE CAMP.

my part, I thought involuntarily of the history of the little girls of Mistra, and felt sorrow overcome me. I feared lest Mrs. Simons, through her patriotic obstinacy, might expose her daughter to some great danger, and I proposed to enlighten her as soon as possible as to her situation.

We walked one by one in a narrow path, separated from each other by our stern travelling companions. The road appeared to me interminable, and I asked more than a dozen times whether we should not soon arrive. The country was frightful: the naked rock scarce allowed



THE ADVANCED SENTRIES.

a green oak to escape through its fissures, or a bush of thorny thyme which caught round our legs. The victorious brigands manifested no joy; and their triumphal march resembled a funeral procession. They silently smoked cigarettes of the thickness of four fingers. They did not converse together, and only one struck up from time to time a species of nasal chant. This nation is as mournful as a ruin.

At about eleven o'clock, a ferocious barking announced to us the vicinity of the camp. Ten or twelve enormous dogs, as large as calves and woolly as sheep, rushed towards us displaying their teeth. Our protectors received them with a volley of stones, and after a quarter of an hour's hostilities, peace was made. These inhospitable monsters are the advanced sentries of the King of the Mountains. They scent the gendarmes as smugglers' dogs do the custom-house

officers. But that is not all; their zeal is so great, that they at times snap up an inoffensive shepherd, a straying traveller, or even a companion of Hadji Stavros. The king nourishes them as the old sultans supported the Janissaries, with the constant apprehension of being himself devoured.

The royal camp was a plateau with a superficies of seven or eight hundred yards. I looked in vain for the tents of our conquerors. The brigands are no Sybarites, and sleep beneath the sky on April 30th. I saw no spoils piled up, or treasures displayed; in fact, nothing you might expect at the head-quarters of a band of robbers. Hadji Stavros undertakes to sell the booty; each man receives his pay in cash, and spends it as he pleases. Some invest in trade, others lend on mortgage on houses in Athens, or buy land in the villages; but none squanders



AN OPEN-AIR SLEEP.

the produce of robbery. Our arrival interrupted the breakfast of twenty-five or thirty men, who ran towards us with their bread and cheese. The chief supports his soldiers; they receive daily a ration of bread, oil, wine, cheese, caviar, pimento, bitter olives, and meat when their religion permits it. The gourmets who wish to eat mallows or other green meat are at liberty to pluck these dainties on the mountains. The brigands, like the other classes of the population, rarely light a fire for their meals; they eat cold meat and raw vegetables. I remarked that all those who pressed round us religiously observed the law of abstinence. We were at the Eve of Ascension, and

these worthy fellows, of whom the most innocent had at least one man's death on his conscience, would not have liked to load their stomachs with the leg of a fowl. Arresting two English ladies at the end of their muskets seemed to them an insignificant peccadillo: Mrs. Simons had sinned much more gravely by eating lamb on the Wednesday before Ascension.

The men who formed our escort copiously regaled the curiosity of their comrades. They overwhelmed them with questions, and they answered everything. They displayed the booty they had obtained, and my silver watch caused a renewed success, which flattered my self-esteem. Mary Anne's smelling-bottle was less noticed.



A CURIOSITY.

In this first interview, public consideration was directed to my watch, and some of it was reflected on myself. In the eyes of these simple men the possessor of so important an article could not be less than a milord.

The curiosity of the brigands was exciting, but not insolent. Not one of them displayed any desire to treat us as conquered persons generally are. They knew we were in their hands, and that they should exchange us sooner or later for a certain number of gold pieces; but they did not take advantage of this to illtreat us or fail in respect. Good sense, that imperishable genius of the Greek people, showed them in us the representatives of a different and, to a certain extent, superior race. Victorious barbarism rendered a secret homage to conquered

civilization. Several of them now saw for the first time an European coat. These moved round us as the inhabitants of the New World did round Columbus's Spaniards. They furtively felt the stuff of my paletot to find out of what tissue it was made. They would have liked to be able to take off all my clothes, in order to examine them in detail. Perhaps, too, they would not have been sorry to break me in two or three pieces to study the internal structure of a milord; but I am sure they would not have done so without apologizing and asking my pardon for the great liberty.

Mrs. Simons speedily lost patience; she was annoyed at being examined so closely by these cheese-eaters, who did not offer her any breakfast. It is not everybody who likes to make a show of himself. The

part of a living curiosity greatly displeased the good lady, although she could have played it advantageously in any quarter of the globe. As for Mary Anne, she was fainting with fatigue. A ride of six hours, hunger and emotion suppressed, had had an easy bargain of this delicate creature. Just imagine a young lady brought up in wadding, accustomed to walk upon drawing-room carpets, or the rye grass of the finest parks. Her boots were already torn by the roughness of the road, and the brambles had frayed the bottom of her dress. She had drunk tea on the previous evening in the saloons of the English Legation, while turning over Mr. Wyse's admirable albums; she found herself transported without transition to the middle of a frightful country and a horde of savages, and she had not the consolation of saying to herself "it is a dream," for she was neither lying down nor sitting, but standing, to the great despair of her dainty little feet.

A new band arrived, which rendered our position intolerable. It was not a band of brigands, but much worse. The Greeks bear about with them an entire menagerie of little, active, capricious, unseizable animals, who keep them company day and night, employ them even in their sleep, and by their leaps and stings, accelerate the movement of the mind and the circulation of the blood. The brigands' fleas, of which I can show you some specimens in my entomological collection, are more rustic, strong, and agile than those of townsmen, for the fresh air has such powerful virtues. But I found only too soon that they were not contented with their lot, and found a daintier meal on the fine skin of a young German than on the tanned hide of their masters. An armed emigration invaded my poor legs. I first felt a lively itching round my instep: it was the declaration of war. Two minutes later, a division of the vanguard threw itself on my right calf. I quickly put my hand to it; but, by favour of this diversion, the enemy advanced by forced marches towards my left wing, and assumed a position on the heights of the knee. My centre was forced, and all resistance was unavailing. Had I been alone, in a retired corner, I should have had a guerilla warfare with some chances of success. But the fair Mary Anne was before me, red as a cherry, and, perhaps, also tortured by some secret enemy. I dared neither complain nor defend myself; I heroically devoured my woes without



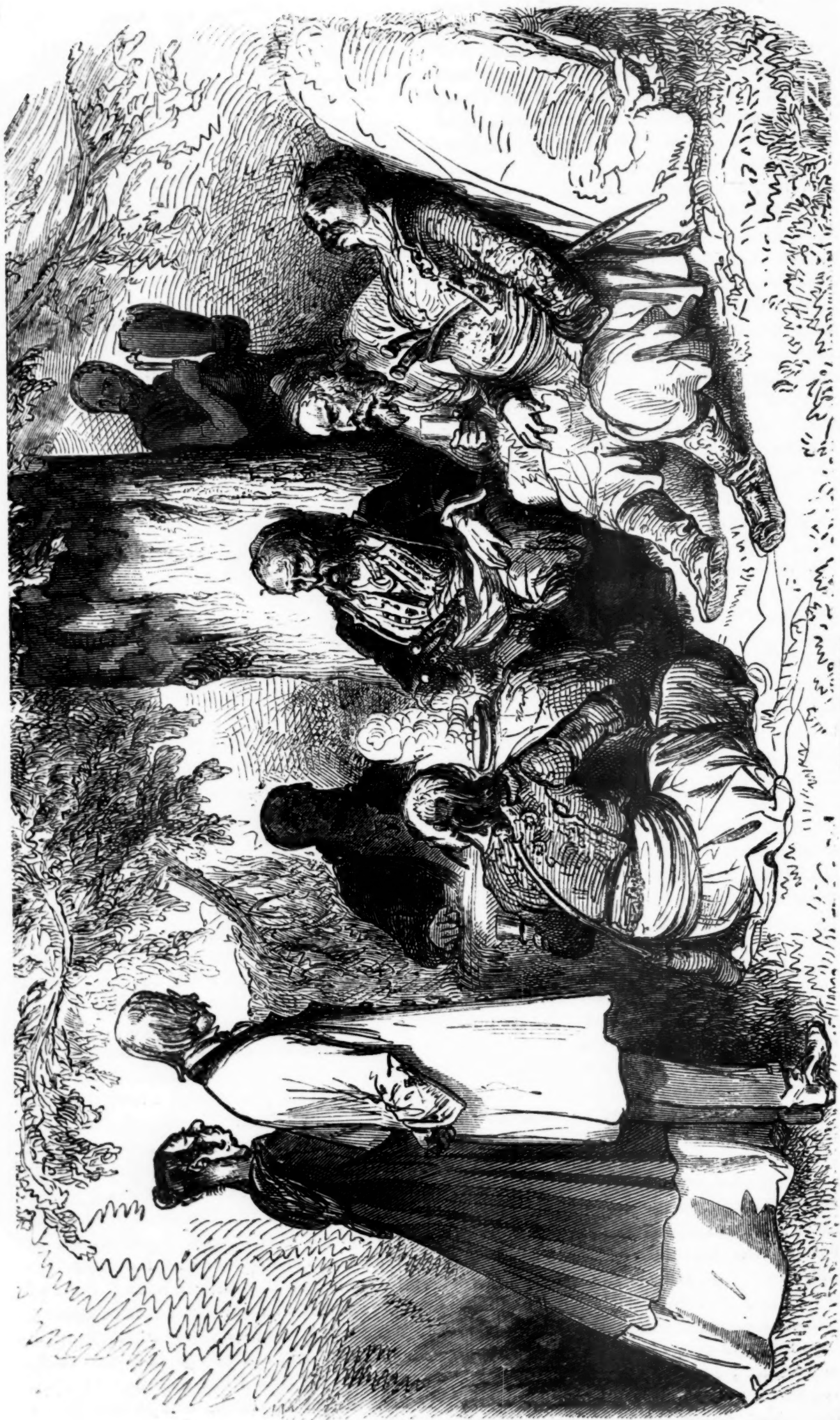
AN AGREEABLE SENSATION.

lifting my eyes to Mrs. Simons, and for her sake I endured a martyrdom of which she will never be aware. At length, when my patience was exhausted and I decided on flight through the ascending flood of invasion, I asked to be taken before the king. This remark recalled our guides to their duty, and they asked where was Hadji Stavros. They received the answer that he was at work in his office.

"At last," Mrs. Simons said, "I shall be able to sit down in a chair."

She took my arm, offered her own to her daughter, and walked with a deliberate step in the direction whither the crowd conducted us. The office was not far from the camp, and we reached them in less than five minutes.

The king's office resembled an ordinary office as much as the robber's camp did a real camp. There were no tables, chairs, or furniture of any description. Hadji Stavros was seated tailor-wise on a square carpet, beneath the shade of a pine-tree. Four secretaries and two servants were grouped round him. A lad of from sixteen to eighteen was incessantly engaged in filling, lighting, and cleaning his master's chibouk. He carried in his girdle a tobacco-pouch embroidered with gold and precious stones, and a pair of silver pincers to pick up a coal. Another servant spent the day in preparing cups of coffee, glasses of water, and confectionery, intended to refresh the royal mouth. The secretaries, seated on the bare rock, were writing on their knees with split reeds. Each of them had within arm's length a long copper box, containing



H. STAVROS.

reeds, a knife, and an ink-bottle. Some tin boxes, like those in which French soldiers keep their discharge, served as dépôts for the archives. The paper was not native, for sufficient reason, each page bore the word BATH in capital letters.

The king was a handsome old man marvellously well preserved, tall, thin, supple as a watch-spring, clean and glistening as a new sabre. His long white moustaches hung down below his chin like two marble stalactites. The rest of the face was carefully shaved, the skull bald to the crown, where a heavy tress of white hair rolled up under his cap. The expression of his features appeared to me calm and thoughtful. A pair of small light-blue eyes and a square chin announced an inflexible will. His face was long, and the arrangement of the wrinkles rendered it still longer. All the wrinkles in his forehead were broken in the centre, and seem to meet the eyebrows, while two wide and deep furrows descended perpendicularly to the corners of the lips, as if the weight of the moustaches had dragged down the muscles of the face. I have seen a good many septuagenarians; I have even dissected one who would have lived to a hundred, if the Osnaburgh diligence had not passed over his body; but I never remember to have noticed a greener or more robust old age than that of Hadji Stavros.

He wore the dress of the Isles of the Archipelago. His red cap formed a large fold at its base round the forehead. He wore a jacket of black cloth edged with black silk, immense blue pantaloons that contained more than twenty yards of cotton stuff, and long supple and solid Russian leather boots. The only rich thing about his dress was a waist-belt embroidered with gold and precious stones, which might be worth a hundred pounds. It contained in its folds an embroidered Cashmere purse, a Damascus handjar in a silver sheath, a long pistol mounted with gold and rubies, and the corresponding ramrod.

Motionless amid his clerks, Hadji Stavros only moved the tips of his fingers and lips; the lips to dictate his correspondence, the fingers to count the beads of his rosary. It was one of those handsome rosaries of clouded amber which are not employed to count prayers, but amuse the solemn indolence of the Turks.

He raised his head on our approach,

guessed at a glance the accident that brought us, and said to us, with a gravity which had nothing normal about it,—

"You are welcome. Be seated."

"Sir," Mrs. Simons cried out, "I am an English lady, and——"

He interrupted her speech by clacking his tongue against the teeth of his upper jaw—superb teeth indeed.

"I will attend to you presently," he said, "I am engaged now."

He only understood Greek, and Mrs. Simons only knew English; but the face of the king was so speaking, that the good lady easily comprehended without the help of an interpreter.

We sat down in the dust. Fifteen to twenty brigands squatted round us, and the king, who had no secrets to hide, peacefully dictated his family and business letters. The leader of the party who arrested us whispered something in his ear, and he haughtily replied,—

"What matter if the milord understands! I am doing no harm, and everybody can hear me. Go and sit down. You, Spiro, write: it is to my daughter."

He employed his fingers very skilfully as a handkerchief, and dictated in a grave and gentle voice:—

"My dear eyes, your schoolmistress has written to me that your health was improved, and that the nasty cough went away with the winter. But she is not so well pleased with your application, and complains that you have learned nothing since the beginning of April. Madame Macros says that you have become absent, and are seen hanging over your books, with your eyes fixed on air, as if thinking of something else. I cannot tell you too often that you must be an assiduous pupil. Follow the example of my whole life. If I had rested, like so many others, I should not have attained the rank I now occupy. I wish you to be worthy of me, and that is why I make such heavy sacrifices for your education. You know that I never refused you the masters or books you asked me for, but I do not like to throw away my money. The edition of Walter Scott has arrived at the Piræus, as well as the 'Robinson' and the other English books you expressed a desire to read: have them fetched from the custom-house by our friends in Hermes-street. You will receive by the same opportunity the bracelet you asked for, and the steel-machine to stick out your skirts. If your Vienna pianoforte is not good, as you tell me, and you *must* have an instrument of

Pleyel's, you shall have it. I will do one or two villages after the sale of the crops, and the deuce will be in it if I do not find the price of a pretty piano. I think, with yourself, that you ought to know how to play; but what you must learn before all is foreign languages. Employ your Sundays in the way I told you, and profit by the politeness of our friends. You must be in a position to speak English, French, and especially German. For, after all, you are not sent into the world to live in this ridiculous little country, and I would sooner see you dead than married to a Greek. As the daughter of a king, you can marry no one under a prince. I do not mean a contraband prince, like all our Phanariotes, who boast of being descended from the Emperors of the East, and whom I would not have for my servants; but a reigning and crowned prince. Very suitable ones may be found in Germany, and my fortune enables me to select you one. If the Germans could come to reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them in your turn. Hasten, then, to learn their language, and tell me in your next what progress you have made. With this, my child, I embrace you tenderly, and send you, with your six months' school, my paternal blessing."

Mrs. Simons bent over to me, and whispered in my ear:—

"Is he dictating our sentence to those brigands?"

I answered:

"No, madam, he is writing to his daughter."

"About our capture?"

"About pianofortes, crinolines, and Walter Scott."

"That may last a long time. Will he not ask us to have some breakfast?"

"Here is his servant with some refreshments for us."

The king's *cafedgi* was standing before us with three cups of coffee, a box of *rahat-loukoum*, and a pot of preserves. Mrs. Simons and her daughter declined the coffee in disgust, because it was prepared in the Turkish fashion, and thick as soup. I emptied my cup like a true Oriental connoisseur. The preserves, which were quinces with rose-leaves, obtained but a slight success, because we were obliged to eat them with only one spoon. Particular people are badly off in this land of simplicity. But the *rahat-loukoum*, cut in pieces, tickled the palates of the ladies without too greatly infringing



THE KING'S CAFEDGI.

on their habits. They took handfuls of this prepared starch jelly, and emptied the box, while the king was dictating the following letter:—

"To Messrs. Barlee and Co.,

"31, Cavendish Square, London.

"I see by your favour of the 5th April, and the account current that accompanies it, that I have at present 22,750*l.* to my credit. You will be pleased to invest this amount, half in shares of the Credit Mobilier, before the coupon is detached and half in the English three per cents. Sell my shares in the Royal British Bank; I have no great confidence in that undertaking: buy me instead, London Omnibus shares. If you can get me 8000*l.* for my house in the Strand (it was worth it in 1852), you will buy me *Vieille Montagnes* to that amount. Send to Rhalli Brothers one hundred guineas as my subscription to the Hellenic School of Liverpool. I have seriously weighed your proposal, and after ripe reflection, I have resolved to persist in my line of conduct, and carry on business for cash exclusively. Time bargains have a speculative character about them, which every honest father of a family should distrust. I am well aware that you would only risk my capital with the prudence which has

always distinguished your house; but even if the profits to which you allude were certain, I should, I confess, feel a certain amount of repugnance in leaving my heirs a fortune augmented by gambling."

"Is he talking about us?" Mary Anne asked.

"Not yet, Miss. His Majesty is settling some accounts."

"Accounts here? I thought they were only kept in England."

"Is not your father a partner in a banking house?"

"Yes—the firm of Barlee and Co."

"Are there two bankers of the same name in London?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Have you ever heard whether the house had dealings with the East?"

"With the whole world."

"And you live in Cavendish-square?"

"No, the bank is there. Our house is in Piccadilly."

"Thanks, Miss. Permit me to listen to the rest. This old gentleman carries on a most attractive correspondence."

The king dictated without any hesitation a long report to the shareholders of his band. This curious document was addressed to M. George Micrommatti, orderly officer of the palace, that he might read it to a general meeting of the persons interested.

(To be continued.)

TRIPS AFTER HEALTH, AND HOW TO PROFIT BY THEM.

BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEA AND SEA-SIDE DOINGS.

CHOICE OF LOCALITY AND OF ROOMS—ARRIVAL—BATHING—CAUTIONS—ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECTS—GOOD AND EVIL—REACTION AND DEPRESSION—TIMES FOR BATHING—CONDITIONS OF BODY—GENERAL DIRECTIONS—BATHING FOR YOUNG CHILDREN AND AGED PEOPLE—SECONDARY EFFECTS—GOOD AND BAD—CASES MOST BENEFITED BY SEA-BATHING—TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCES—WARM SEA-BATH AND DOUCHE—SEA-WATER—INTERNAL USE—COMPOSITION—EFFECTS—SEA-AIR, ITS BENEFITS AND PECULIARITIES—ENJOYMENTS OF SEA-SIDE—ECONOMICS AND ETHICS—SAFETY AND DECENCY.

SEA-SIDE quarters, sea-bathing, sea-air, and sea-side doings generally, absorb so large a share of summer health-seeking, and, indeed, of winter health-seeking, too, that they require some special mention.

As regards the choice of sea-side quarters, we cannot do better than refer our readers to our future pages upon Health Resorts; those who are well will, probably, be guided more by inclination and convenience as to time and purse than aught else; those who are out of health would do well to take the advice of their medical attendant in the matter. One hint let us give you. In choosing your lodgings, take care to select them with rooms as large and as well ventilated as you can get, especially if you have children with you. All days are not fine days, even in summer, at the coast, and it is not desirable to have too closely packed a party; moreover, if children are out all day, as they generally are, they

must sleep at home, and it is not well to have the benefit to health you look for by the change, partly neutralized by close and unhealthy sleeping apartments, like Penelope with her web, undoing at night what was done in the day. By all means stretch the point of a few shillings more per week to get good rooms—you will probably save it out of your next doctor's bill. It is a great mistake to suppose, as some people do, that any kind of close packing will do at the sea-side; and hence those who provide the rooms, finding that any confined little place—hole we were going to say—will let, with as many beds in as possible, take no care to have better accommodation. The evil is such a real, and such a common one, that we would fain press it upon our reader's attention.

We will suppose you safely housed in your lodgings, and, if you have travelled far, quite ready for tea*—and we all

* Thackeray abuses the "dinner-tea," but he is quite wrong.

know how pleasant is that first dinner-tea at the sea-side, after a journey—with the various little extra adjuncts that one meets with, and probably with that best adjunct of all—a good appetite. You are anxious, too, to look about you, to renew the old familiar scene, or, if it be new to you, to see what sort of a place you have got to: some people, however, are so red-hot in the matter, that they must rush off into the water straightway. Beware of this, for nothing is more likely to be injurious, especially if your journey has been anything of a journey. Travelling, with all, produces a certain feverish condition of the system, which is by no means a favourable state for an open sea-bath, at any time. Indeed, if you have travelled far, let even the day following your arrival elapse before you venture into the water. We are now taking it for granted that it is right for you to bathe at all; for we by no means look upon bathing as either the duty or the expediency, with all who go to the coast, that it is regarded by some. However, for the present, we assume that you have made yourself sure that bathing in the open sea is good for you, or that you have been recommended to practise it by your medical man. Moreover, we assume that you are not an invalid, but, except the little feelings of wear and tear we all feel after a long spell at business, or some have after a long spell of pleasure, that you are well. That you may not be ill, let us give you a few hints about your bathing proceedings; for, remember, that common and simple as sea-bathing appears to be, it is a very potent agent for good or evil, and one which exerts powerful actions upon the system.

The shock which all experience on first going into cold water is communicated to the system at large, and the first symptom of it is a gasp, partly nervous, and partly the consequence of the sudden revulsion of blood to the internal organs, lungs and heart especially, the heart-beats being quickened. Quickly, in a strong healthy person, or in one to whom bathing is beneficial, this first shock is succeeded by a re-action, this re-action being the natural effort of the system to restore the balance of circulating and nervous power. In the sea this re-actionary effort is much assisted by the stimulating effect exerted upon the skin by the saline ingredients of the water,

and it is still more aided if the body be exposed to the dash of the waves. In fresh water, these aids to re-action being absent, it is not so thoroughly or quickly established. According to your power of re-action, which you cannot fail to discover before long, should be your exposure to the sea-water, for on that greatly depends the benefit that you are likely to derive from your bathing. If you remain in the water until the system becomes so depressed that the power of re-action is nullified, nothing but injury can result. You come from your bath cold, blue, and pinched-looking, your fingers white and dead, and your teeth, mayhap, chattering like nutcracks, and for the rest of the day you are, probably, languid, sleepy, and miserable. A strong person, and a swimmer,* may stay in the water a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, even longer, and retain his power of re-action; but for some persons two or three minutes' immersion, or even a single plunge is quite as much as they can bear, at least at first, and until they have gained strength by their residence at the seaside. Even if the shortest possible dip is not followed by the healthy glow upon the skin, and sensations of exhilaration and increased power, it is better not to repeat it for a few days. The want of re-action, or the production of depression, is summed up shortly—abstraction of caloric or animal heat; and we need scarcely remark, that the very fact of a person, unused to it, entirely stripping in the open air, is one means of sending off this heat, and that exposure to the cold water is another most potent means, albeit, loss of animal heat involves depression of vital action. There are, however, other circumstances beyond the constitution of the individual, to be taken into consideration with respect to bathing agreeing or not, and these are such as increase or mitigate the depressing effects. Thus, a person who could not bathe on a tolerably cold day, might do so in the very height of summer, and especially on those low sandy shores where the water becomes raised in temperature by passing over an extent of sand previously heated by the sun; the water in such situations—as every person knows who has any bathing experience—being warmer than on a rocky or steep shingly shore.

Again, the time of day for bathing may make much difference. It sounds like

* It must be remembered, however, that swimming is itself a means of exhaustion, especially if long continued.

doing great things, to be out and bathing before breakfast; but it requires a thoroughly strong and good constitution to do so with any benefit. The reactionary powers of the system are at their lowest in the early hours of the morning, and the chances are that a person, not quite strong, with whom a bath later in the day would agree perfectly, is, after a "morning dip," thoroughly depressed, languid, gaping, and good for nothing. The same may be said of those who go into the water suffering from fatigue. Equally injurious, and, indeed, dangerous, in full habits, is bathing after a full meal, such as dinner; violent determination of blood to the head, or even apoplexy has been the result of such an imprudence. At least three hours ought to elapse, and in persons of full habit or of slow digestion a longer period, before going into the water. The best time for bathing, however, is the forenoon, from two to three hours after breakfast. By that time of day, the rest of the previous night, followed by the digestion and stimulation of the first morning meal, has put the body in its best and most reactionary condition. Of course, it will be said that, in many places you must wait for the tide, and take its time for your bath. True it is the "tide wont wait" for you, or come at your convenience; but equally true is it, that the fact of the tide will not alter the fact of your bodily laws: and, if, therefore, to suit the tide, you *will* bathe soon after dinner, you must risk the consequences. If your open sea-bath is of such consequence that you cannot *miss it*, and if the place is such that you *must* wait the tide, then you had better regulate your meal accordingly—take something light and nutritious—a cup of beef tea, if you are an invalid, with or without a little wine—when you should dine, and make your dinner later. It is not good to alter meals thus, but it is better than bathing with a full stomach; and so now having put the pros and cons before you, we must leave you to the choice of evils or good, whichever you like to call or make them. We may add, however, that putting aside really serious consequences, a fit of indigestion is a very probable sequel to dinner and bath in close proximity. The exhaustion of hunger is no less injurious than the excitement of repletion. Of course, many will think that we are making a bugbear of

the thing, and refining too much, considering the hundreds and thousands who bathe every summer, without rule—let us add, often without reason. How many receive no benefit, how many positive injury? None can tell.

Do not suppose that we are writing an indiscriminate condemnation of sea-bathing. Nothing of the kind. We regard it as a most potent agent for the restoration of health, and for the cure of some forms of disease; but then, like other powerful instruments, it should not be employed as it is, rashly and ignorantly, both as regards mode and general adoption. Having told you the dangers which beset the uninformed sea-bather, it is but right that we should give you some additional directions how best to use what, perhaps, is to *you* a great pleasure: that it is a great pleasure to all who bathe we must be allowed to doubt. A good many take the step because they think it a duty if they go to the sea-side, and a good many think they enjoy or ought to enjoy the sea, because they see others doing so, and yet they have a very half-gasping pleasure after all.

To proceed, we will suppose you have got over the fatigue of your journey, that you are not the subject of disease or illness in any way, and that you are ready to bathe at a proper hour. Do not fatigue or over-heat yourself before going into the water, neither run into the opposite extreme as some do, who, afraid of going in too warm, loiter about till they, especially if they have been heated previously, get chilled: the warmth of moderate exercise is best. Having undressed, do not stand hesitating and shivering before you take the plunge or dip, whichever it is, but in at once, whilst the warmth is still on you, and overhead as quickly as you can. If it is your first experiment in sea-bathing, two or three dips and out again is all you should have, you will thus test your powers of reaction. If you do not experience any of the symptoms of depression enumerated in a former page, you may feel sure your bath has agreed, and you may gradually extend the time of your remaining in the water to seven or eight minutes.

The directions we have given are, of course, meant for adults; a few words are requisite with respect to the extremes of life. We cannot imagine, as a general rule, under any circumstances, bathing in the open sea, in Britain,* to be either

* Of course, the seas around a northern country, like Britain, are considerably lower in temperature than those of more southern parts.

beneficial or safe for the aged; and, indeed, after forty years of age, we think the generality of people do well to leave it alone; this, however, is a matter of opinion. The small reactionary powers of the evening of life, that is, after sixty, are not calculated to restore the abstracted heat. If old persons must bathe, they should never do so without a second person at their side.

As to children, some enjoy the sea-bath from the first, and, if strong and healthy, can undergo a vast amount of water-cooling without injury, and, if it is not carried to excess, with good; but delicate children, especially those who are ordered sea-bathing for scrofulous and other diseases, must be more carefully regulated. When a child is greatly terrified at the idea of going into the water, and especially a very young child, we do not imagine that much benefit can accrue from the screaming and struggling scene one sees so often at the sea-side, which results in the wretched little creature being carried out, nolens volens, almost strangling his nurse or mother, and being dipped or half dipped five or six times, coming back shivering and half suffocated with brine, dressing in a shiver, and coming out of the "machine" pinched and miserable, and very different from the warm little being of half an hour previous. As to very young children, that is to say, till teething is over, they are better out of the open sea entirely. We will suppose, however, that you, the adult, whom we were addressing before we digressed to the old and young folks, have had your bath, and that it has agreed tolerably well with you; walk quietly home, and rest a short while before eating such a meal as dinner, give the system time to recover from the unusual disturbance, take up the newspaper, or some light reading—one should always have light reading at the sea-side—or, if you like it better, lie down for ten minutes. If you are in the least depressed, a cup of tea, a small quantity of soup, or even a little wine and water may be of service, and will facilitate the digestion of the coming meal.

We have noticed the *immediate* bad effects which may arise from open sea-bathing, as well as the kinds of constitution it is most likely to agree with; there are also secondary effects which do not, perhaps, at once show themselves. At certain periods of the female constitution, bathing is of course quite inadmissible, and it is a question whether it is safe

during pregnancy, certainly not indiscriminately and without medical sanction; again, persons afflicted with disease of any kind, whether functional or organic, who without similar sanction indulge in open sea-bathing, do a most imprudent, and, possibly, dangerous thing.

Like other things capable of abuse, sea-bathing, under proper rules, is calculated to be eminently useful where it agrees; more especially does it stimulate—not temporarily but persistently—all the functions, and especially the digestive and nutrient, giving also increased tone to the nervous system, and, through it, improved health in every way. It is, however, in scrofula that this agent, judiciously employed, confers the most decided benefits. In cases of chronically enlarged glands, enlarged joints, with or without rickets, tumid abdomen owing to enlargement of the glands within, and in deficient nutrition, provided only actual disease accompanied with fever is not going on. Under the latter circumstances, warm or tepid sea-bathing will often at first be preferable to the open sea, and several successive seasons may be requisite to complete the cure; but as such cases are, or ought to be, under medical superintendence, we need not dilate upon them here. For the poor, most inestimable are the benefits conferred by such institutions as the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate, or the Institutions at Rhyl and Southport, and a pity it is that they are not more numerous. We may also mention diseases of general relaxation, or deficiency of nervous tone; also local affections, the result of disease or accident, as those in which the use of seawater, hot or cold, partially or generally, is likely to be especially serviceable.

There are two or three minor inconveniences which occasionally result from sea-bathing, which it is well to warn you of. One is a peculiar red rash, which is apt to prove troublesome. With some it only comes out for a few hours after the bath; with others it is troublesome for a few nights, interfering with rest; whilst, with a few, it so continues, and is so painfully aggravated after each immersion, that it compels those who suffer from it to give up bathing, at least for a time, or, it may be, altogether, as in some cases the tendency is never entirely got rid of. It is a peculiarity of skin, and cannot be rectified, though sponging with fresh water, after the sea-bath, may, in some degree, modify it. Independent of

this rash, slight feverishness at night is an occasional result of the bath. The effect upon the skin, noticed above, might make us expect some influence to be exerted upon the hair; it does, at times, fall off a little at first, but this does not go on, and the permanent effect is rather to strengthen its growth. Ladies, especially, have, or used to have,* a great dread of the effects of sea-water on the hair, but without cause. The slight dryness produced is easily remedied, and the oil-skin bathing-cap is much better dispensed with. Minor disturbances, such as slight indigestion, diarrhoea, or the reverse, may show themselves, for a short time, but if they do not increase, and if the general health and strength keep good, they need little notice, and will soon disappear.

WARM SEA-BATHING.

We have hitherto confined our observations to bathing in the open sea, where the individual is exposed to the depressing influences of unusual exposure both to air and water, coupled, perhaps, with a little nervous fear. In cases where these are found to cause injury, and yet disease renders the use of sea-water advisable, there is always the resource of tepid or warm salt-water baths, which may either be resorted to during the entire course of bathing, or, by a gradual reduction of the temperature, become introductory to the open sea. From 75° to 80° Faht., is the proper temperature for a tepid, and up to 98° for a warm sea-bath. The douche-bath, which is also used, and which consists of a larger or smaller stream of water, directed with some force either upon one part of the body, or upon various parts in succession, is too powerful an agent to be used without medical sanction. It is right, however, to mention, that the effect of tepid or warm salt-water bathing, is much less debilitating than bathing in warm fresh water.

INTERNAL USE OF SEA-WATER.

Lastly, there yet remains for us to notice another use of sea-water, its internal administration. In this point of view it is simply a mineral water, containing a considerable amount of saline ingredient, chiefly of a purgative nature, but, at the same time, containing salts and components which exert what are

called alterative effects upon the constitution. As all are aware, the principal salt in sea-water is chloride of sodium, or common salt; but it also contains, in considerable proportion, both lime and magnesia, in combination with the hydrochloric (muriatic) and sulphuric acids. Iodine and bromine are its most peculiar ingredients; and of late years the discovery has been made that silver, to some amount, is held by the sea in solution, but not in such amount that we would counsel our sea-side visitors to look for it in nuggets. Iron, too, occurs in small proportion. The muriate of lime, the iodine, and the bromine, are, however, apart from its purgative qualities, the agents which exert the most undoubted effects upon the constitution, when sea-water is used as a medicine internally. The usual dose of sea-water is half-a-pint, repeated once or twice, according to effect. It may be gone on with, with less risk of depressing consequences than arises from the use of saline aperients generally; indeed, it exerts a tonic influence. In worms, both when drank, or used as an enema, sea-water is often useful. "Sea-water has been frequently taken in habitual costiveness, particularly by those of full habit who lead a sedentary life. In this instance its stimulant properties are as useful as its purgative qualities. When it is to be given to children, they are easily persuaded to take the dose, if its nauseous taste be covered with a little port wine.† It is a curious fact, that by the continual use of sea-water as a purgative, although for a short time it produces emaciation, yet its secondary effect is to promote obesity."‡

It is well to mention that the amount of saline ingredient in sea-water—and this may modify its effects both internally and externally—varies a good deal according to situation; proximity to the mouth of a large river tending to diminish the salts by the admixture of fresh water. In the world at large the variation is great, as, for instance, "in the Baltic, a pint of water contains scarcely two scruples of salt; on the coasts of Great Britain, it contains more than half an ounce; in the Mediterranean, much more; and in some parts under the Line, the quantity amounts to more than two ounces." When you want your sea-water for drinking, have it brought from as

* The pictures with which *Punch* indulges us of sea-side doings go to prove that ladies have lost this dread.

† Milk, or beef-tea, are also good additions.

‡ Thomson's *Materia Medica*.

great a distance from the shore as you can, lest you imbibe more impurities than you wot of, or than the medicine will correct. Indeed, sea-water brought from a great depth has a purely saline taste, its bitterness when taken near the shore, being probably due to these impurities.

SEA-AIR.

Thus far we have kept your attention directed to what certainly occupies most thoughts at the sea-side—the sea-water; but we must say that though many do benefit by it, many more derive benefit from the sea air, and from the other aids to health of which we have the advantage when we go to our Coast Health Resort. The atmosphere near the sea possesses, unquestionably, properties which inland air does not. Its temperature is more equable, generally cooler in summer and warmer in winter; its general humidity is more constant, and it undoubtedly holds in suspension, or solution, saline particles and free muriatic acid, which, inhaled, exert a very beneficial effect upon most conditions of the weakened respiratory organs, the benefit, probably, also extending by absorption into the blood. As we remarked in a former page, the quantity of ozone is greatest near the sea; the density of the air also is at its greatest, consequently the amount of oxygen inspired must also be in increased proportion. In short, sea-air is eminently possessed of those properties which tend to stimulate, and to give a healthy character to the blood, and through it—which is the life thereof, to the entire bodily system. Lastly, the inducements to air and exercise at the sea-side are greater, perhaps, than elsewhere. What a mine of wealth of spirits, and healthy enjoyment are the sands to the children, who race over them, dig them over like little navvies, or play “catch me if you can!” with the deceitful waves, which do catch them every now and then, to the detriment of shoes and socks, but much to the gain of the fun; not to speak of the delights of donkey-riding, when papa or mamma can be persuaded to produce the requisite sixpence. One hint to our little friends who are new to the sea-side amusements: if you want a quick ride, take your donkeys by the distance; but if you want to go slow, by time. Then, to those who have risen above the donkey, there is the gallop upon the beach, the boating, and the attempts to row and steer, which of course are very eccentric,

cause much amusement, and amusement is just what is wanted. Moreover, for those whose inclination or health leads to more staid occupation, there are the never-ending interests with which now, more than ever, the products of the sea-shore are invested, and to facilitate the study of which we have so many accessible and pleasantly-written works, such as Gosse’s “Tenby,” Kingsley’s “Glaucus,” Harvey’s “Sea-side Book,” Wood’s “Common Objects of the Sea-shore,” and others. But even without special objects of study on the shore, the never-ceasing interest of the “far-sounding,” ever-changing, “great and wide sea” itself is sufficient for many minds.

ECONOMICS, OR ETHICS OF SEA-BATHING.

We cannot leave the subject of sea-bathing without a few remarks upon the great carelessness which prevails as to any provision for the safety of bathers, especially women and children. Considering the vast number of bathers who now resort every summer to sea-bathing quarters, and the great advantages those places derive from the influx, it would not seem too much to expect that some greater provision should be made for safety, especially on steep shores, and where strong tides run. It is true that wonderfully few accidents do occur, but no season passes by without some that might be prevented by the simple precaution of a space inclosed or guarded in some way. The precaution would not of course interfere with the bold and strong going out into the open sea, if they wished.

One more word upon the almost heathen indecency of our bathing-places, which makes one think that much of our boasted refinement is but surface deep. In most places but Britain, male bathers are compelled to wear some sort of decent covering, such as short drawers, which do not in the least impede the movements of the body; it should be imperative in this country also, and one might give a hint that the present indecency is not diminished by the unblushing intrusiveness of some of the fair sex.

We trust that whatever has been said with respect to bathing will be taken as it is meant—for a caution, and not for a prohibition; the accustomed bather, who retains his health, will, of course, go on as usual; the accustomed bather, or any one who has suffered illness since his last sea-side sojourn, will do well to take the

advice of their medical man before venturing upon their summer dips.

Did space permit we might amuse our readers with accounts of sea-bathing doings as practised in other countries besides our own. Such, for instance, as those which take place at Cape May—a great American watering-place, well described by Miss Bremer, in her “Homes of the New World.” There, indeed, ladies and gentlemen, from the grave senator or merchant to the miss in her teens, promenade the waves together; only the marine costume is really a costume, not admitting, perhaps, of much crinoline, but with such facility for gay colouring, that old ocean seems converted into a parterre of flowers, or, at least, into a bed of sea-anemones.

The most wholesale migration, however, to the sea-side that we have heard of, is described in Mr. Squier’s account of the Central American State of Nicaragua; the extract is from *Chambers’ Journal* :—

“The State of Nicaragua, occupying that part of the isthmus, lies between the lake of the same name and the Pacific; the distance between being, in some places, only about fifteen miles. In this narrow tract there are several large towns, such as Granada and Leon, which, in spite of the breadth of the two oceans, get smoke-dried by the time the dry season advances into March. Then comes on the ‘Pasco Al Mar,’ or bathing season, when a great portion of the population—taken not merely from the upper classes, but from the bourgeoisie and Indian peasantry, rush down to the shores of the Pacific. At that time,” says Mr. Squier, “a general movement of carts and servants takes place in

the direction of the sea, and the government despatches an officer and a guard to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or rather upon the forest-covered sand-ridge which fringes the shore. Each family builds a temporary cane hut, lightly thatched with palm leaves, and floored with pelatis, or mats. The whole is wickered together with vines, or woven together basketwise, and partitioned in the same way by means of coloured curtains of cotton cloth. This constitutes the *penetralia*, and is sacred to the *bello sexo* and the babies. The more luxurious ladies bring down their neatly-curtained beds, and make no mean show of elegance in the interior arrangements of their impromptu dwellings. Outside, and something after the fashion of their permanent residences, is a kind of broad and open shed, which bears a very distant relation to the corridor. Here hammocks are swung, the families dine, the ladies receive visitors, and the men sleep. . . .

The establishments here described pertain only to the wealthier visitors, the representatives of the upper classes. There is every intermediate variety, down to those of the mozo and his wife, who spread their blankets at the foot of a tree, and weave a little bower of branches above them—an affair of ten or a dozen minutes. And there are yet others who disdain even this exertion, and nestle in the dry sand.”

Lest, however, our readers should think this wholesale bathing somewhat at variance with our previous cautions, we must remind them that bathing in warm or hot climates, and in a comparatively warm sea, is very different from the cold air and water of our northern latitudes.

CHAPTER III.

MINERAL WATERS: THEIR USES AND ABUSES.

WATERING PLACES—CAUTIONS AS TO USE OF WATERS—NECESSITY FOR MEDICAL SANCTION—
—PECULIARITIES AND VIRTUES OF MINERAL WATERS—THERMAL, OR WARM; AND COLD
SPRINGS—SULPHUREOUS SPRINGS—SALINE SPRINGS—CHALYBEATE SPRINGS—ADJUNCTS TO
USE.

OUR Health Resorts include, of course, a considerable proportion of localities at which the mineral spring or springs constitute the chief source of attraction, or, where, at least, having once been so, the place has long out-grown its first circumstances, and become frequented for its own sake; being now, in all probability, resorted to not solely for the medicinal water, but for some beauty of situation

and surroundings, and on account of the conveniences and amusements which have been gathered around it. The once secluded spring, frequented only by the peasantry of the district—it may be, as in the case of Bath, by the animals—and possessing only a local reputation, has given origin to the handsome town with all the comforts and elegancies of modern wealth. Of such Leamington is a notable

example : but almost all our frequented mineral springs have become the *fons et origo* of somewhat similar places.

We must refer our readers generally for information respecting the character of these favourite localities to the separate articles in future pages, and from these they may form some conclusion, whether they visit them or not ; but in the case of invalids, we would not offer to guide them in the selection of a mineral water used as a remedy. That must be left entirely to their medical attendant, and in many cases, to some medical man resident at the place, who must be more conversant with the action of the waters, and with the requirements for their beneficial employment, than any stranger residing at a distance.

We would impress this necessity for medical advice, on account of the very loose notions which some people have of these patent medicines from Nature's own laboratory. They seem to be unaware, that though calculated to do much good when properly used in proper cases, they are also capable of doing much evil in improper cases, even death itself having been the result of such imprudence. As many who go to the sea-coast imagine they *must* bathe, so do many who visit a mineral spring think they *must* drink of it, having some floating notions of benefits sure to accrue. These ideas are, perhaps, fostered by the fact that the action of most mineral waters is rather general than special. There is not the palpable effect upon one organ, but the gradual influencing of the whole constitution. This peculiarity of action renders these agents best suited for the treatment of chronic ailments, and there can be no doubt that, in some of these, employed under suitable rules, they produce effects obtainable in no other way. The following exposition of the virtues of mineral waters we extract from "Dr. Edwin Lee's Watering Places of England," into which it is translated from the French :—

"The evidence of antiquity with regard to the efficacy of mineral waters, the experience of centuries, which confirms this efficacy, the universal favour in which they are held among all civilised people, notwithstanding the difference of medical theories, sufficiently demonstrate that they are, of all remedies, those of which the reputation is the most justly established. Nature bestows these remedies liberally upon us in order to invite us to have recourse to them more frequently in our diseases. She has consulted as much as possible our delicacy, our taste ; she has

tempered the virtues of the waters, their energy, and has adapted them to different temperaments. We obtain from plants and minerals many medicaments, but they almost all require certain pharmaceutical preparations, whereas mineral waters are remedies which are always at our disposal : they contain sulphur, carbonic acid, and neutral salts, which are frequently employed in the practice of medicine. Why, when found in Nature's laboratory, should these substances not have an equal power as when taken from that of the apothecary ? Most mineral waters are not harmless ; one cannot use them with impunity in cases where they are counter-indicated, and every year persons become the victims of their imprudence. So far from being inert, mineral waters are at times so active, that we are obliged to moderate their energy by mixing them with milk, or some other emollient fluid."

We need scarcely remark that mineral waters vary greatly in their composition, and are classed accordingly. On the Continent they are very numerous ; but as we have only to deal with British Health Resorts, our notice of these springs must be circumscribed.

One basis of classification is into thermal—or warm, and into cold springs, the temperature being simply an addition to the other properties of the water. Of the English thermal springs, those of Bath, Buxton, Clifton near Bristol, Matlock, and Malvern are the most noted. Bath is a saline water, and its temperature is as high as 114° to 117° Faht. ; Buxton is warm or tepid, saline, and, specially, gaseous ; Clifton is saline, and scarcely tepid ; Matlock is a tolerably pure water, cool, scarcely tepid ; and Malvern is very pure, and scarcely tepid.

The cold mineral springs of Britain may be classed as sulphureous, saline, and chalybeate. In some places, such as Leamington, all three varieties of mineral waters are found in juxtaposition ; or, as in Cheltenham, two of the varieties : moreover, there are scattered over this kingdom numerous springs, which have never attracted much attention, but which, nevertheless, have truly mineral properties.

The best known British sulphureous springs are Harrogate, Moffat, Cheltenham, and Leamington ; but there are numerous minor ones which it might be useful for our readers to know, and, therefore, we give their names. They are, Kilburn and Askeron, in Yorkshire ; Codsallwood, Staffordshire ; Croft, in Yorkshire ; Dinsdale, in Yorkshire ; Dudley,

Worcestershire; Kedleston, Derbyshire; Loansbury, Yorkshire; Maudley, Lancashire; Nottingham, Dorsetshire; Ripon, Yorkshire; Shapmoor, Westmoreland; Wardren, Northumberland; and Wirksworth, Derbyshire. Of British saline springs, the principal are Cheltenham and Leamington; but to these we may add Ashby-de-la-Zouch or Moira, Bristol, Scarborough, Sydenham or Beulah, and Thirsk in Yorkshire, and Pitcaithly in Scotland. The chalybeates are numerous; Tunbridge and Brighton in England, and Peterhead in Scotland, are the best known. Arbroath and Hartfels, also, in Scotland, are strong chalybeates; the latter not far from the sulphur-spring of Moffat. In England we have, in addition, Ashton, Wiltshire; Bolemore, Worcestershire; Bromley, Kent; Haigh, Lancashire; Kirby, Westmoreland; Llandridad, Wales; Luz, Essex: near London there are Hampstead, Islington, and Shadwell.

It is often said that the change of air and scene which accompany a visit to a

mineral watering-place, and at the same time the amusements, society, &cetera, which are met with, are the real curatives, but this is certainly not the case. These additions, it is true, are most useful, and not to be neglected; but that very potency for evil possessed by mineral waters, against which we have warned our readers, proves, at the same time, their medicinal powers; moreover, many persons derive much benefit from these waters brought to them at their own homes. Were it not so, we should not have such large importations of the German waters into this country. However, the invalid visitor to the watering-place, who follows no rules of living, who eats and drinks as much, takes as little exercise, and sleeps as late in the morning as he has done in his former luxurious life—for it is, generally, luxurious living that fills the watering-places—must expect but half benefit, if he gets that, from either the pure air with which he may be surrounded, or the medicinal water he imbibes or bathes in.

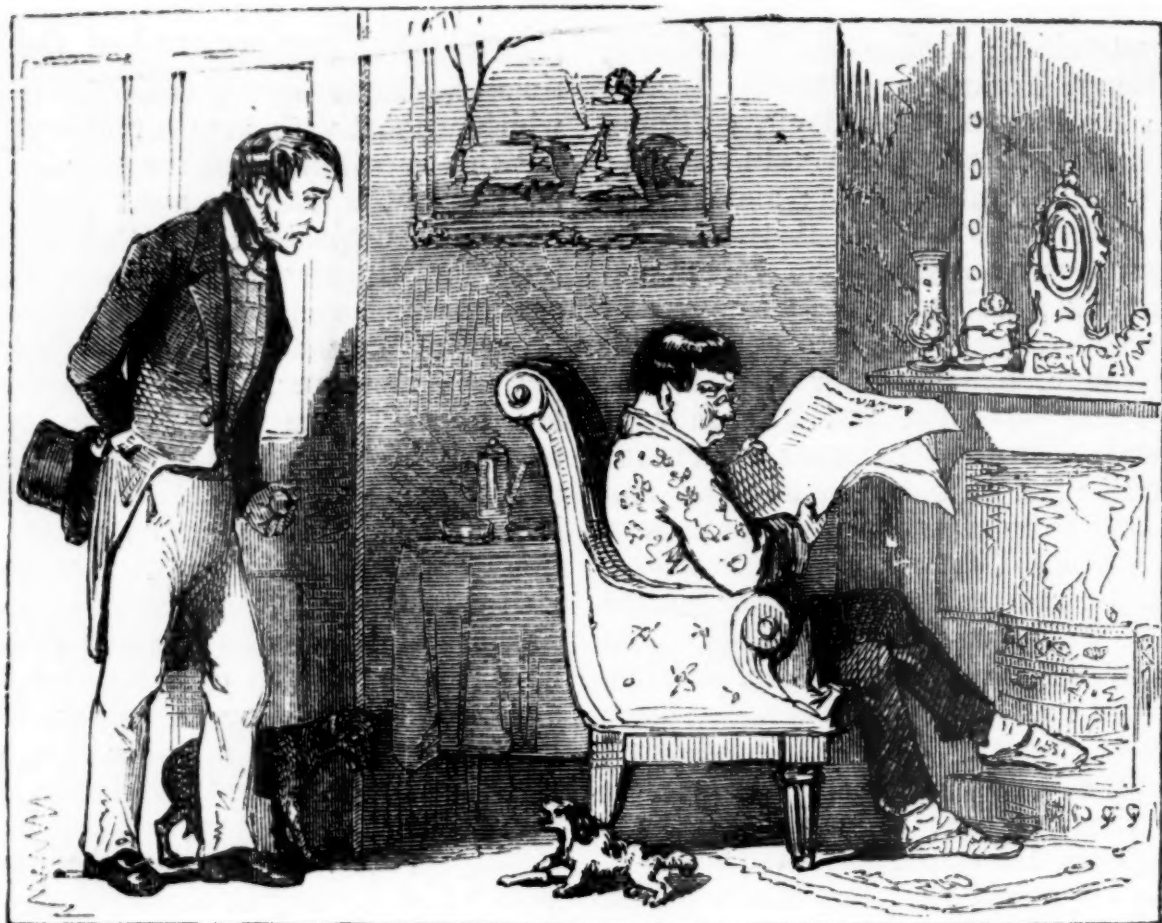
(To be continued.)

THE MAD GRENADIER.

FROM VOGL.

A GRENADIER with longing heart
Has left the gloomy North,
To seek his native France again,
Once more he wanders forth.
A shot which in the Russian wars
Had struck his old grey head,
Had left the veteran for his life
Half-witted it was said.
And thus he reach'd his native shore,
A cripple old and sick;
His rusty musket in his hand,
His bundle on his stick.
He seeks the house of those he loved,
But, O how dark and bare! —
All, all lie in the cold churchyard,
No living soul is there!
Deserted stands that cottage now,
Not one will venture near;
For pale disease has raged within,
And all keep back in fear.
But to the old man's wandering brain,
It seems, that near the door
His aged mother at her wheel,
Sits spinning as before.
His wife—the baby in her arms,
Sinks joyous on his breast;
Her pains and sorrows over now,
Her fears and cares at rest!
His faithful dog springs up and barks,
And tries his joy to tell.

How happy does the old man feel,
To find them all so well!
And soon beside them all he sits,
His heart so full and warm;
He asks no greater bliss below—
He fears no further harm.
But soon the people round perceive
With sorrow and with pain,
That madness long had seized upon
The poor old soldier's brain.
A man of skill, with pity fill'd,
To that lone cottage came;
Nor did he rest till, by his care,
He left him cured and sane.
A few short weeks had scarcely pass'd,
Till, calm and tranquil, he
Saw clearly as in olden times,—
His mind from madness free.
But painfully the veteran old
Gazed round on every side,—
'O God! what mischief have you wrought?'
In agony, he cried.
'Those whom in folly's trance I saw,
'Lie dead and far from me.
'Alas! what bitter suffering 'tis
'From madness to be free!'
Deep sorrow tore his aged breast,
He long'd from life to part;
His sense and reason were restored,—
But broken was his heart!



JACK NETTLETHORPE MAKES A HUMBLE CALL ON HIS RICH UNCLE TIMOTHY.

JACK NETTLETHORPE.

SOME men, it has been said, are born to greatness, others have achieved it, and not a few have greatness thrust upon them. The latter was the fate of Mr. John Nettlethorpe, who, owing to the sudden demise of his parent, Mr. Zachary Nettlethorpe, or "Old Nettles," as he was somewhat disrespectfully termed by his familiars, became the "master of many men" by succeeding to his father's business.

Old Nettles—who, however, stung the sharper for being roughly handled—had for more than forty-seven years followed the trade of a carpenter and builder, giving, as he proudly expressed it, "general satisfaction to a highly respectable and extensive connexion." There was nothing that came in the way of his business that "Old Nettles" was not ready to undertake. As a carpenter, he would have contracted to build the ark of Noah, with improvements, in half the time specified for its former erection; while, as a builder, he would not have shrunk from the Great Wall of China, or the Tower of Babel, as no confusion of tongues could have moved him to a breach of contract; and so, by dint of an always successful hammering of the right nail on the head, he drove it thoroughly home at last, and with much prudence and dex-

terity clenched it on the other side; expressing, after forty-seven years of honest industry, his intention of soon retiring from business—a promise which, like all his other promises, he most conscientiously fulfilled by dying suddenly of a fit of apoplexy. Thus, while Mr. Zachary Nettlethorpe had steadily erected the edifice of a fortune and was putting the roof upon it, so to speak, by the purchase of a quantity of lucrative ground-rents, death quietly measured out some six feet of earth, then snatched the old man's hammer and drove in the *last* nail—not into the timbers of a stately house—but into the "plain elm" of an unostentatious coffin.

"Have you heard the news?" asks business friend, No. 1, of business friend, No. 2, as they met accidentally in the street.

"What news?" says the other, carelessly, "Indian news?"

"No, the bad news about 'Old Nettles.'"

"You don't mean to say he's stopped payment?" and No. 2 glares at No. 1, with a face as white, blue, and blank, as a page in his own ledger.

"He has, though—that is, as far as he is personally concerned—he's dead."

"Oh!" says No. 2, much relieved, "I



JACK IS REDUCED TO MAKE PLEDGES WITH HIS "UNCLE."

thought he'd made a smash of it, and we've had business transactions together for more than twenty years—ah!—poor Nettles!—so he's gone—well, he always had a weakly look and was getting old you know."

The late Mr. Nettlethorpe had to all appearance a frame of iron, and was the speaker's junior by some three years.

"Is the estate large?"

"Very; I should say."

"Who administers?"

"Jack Nettlethorpe."

"Good thing for Jack."

"Capital thing."

"Good morning." And each hurry upon their separate ways; both, however, with the one goal—the great 'Tom-Tidler's ground where men fight and scramble for the shining metal heedless of the dirt that encrusts it—and, as though the grave that had closed over their friend of yesterday had become hermetically sealed—and could not smack its earthly lips over themselves (who knows?) on the morrow. "A good thing for Jack,"—the shower of gold that falls suddenly has not always the best effect—nay, from the days of Danae downwards, there are proofs of its having produced the very worst—as in the case of the imprisoned cobbler, whose history has been rendered immortal in the chronicles of Pickwick, who was ruined, as we all know, by

"having a fortune left him;" and his case is by no means a rare one. "A good thing for Jack!"—pooh! it was about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

Jack Nettlethorpe—kind, easy Jack Nettlethorpe—was the reverse of his defunct parent in all things; but if in one thing more than another, it was an entire absence of prudential calculation. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and with this for a guiding maxim, he set out on his journey through life—illustrating its fallacy—yet learning nothing by the experience—at every step. "Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt," Old Zachary would growl out, as during his son's short scholastic career he disputed over the multitude of small bills for savoury edibles which the generous, but unthinking young gentleman had, to the great delight of his companions, run up with every shopkeeper in the neighbourhood where the requisite "trust" could be obtained. "Let us have a feed," he would say to his friends, and he had many. "I can't pay for it to-day, but I've got tick with Puff the pastrycook round the corner, and I'm sure to be able to pay him after the holidays;" and then the youthful epicure, followed by a train of other youthful epicures, would march through the open portals of the too-enticing Puff and settle like a swarm of

locusts upon the good things on his counter.

Pay day, which in this world may be considered to be about on a par with death—inasmuch, as it is certain to arrive with us all—came—but without finding Master Jack prepared with those funds which were so certain to arrive when the debts were contracted. So Jack to defer the evil day as long as possible, borrowed at a small rate of some eighty per cent., of those most exacting young usurers, his school companions—who too often, for children are but men in little—afterwards assisted to devour the proceeds of the money they lent. But the evil day was not long to be thus deferred, debt accumulated and hung darkly over careless Jack's unthinking head. A treacherous whisper put the mass in motion and brought down the avalanche. Jack was expelled the school after being soundly whipped by his master, and the creditors were paid after being sharply lectured by the justly angry father.

"From small beginnings spring great works,"—"He who would grow oaks must first plant acorns,"—with such wise saws "old Nettles" signified to his repentant son his intention of bringing him to the bench.

"To the Bar," suggests a reader with an eye to the legal profession, "bring him up to the Bar!" not at all, the bench to which old Zachary alluded was one of a far more ancient origin, being simply a carpenter's bench. "I worked at it myself, and so did my father before me, and, if he will be guided by me, so shall my son after me." Jack, who was always ready to oblige everybody, made no objection—donned the flannel jacket and paper head-piece, seized the plane and set to work with so hearty a will that the proud father was lost in delight, and the son in a sea of shavings.

"Only a couple of sovereigns, then, Mr. John."

"Why, you see, I would with pleasure, but——" Jack hesitates, then with a beaming look, "I think I might borrow it from Mr. Tibbs, our foreman," and he was about to hurry off when the man who had first spoken stopped him.

"You're very good, Mr. John; but since you mean to ask Mr. Tibbs, why it would be just as easy to get me the five sovereigns as the two."

"Well, that's true," and again Jack hesitated, and with him to hesitate was to be lost.

"I'm sure to repay it."

"Certainly—of course you are."

"And even if I didn't," and he paused to laugh at the absurdity of such a notion, "you're sure to have the money."

"To be sure—so I am." Away went Jack to the foreman, and was soon in a position to oblige his friend. We proceed to chronicle the conclusion of this affair, one out of many others of a similar nature always occurring to "good-natured Mr. John." His "friend," owing to an "unforeseen pressure of circumstances," was not forthcoming, neither were the five sovereigns; so Jack, who had passed his word to Mr. Tibbs, "did a little bill" with a Hebrew gentleman, and settled that loan with a few others that were outstanding.

The "little bill" was so easily done—in fact, the Hebrew gentleman appeared to be the only person obliged in the transaction—that Jack did another and another—it was after all better than being under an obligation to Tibbs, who, though he never refused the loan, or took a farthing interest, was very earnest in having his money repaid, for Tibbs would repeat (and though but a builder's foreman, he had snatched from the hour-glass of time many a priceless minute to read) the words of the great Lord Burleigh, that "he who was careful of his days of payment was lord of another man's purse." The Hebrew gentleman was far more charitable to the follies of youth—and showed himself ever ready to respond to Jack's appeal—renewing again and again the "little bill," with, of course, the usual consideration. A rolling stone, they say, gathers no moss, but it's quite the reverse with a bill of exchange, it accumulates in travelling, like a snowball, which only requires time to roll and it will assume the dimensions of a mountain; besides, Jack Nettlethorpe, like the hare in the fable, had many friends, and had (could a goodhearted fellow do less, when money run short?) lent his name to several of them.

"Lent his name," and the innocent reader (supposing the possibility of such a person existing now-a-days) demands what good such a loan could do Jack's friends, who, they, he, or she, the innocent reader presumes to have been duly registered and christened N or M, as the case may be? The loan of a name, we make answer, derives its value from two things—first, from the "expectations" or "future means" of its owner; and,

secondly, from the amount of the stamp affixed to the paper upon which the autograph may appear. Now Jack's "expectations" were great, and the stamp, we regret to say, bore value in proportion.

"My son," says the worldly-wise man in the play, "never refuse your hand to a friend, but be careful you never have a pen in it." Mr. John Nettlethorpe was not careful, and the goose quill came as natural as though he had, in some way, an affinity with the bird.

Plain Jack had become Mr. John, and having cast off the flannel of servitude, he assumed the broadcloth garb of honour, being duly installed in his father's counting house; but his open kindly face had begun to assume the yellow livery of care, and lines were there that wrote the word "debtor" as plainly as those other lines his fingers had been so ready to trace upon paper so deadly in its effects, that some Nessus' shirt must surely have furnished the rags from which it first was fashioned. The Hebrew gentlemen, we regret to have to write in the plural now, were becoming impatient, when an event occurred which poured a soothing oil upon the troubled waters, and smoothed each corrugated visage into a pleasing urbanity.

Zachary Nettlethorpe died.'

Death is at all times a terrible thing; but, how awful it becomes when those left behind hear only in the burial service read above the father's grave, the open sesame that sets free imprisoned riches: when the ropes that lower the corpse into the earth pull wide the purse strings, and the clods that should fall so heavily upon the son's heart, strike with a golden ring upon the father's coffin. Was it so with Jack?—no—he was too affectionate a fellow not to feel the old man's loss keenly, and too careless about money to reckon upon the pecuniary advantages to be derived from it. He had, as his friends often said, a heart large enough for six; and for many a dreary month he hung crape about it, in memory of an eccentric but indulgent father.

Mr. John Nettlethorpe's friends began now to increase in number a hundredfold. The Hebrew gentlemen were not only satisfied, but were seized with as ardent an affection for his autograph as ever "lion-hunting" ladies for that of novelist, poet, or popular preacher.

"Jack," his late parent would often say to him, "don't marry; or, if you do, look before you leap;" and then the old

gentleman would sigh, and with an eye to the defunct Mrs. Nettlethorpe add, "it's my belief, Jack, that Adam's first sleep was his last." But, as it had been Jack's rule in life to leap without looking—vaulting over hedge and wall without pausing to consider the possible ditch on the other side—long before he was twenty he "fell in love,"—a term most appropriate for such a proceeding upon the part of persons of Jack's temperament, it being a head-over-heels immersion, that takes away sight and breath, till they flounder out of it shivering and repentant. "Oh! Tom," said Jack, to one of his many friends. "Oh! Tom, she's an angel, if there ever was one—she can play the piano, waltz, and make such stunning jams!" and he smacked his lips with the gusto of a Lucullus; "and as for singing, why you might hear her for a mile when the wind's in the right direction."

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty!" and Jack eyed the speaker with a flush of proud astonishment. "Pretty! why, she's beautiful! her lips are like strawberries freshly gathered—her hair's magnificent, and her eyes shine like, like," Jack was not great at a simile, "like two bran new shillings."

"Good complexion?" demanded the critical friend.

Jack stammered at this, for the truth was, that to other eyes Susan Slomakin was a somewhat plain girl, whose skin had been tatooed by that savage enemy to female beauty—smallpox. So, when his friend repeated the question, he contented himself with his favourite, but somewhat ambiguous, word "stunning." Old Zachary having set his face against the match, Jack got married privately, the funds being found in the usual manner.

When the old builder died, Susan Nettlethorpe's face was washed, for the first time, not with tears be it understood, and her garments mended—a vista of splendour opened out before her, and like the sun in its morning glory she rose up on an astonished world an altered woman—the grub under the influence of the sudden heat developed itself into the butterfly—a blow from harlequin's wand—and the slattern became the fine lady, and Jack's home twice more miserable than before. A showy extravagance was upon the surface, but dirt and discomfort were beneath it, though Mrs. Susan Nettlethorpe cared little for that. "The world," said that philosophic woman, "judges by externals, and as long as the world thinks it all right,

it is all right, I suppose." So, with many such scraps of wisdom, she with much self complacency fastened a brass knocker upon the pig-sty, and sat down waiting for double knocks.

"A safe speculation, Mr. Nettlethorpe, I assure you there's not such another site for building within ten miles of London—you might build a thousand houses, if you liked, and let 'em every one." Thus spake Stucco the speculative builder, keeping his eye all the time fixed upon the broad platter-face of Jack—much as a snake fascinates a bird.

"It'll be a long time before we get any return for the capital invested."

"Long time!" and Stucco smiled pityingly upon Jack; "and you call yourself a builder, Mr. Nettlethorpe? Pray tell me what houses are built for!"

"To live in," replied innocent Jack.

"To let, sir!—to let!" and the waggish Stucco placed his finger gently against his nose. "As for living—why, that is no business of ours. The house once taken, they can live or die in them, or do both if they please."

"But I shall be ruined, utterly ruined, if the speculation fails."

"Fail!" had it been the failure of the Bank of England that was hinted at, Stucco could not have expressed more surprise. "Fail!" he went on to say with unconscious imitation of Lady Macbeth; "but do you be ready with money, and we'll not fail."

"It's all very well to commence building, *that's* easy enough," said poor Jack, and a gleam of good sense flickered for a moment through his mind, "but how to go on with it if the money runs short?"

"Borrow it! borrow it!"

"Eh!" Jack looked up. Mr. Stucco had touched his weak point, and the little gleam of good sense went out altogether.

"Borrow, run up the houses as fast as we can—that don't take long. We nearly finish the first lot, then mortgage them—borrow on them, you understand, and then finish the others."

"I think I'll do it."

"Do it!—ah! sir, it's a fortune."

And Jack Nettlethorpe did do it, and was—done. The speculation turned out as Stucco had prophesied, a fortune—for Stucco.

Mr. Robert Stucco went down to a villa near Norwood, and Mr. John Nettlethorpe went into chancery.

"What's to be done, sir?" said the

old foreman, Mr. Tibbs, looking Jack anxiously in the face.

"You don't mean to say I'm ruined?" Tibbs shook his grey head sadly.

"I was born in your father's house, sir—for my father was resident foreman before me—and I had hoped to die in it; but"—and again he shook his head—"it's not to be."

"But surely something can be done?"

"We must have the money before four o'clock, or the bills will be protested and——"

"Stay!"—Jack sprung from his stool and seized his hat—"I think I can borrow; there's Timothy—my old uncle Timothy; he lent my father thousands; yes, I'll try him." He hurried to the door, then paused irresolute. "It's true Susan quarrelled with him, and that I took her part, and—and," Jack's hat was slipping from his hand when Mr. Tibbs' voice decided him—

"It's but a reed to lean upon—that's true; yet, sir, it's the only chance."

It was the only chance. Nettlethorpe leaned with all his weight upon the reed, and it snapped under him.

With a humbled head and a beating heart Jack turned the handle of the parlour door and entered his uncle's room. The old gentleman heard the step, recognised it, wheeled his chair more to the front of the fire, and kept his eyes riveted on his paper. Two things had gone against Mr. Timothy that morning. The funds had fallen, and he had partaken of muffins—both events, with him, productive of indigestion.

"How do you do, uncle?" began nervously, poor Jack.

"So you've let just two years elapse before you thought it worth while to come and ask me that! it's very kind—very—How do I do? Well, I'm none the better for seeing you, Mr. John Nettlethorpe."

"I have been a long time away; but business, you know, and Susan——"

"Susan Nettlethorpe's an extravagant hussey, and you are an ass to permit it. Women are the great mistake of creation; and for my part, in these days of invention, I do not despair but what they may yet be done away with."

Jack laughed faintly—a miserable laugh that just bubbled on his lips like the last mouthful of water on those of a drowning man.

"I came to inquire after your health uncle Timothy."

Uncle T. wheeled his chair round with an appalling suddenness, and, placing both his hands upon his knees, gazed into Jack's face.

"Don't tell a lie, sir; you didn't come for that; neither you nor your wife care one pin's head about my health; you didn't come for that."

"Not exactly," said the startled Jack.

"Then, what did you come for? speak out, sir. I'm not an extravagant man, sir, and I have my newspaper left for an hour only, each morning; half of that hour is already gone, and I've got the city article and all the debates to read. Speak out, sir; why did you come?"

With a sinking heart and lips all a-tremble, Jack Nettlethorpe told the sad story of his ruined fortunes and the object of his visit. His uncle heard him patiently to the end.

"Have you finished?"

Jack answered in the affirmative, and his uncle rose, walked slowly across the room, and pulled the bell.

"Knibbs," he said to the servant who answered the summons, "you will show Mr. Nettlethorpe the door; and, mind, I'm never at home to him should he call again."

Jack rose, every limb quivering with emotion. His uncle had sunk back into his chair, and was again absorbed in the paper. Jack looked round the comfortable room, and then at the hard old man, his father's brother, who was turning him like a dog from his door. The past came back upon him, and but for the support of the chair, he would have fallen. He made one effort to speak, but as the tears rushed to his eyes, the words faded from his lips, he was faint, choking, the grinning servant held wide the door; Jack gulped down a rising sob, snatched his hat, and in another moment was standing in the street.

A fortnight afterwards, the *Times* newspaper contained two announcements, viz., the demise of Mr. Timothy Nettlethorpe, and the charitable donation of his large fortune to an hospital; and the bankruptcy of his nephew, the unfortunate Mr. JOHN NETTLETHORPE.

* * * * *

"Come, I say, this won't do; move on here"—and a policeman pushed his way through the crowd.

"What's the row?" inquires a newcomer of one of the mob.

"There ain't no row," was the reply: "it's on'y Sukey Nettlethorpe drunk."

The crowd opens, and through the filthy streets of one of the filthiest quarters of our mighty city a wretched woman is dragged along between two policemen, her garments fluttering in the wind, and her dishevelled hair hanging in a tangled web about her face—a woman possessed by the fiend—a fiend more dreadful than ever magician conjured into his circle—a fiend who holds daily and nightly revel in myriads of miserable homes—you read its name in the heavy sodden face of this reeling woman; it is the fiend of drink.

A pale, sallow-faced man is leaning over the counter of a pawnbroker's shop, looking wistfully into the face of the proprietor.

"Can't be done, Nettlethorpe. Why, you are always borrowing; besides, how can you work without your tools?"

"It must be done—indeed it must; she's fined five shillings, as usual, and I can't let her go to prison, you know."

"Why not? I tell you what it is, my man, a few weeks will do her good; she's been a precious bad wife to you."

"Well, perhaps so"—and the poor fellow shook his head—"but I married her when she was a mere girl, and—and I can't let her go to prison, you know."

"Do as you like; I'll let you have it this once," and the pawnbroker tossed the carpenter's tools into the basket, and pushed the money across the counter. "But you're too fond of pawning, Nettlethorpe, though it's not my interest to say so; it's astonishing how pawning grows upon people. Why, there's Betsy Symonds"—and he pointed to a rickety child who had just entered the shop, and now stood before the counter, balancing herself between two flat irons—"brought the baby here the other day, and wanted to know if I would lend something upon it for an hour. Ah! when people once get used to borrowing there's no knowing where they'll stop."

* * * * *

Jack Nettlethorpe is dead. His last act was to write to old Mr. Tibbs a request that was immediately complied with—that he would lend Susan sufficient to prevent his being buried in the workhouse deals. "Don't let them give me a pauper's funeral," said he; and so, by dint of borrowing, he was saved from that disgrace, at least, and died as he had always lived—in debt.

THE PICTURE-HUNTER.

Few people, except the enjoyers of princely incomes, can boast of possessing such pictures as my old acquaintance, Ferret. How did he get them? He did not inherit them, as he inherited that bright, sharp, searching eye of his; he never had a legacy left to him; he never had a fortune to spend on superfluities; and he never committed a burglary in his life. How did he get them, is not the question; but where did he pick them up?

There are people who can hardly set their foot out of doors, in a large city, without "picking up" a picture. Ferret is one of this fortunate set of prize-finders. Pictures are to him the sole realities of life. The only tangible things he knows of are panel and canvas—except gilt frames. To his eye the whole world presents but two colours—oil colour and water colour. The earth, as he walks upon it, seems to have a coat of varnish over it; and society, from the point whence he surveys it, is only a great work of art—a large, bold composition, in which, however, the lights are too much concentrated, and the shadows too abrupt and deep. The finest compliment he can pay to nature is to think she looks gloriously artificial; and when he sees the fiery flush of a sunset, he feels that it almost comes up to Turner. He cares nothing about the common salt sea and mere salt-sea wonders; he is for poetry's

"painted ship
Upon a painted ocean;"

floating on real water, as he says exultingly, like Stanfield's. He never paused to look on a noble scene, from hill, valley, or river, without considering how it would "come," when properly reduced by the artist. No, never did he linger over a rich and varied landscape, except to determine in his mind how it would look framed in an exhibition—perhaps what it would sell for at an auction, or how it would exchange for a Benjamin West that he didn't want.

When he went to Niagara, and first stood within view of the great fall, he said musingly, "Ah! I should like to have *that* in my back drawing-room!" Were he the spectator of a scene in Newgate, the view would excite a similar feeling—"It would hang extremely well opposite the window—between the two Websters." When he takes a country

stroll, he tells you that he went down the lane, past the bit of Gainsborough, till he came to a Hofland between the two trees; and were he to direct a stranger to the next town, he would desire him to leave the Nasmyth on his left hand, turn off by the Collins at the cottage, and keep on till he saw a David Roberts before him.

He dates every event pictorially, having no idea of figures save those whereof lay figures are the "rude forefathers." He declares that he has made his little study a complete bit of Cattermole; he was married—he forgets the year—that very season in which the fine Etty was exhibited in Somerset House; and he knows the age of his little girl—who he says looks like a Chalon—from her being born when Maclise's Rock picture was brought out. Of his wife he observes, that you would not have known her from a Pickersgill; but somehow, he does not know how it is, she has of late acquired quite a Rubensy look, with considerable breadth of effect. When he hears her voice, as he does sometimes, rising above its ordinary pitch, he is wont to say, with a fair share of jocoseness, that there is a good tone about her still.

Lies are related of everybody. They do say, that dining where there was a pig upon the table, he sent up his plate "for another bit of the Moreland"—which he pronounced to be an undoubted original. When the dessert and its decorations made their appearance, he remarked that he had not seen nicer specimens of Lance for several seasons.

Allowing for a little excess in colouring, there is truth enough here to show that Ferret thinks, reads, speaks, and dreams of nothing but pictures. But thinking, &c., of a thing does not always involve the possession of it. Patrons of art cannot dream *chefs d'œuvre* upon their walls, and old masters into their galleries. Unless they steal, or buy them, they must infallibly "pick them up." This is what my friend Ferret does—this is what he came into the world to do, and he has done nothing else. In his collection, he sees the fruit of his life's toils; in every separate picture he reads the record of some triumph of superior knowledge, profound ingenuity, and untiring labour.

But we must show the how and the where. Some of his gems he has brought from the dark unfathomed caves of coal-

sheds; some of his immortal flowers he has plucked in the desert air of auction rooms, which, but for him, had been buyerless. Some he has discovered on worm-eaten wainscots; others he has detected beneath the dust of odd-rubbish rooms; and many he has secured in the fair way of barter, by giving gaudy bad pictures for dingy good ones.—Ferret is mighty fond of offering new lamps for old. He has always by him a little stock of showy skies and flashy foregrounds, ready to exchange for dark brown bits of canvas, which he afterwards contrives to rub into brightness and value.

What a life has he led, and what contradictions compose his destiny! Seeking for beauty inexpressible, he has passed years amidst the squalid and reeking dens of towns and cities. For pearls he has gone to swine. With an eye beholding, in the intensity of its inquiry, nothing less bright than the hues of Rubens, he has pried unweariedly into the innermost recesses of old brokers' shops; with a sense approaching the seraphic forms of Guido, he has tumbled over, unloathingly, the treasures of a temple sacred to marine stores. He has, indeed, sought sunshine in the shady places.

No auction that happens to have a picture in it ever escapes his notice. He knows the contents of every public gallery, nay, every private collection in the kingdom. He is a living catalogue of the "gems" in every dealer's hands. Mention a picture-cleaner, and he will particularise the fine specimens at that moment in his keeping. He can tell you who had the Giorgione that was for sale in Tottenham-court-road, and who bought the doubtful Titian in the Minorities. He is many picture-hunters in one—an Art-Union!

For weeks together, perhaps, he has gone his daily rounds—sometimes eastward of the city, now westward, and anon in the widely-spreading suburbs—looking out for adventures, and beating up for prizes; but picking out of the chaff and ruin no treasure obscure—no scrap of Moreland, no bit of Bonnington, not even an endurable copy of Rembrandt or Sir Joshua! But then, has he not secured something as good?

As good? Ay, some new lamp to exchange for an old one!—some pleasing abomination at a low price; some poor copy, carefully finished, of a sketch by a great master; or some bad original by a painter that happens just at the moment to be in

fashion! Either of these duly set off with a shining surface, and a frame re-burnished, would hardly fail in the market of ignorance (and people in general know less about pictures than anything else, except themselves,) to secure to him the transfer of a small prize, a modest, unattractive, and by no means brilliant performance, yet really worthy to be called a work of art. This for its subject's sake, perhaps, or because there is nothing startling about it, wins its way in a better market than the other; and, by the aid of a showy companion, flung gratuitously in to set off its simple merits to advantage, is bartered for a real prize, a handsome second-rate; which, in turn, accompanied by two or three agreeable illusions in blue and yellow—with frames of a new pattern—is made over to some infallible connoisseur, in exchange for the grand object, the unquestionable treasure, the fine picture by the fine master.

Months, perhaps years, have been devoted to the full working out of this manoeuvre; but there, nevertheless, is the master at last.

Suppose, however, that the prize turns up in the regular course of the wheel!—that in the old iron shop, in the loft or cellar heaped with lumber, a genuine picture, encrusted like an old coin, and of equally solid pretensions, to be judged according to a standard of value, now and then flashes out upon the practised and all-penetrating eye! With what an anxious, yet exulting scrutiny is it visited! When was hieroglyphic deciphered, when was black letter scanned, with half the devotion, the hope, the fear, the enthusiasm, which stir the throbbing pulses of the picture-hunter, as he seeks, "behind the scenes," the author of this enchantment!—examining the bare back of the picture, and tracing in every mark discoverable on the canvas, a confirmation of, or a contradiction to his theory,—finding in the crazy stretcher a token, and in the carved framework a sign!

Then with what a triumph is the obscure and dirty Kitecat carried off! How is the venerable and sensitive canvas handled reverentially, as never was bank-paper with "100/." in the corner!—how carefully it is lined, stretched, and strengthened!—with what tenderness and delicacy are the layers of varnish removed, and the colours brought out into admiring day! Above all, perhaps, with an ecstasy of aspiration, a kindling of the whole soul, does the eye search among

the brightening lines which chequer the foliage in the foreground, for an initial or a date! If but one letter steals slowly into sight at last, it is sure—this is an invariable rule—to be the initial of some great painter; and it happens not less curiously, that whoever the painter may be, the picture, then and there a subject of such fond speculation, is certain to be not only a manifest production of his school, but an unquestionable specimen of his individual style. C. stands for Cuyp all the world over; and if the date should show that he was only three years of age at the time, the picture is the more remarkable for being so early a production of his easel. Cuyp had produced precious things before, but here is a prodigy.

Let it not be here imagined, however, that my friend Ferret is a self-deceiver—like Garrick, a dupe to his art—the possessor of wooden nutmegs instead of the original spices. Years ago, indeed, he fell regularly into this error. Then every forged initial on a daub purposely damaged, and ingeniously made ancient, was the handwriting of a master. He thought it little to go out with four shillings and sixpence in his pocket, and bring home a Claude. The acquisition of eleven undoubted Canalettis in a week was slow work, and with a sigh on Saturday, over his miserable progress, he said, "This won't do!" Monday found him mending; and a sketch of Raphael's, a group by one or both of the Poussins, and two or three originals of the modern school, (real Wilsons, most likely,) all publicly purchased for five-and-twenty shillings, promised better success.

But as soon as his walls were covered, the delusion was at an end; and he sold more wisely than he bought, turning his romances to realities, or, in other words, exchanging the showy for the substantial. It was by dint of extraordinary assiduity, unceasing research, the toil of years, the direction of every faculty of the mind to one darling object, that Ferret became the phenomenon we now behold him—a picture-hunter who never cheats, and is never to be cheated—who spends nothing, yet buys much—who picks up a ragged Humphrey Clinker, and finds him a smart young gentleman, in wigs and ruffles. It is true that he will even now insist upon a case of legitimacy, when facts will not always bear him out. Slow to decide, he is proof against doubt when the decision

has once been given. He will insist upon the Correggiosity of his Correggios—all of them. One or two of his foreigners have rather an English look; his Murillo was certainly painted in Dublin. But to tell him that his Annibal Caracci is not an Annibal Caracci—you might as well tell me that Pope was no poet. Ferret's catalogue is rich in great names; but if the sums paid for his various pictures were placed opposite to them on the list, it would be still more remarkable for small figures. It would be ludicrous, if it were not so *very* absurd, to hear him tell the truth about his prices and purchases. His boast is, that he has not, for ten years, expended five pounds upon a painting, his maxim being, that all fine pictures sell either for very large or very small sums; he has watched the market at the latter turn; and then, profiting by his dexterous system of exchanges in other instances, he is enabled fairly to estimate his expenditure upon every separate gem.

"For that bit of Parmegiano I gave three shillings; the Guido cost me, however, fifteen; but then I luckily secured that fine Gaspar for ninepence. There's a Michael!—it's disputed, I know; but it ought not to be, for it cost me, altogether, four pounds twelve, lining and all. Why, that Salvator took upwards of three pounds out of my pocket!—Ah! I was extravagant then! But some of these I got cheaper. I exchanged some supposed Rembrandts, and a sham Watteau, for this fine Both. That's good, the Wouvermans; that and the Ruysdael I got for nothing—that is, I gave a big West for them. Here, you wouldn't think, now, that this Hobbina cost me but eleven shillings and sixpence, with discount for ready money! But come this way—there's a true Correggio! for which I swapped—receiving fifteen pounds to buy a frame—two villanous things, one called 'Game,' and the other 'Fruit,' which had been thrown into a lot I bought at an auction!"

My friend Ferret thus walks and talks amid his treasures; while of mankind he knows nothing whatever, save of the few who buy and sell pictures. To him, the ideal is the actual—the forms of things are the substances. If the soul, as some wise philosophers have suspected, ever returns to the earth it has once quitted, Ferret's will assuredly be found somewhere, looking complacently out of a gold frame, sixteen inches by eleven.



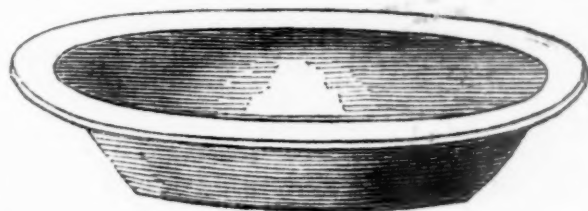
BASKET-PATTERN FLOWER-POT.

WINDOW GARDENING, AND THE CULTIVATION OF PLANTS IN ROOMS.

WE have been asked for some "practical" directions for the arrangement of floral objects in sitting-rooms, at the present season. To fulfil this request satisfactorily, the suggestion should combine three essential qualities. It should be beautiful, easily produced, and inexpensive. The true criterion of taste is the production of agreeable effects with small means. Nothing is so easy as to purchase expensive exotic flowers from the florist, and a magnificent stand from the bronzist or the cabinet-maker. But the presence of such objects in an apartment is no evidence of "taste;" it is merely a sign of wealth. On the other hand, let some ordinary objects be wrought into a novel and graceful combination, evidently the production of the presiding spirit of the place, and the presence of taste and refinement is at once manifested.

We have lately seen an example of this kind of simple taste in the arrangement of a basket of double blue and double white primroses, the effect of which was exceedingly beautiful. The colours form a more delicate and pleasing contrast than

light blue and white, and the profusion with which these well-known garden favourites throw up their flowers, double as roses, renders that contrast very striking. To produce such a basket of primroses as is described, in great perfection, it will only be necessary to attend to the following directions, and an elegant addition to the drawing-room window is produced, which will last for several weeks. If your own garden does not afford, say, four roots each, of double white and double blue (or rather lilac) primroses, they may be procured from any nurseryman. Having obtained the plants, take a common pie-dish, or any other earthen vessel of the kind, suited



to the form of the picturesque basket you intend to use. Next take a piece of thin deal, or some other wood, and,



1. SQUARE TERRA-COTTA FLOWER-POT. 2. SMALL BASKET-PATTERN POT. 3. LILY OF THE VALLEY PATTERN.

having cut it to the size of the bottom of the dish, perforate it with a number of small holes, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Then place in the bottom of the dish, at equal distances, three strips of wood, about three-quarters of an inch



deep each way. If upon these the flat perforated piece is lodged, an empty space below will be provided, which will ensure thorough drainage; for without such thorough drainage, the foliage of the plants would turn yellow, and the buds would cease to open kindly, for nothing is more injurious to plants in such a situation than the accumulation of water about the roots. Place over the holes a slight layer of moss, to prevent the soil from dropping through, but not so as to impede the drainage. A layer of rich soil

may then be added, and the receptacle will then be ready for the plants to be placed within it. Take the primrose roots, and if they have been compressed tightly together like a ball, as is frequently done to take them to market, open them slightly, leaving some of the fibres rather free, and place them according to your taste in the disposition of colour, in the pan. Then fill more soil in between them, pressing it slightly down round each plant.

The next process is that of lining your basket with moss, and having placed the pan within it, and covered the whole with moss, you place it neatly between the plants. Water may be given, but not too profusely. The basket should then stand in a situation where there is not too much light, and no sun, for about three days, after which it may be placed in the situation which it is intended to occupy, where it will, if all the pre-arrangements have

been duly observed, flourish luxuriantly till the whole of the flowers have expanded. But care should be taken to shield it from a mid-day sun until the plants are thoroughly established.

The basket-pattern flower-pots, which we have engraved in our present number, are very inexpensive as well as pretty, the middle sizes being about eighteen-pence each.

We have also given this month an engraving of one of the square *terra cotta* flower-pots, which are becoming fashionable, and which produce an agreeable variety, if judiciously used, with the more ordinary circular forms. We have represented a white camelia in the *terra cotta* pot, and a China primrose in the basket-pattern pot.

The third ornamental pot is known as the "lily of the valley" pattern, and the white flowers and foliage on a deep ultramarine ground produce a very good effect, for the design is good. We generally prefer geometrical patterns for flower-pots, as forming a better contrast with the flowing lines of the natural flowers which they are to contain. But in the present instance we have seen a group of the natural lilies combine so gracefully with the ornamental receptacle, as represented in our engraving, that we strongly recommend some of our floricultural readers to try the experiment. The design becomes evident in the arrangement, and wherever design is apparent, a certain kind of taste and refinement are indicated, which never fails to produce an agreeable impression.

THE THREE BOUQUETS.

Not far from the dark corridor leading upon the stage of the Theatre Français at Paris, behind an enormous pillar, was hidden in the wall, like the violet beneath the leaf, the small shop, or rather garden, of Madame Prévost, the flower-dealer of the theatre.

A fadeless garden indeed it was, insensible alike to the cold of winter, the ardent sun of summer, and the dust or the storm. A perpetual spring appeared to reign around the massive pillar. Beneath its protecting shadow, roses of all seasons, pale violets, superb camellias, odorous pansies, and the now, alas! common dahlia, seemed to flourish better than elsewhere. Upon the square pedestal, the Parisian Flora displayed every morning the riches of her stores, from the orange-flower to adorn the brow of a queen, to the simple daisy.

A maiden could never pass before this unassuming garden without thinking and sighing over the first flower she had placed against her bosom.

The shop of Madame Prévost contained idylles already composed, soft elegies, speaking poems; and here also might be found written at every hour, in the embalmed cups of the flowers, the only love-letter a female can always accept. At need, might be learned, at this place, the universal language so much sought after by philosophers.

One day, I saw enter the little shop a tall man, apparently about forty years old,

of full complexion, with an awkward pretension to dandyism; which, however, was sufficiently respectable for a *Parisien de province*, which, in effect, he proved to be.

"You will take," he said, entering without salutation, "a bouquet to Madame de Meley, of ——— street."

At the same time he threw down two pieces, of five francs, on the table before Madame Prévost.

The good woman followed with her gaze the stranger, until he disappeared in the court of the Palais Royal.

"I will let him have the worth of his money," she exclaimed in a determined tone, turning towards me.

At the same time, from two bundles of flowers lying at hazard in the basket, she arranged a bouquet, adding to it an immense tuberose with large leaves.

"But, my good lady," I ventured to observe, "you will certainly kill with asphyxy the person for whom those flowers are intended."

"On the contrary," replied Madame Prévost, "I want to preserve her from the pursuits of a foolish, impertinent man. Do not be uneasy; for the little that Madame de Meley has of heart—I do not say nerve—she will at once throw this bouquet out of the window, and turn out of doors whoever may chance to take it. What a clown, to pretend to Madame de Meley, who is so graceful and delicate! Take this bouquet," she added, turning

to a boy seated near her, "with the address-card, to Madame de Meley."

The lad went on his commission, holding the bouquet in his two hands. He had thrown the card into the midst of the tuberoses. The name engraved upon it was surmounted with an equivocal coronet of a count or baron.

"The simpleton," muttered Madame Prévost.

At this moment a stout young man, about thirty, entered the shop. There was something distinguished in his glance, but his figure was so vulgar and heavy, that the advantage was lost. This person, however, was evidently superior to the one who had just left the place, and so far differed from him that while the tall stranger was a *Parisien de province*, he was a *provincial de Paris*.

"Madame," he said, addressing Madame Prévost, "will you send a bouquet for me, this evening, to Madame de Meley?"

The flower-dealer curtsied an affirmative, and he left.

"As for this worthy," observed the old lady, "I will neither do him good nor ill. Madame de Meley shall have a bouquet similar to those usually supplied—some handsome dahlias and flowers without fragrance—she can carry it in her hand, or place it in her apartment. The person who has just left is neither a coxcomb nor a fool. He is, however, mistaken, perhaps, in sending a bouquet to this lady, who most certainly never could have asked him for one; but, however, I will not meddle in his affairs, let him think and act for himself."

No sooner said than done. Madame de Meley received a second bouquet, smaller than the first, but much more tastefully arranged.

These affairs having been despatched, I was about to leave, when I saw glide into the shop a handsome young man of eighteen or twenty; but so tremulous, timid, and modest in his manners, that one would have imagined he was entering into the presence of the lady of his thoughts.

"Madame," said he, in a low tone, and with some trepidation of manner, "would you be so good as to send some flowers, without saying from whom they came, to Madame de Meley?"

And with these words he offered a golden *Louis* to Madame Prévost; who, somewhat astonished at this third visitor on the same errand, returned him the

change, exclaiming as he left, "Well, I will do my best for this customer. He is young, handsome, retiring, and modest, and he does not wish it known who sends the flowers. He shall, most certainly, have my protection."

The good woman at once arranged the bouquet, taking at hazard a few wild flowers, very simple, but of sweet colours and delicious fragrance; it was soon prepared, and seemed as if it had been gathered from a meadow in the month of June. By a sudden caprice, she placed in the centre a sprig of wild thyme in blossom.

Observing that I was watching her proceedings with great eagerness, she explained what had appeared to me somewhat of a mystery.

"It is impossible that Madame de Meley can choose any bouquet but this, out of the three I have prepared for her this evening. The first is vulgarly made of large red flowers, which, if a lady took into a ball-room would give her the appearance of having been drinking. The second bouquet is too white for a young, pale, and languishing beauty, like Madame de Meley. This, which I hold in my hand, on the contrary, is beautiful, animated, and unassuming—therein differing from the others. I have not the slightest doubt it will be worn this evening. Do you not share my sympathy, and approve my protecting this young suitor?"

"Most certainly. Adieu, until to-morrow."

"And what are you going to do this evening?"

"I am bound to the Opera."

"May you be amused there. But take a bouquet with you—a real one—to present to Mademoiselle Taglioni."

That evening, Mademoiselle Taglioni, that sylph of the air, was to take her farewell of Paris. We were about to lose, if not for ever, at least for a long period, this charming creature, whose lightness and grace could not be surpassed. All the capital seemed to be flocking to the theatre to see and applaud once more the beloved idol. The Opera-house was densely crowded. I was at my post from an early hour, and took my place in a second box on the left. I was reflecting on the great loss we were about to suffer, when suddenly the door of the box next to mine was opened, and two ladies, one very young and the other of elderly appearance, entered and took their places in front; while three gentlemen, who

seemed to belong to their party, seated themselves behind: the two eldest close to the ladies, and the youngest in a corner at the back, where he was quite concealed from observation.

My surprise was great on observing that they were the very persons I had seen at Madame Prévost's a short time previously. The tall man was noisy and affected; his stout companion appeared reserved; while the younger stranger, in his retirement, was indulgent in silent enjoyment of his thoughts, for his countenance was radiated with pleasure: but the secret of this was soon betrayed. The elderly lady held in her hand the red bouquet, while the younger had attached to her breast the wild flowers, with the fragrant sprig of thyme in the centre.

She seemed to have been made for the sweet flowers, which had also found upon her their most appropriate resting-place. The paleness of her complexion set off their beauty, and from time to time she inhaled with delight the fragrant bouquet.

I would willingly—had it been possible—have made known to the young suitor of Madame de Meley his good fortune; and said to him—"My friend, be happy. You have two rivals near you, who have each sent a bouquet to the lady of your affections. The first, Madame de Meley has inflicted on her companion; the second she has, probably, kept to adorn her chamber; but yours is worn near her heart. You are the successful lover."

The spectacle commenced. But what can I say of Mademoiselle Taglioni that has been left unsaid? The multitude, ravished and enchanted, followed her into the seventh heaven she had discovered. On this evening in question, I was, however, undecided whether to give the preference to Mademoiselle Taglioni, or to Madame de Meley. I was alternately in heaven and on earth. Mademoiselle Taglioni was so graceful, but Madame de Meley possessed surpassing beauty. The former seemed to float in the air; but the latter was close to me, her magnificent figure displayed to full perfection!

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen who occupied the same box were variously occupied, according as their dispositions prompted them. The tall one, anxious to appear a profound critic, made a great noise in applauding, and fired a regular volley of *bravos*. His stout and lethargic companion, profiting by the enthusiasm of his friend, whispered a few insipid

compliments into the ear of the younger lady; mere words, which have either too much sense, or none at all: while the favoured youth in the corner, immersed in his pleasant reveries, sat mute and concealed.

The lady conducted herself towards her three male attendants, as every woman of wit, who does not possess too much heart, should. Now and then she applauded Mademoiselle Taglioni, then listened for a moment to the stout gentleman, or gave a side glance at the young man behind her, who, however, could not observe her features from where he was seated. She contrived even to give me, seated close to her, a few of those uncertain looks which imply neither attention nor indifference; after which she played with her bouquet with a kind of infantine enjoyment. She was decidedly beautiful, with features regular, transparent, and placid; large, lustrous eyes; black eyebrows and hair; a small hand; lips almost red; and teeth of pearly whiteness.

I could easily understand why the young man was in love, but I could not account for his silence. Of the three suitors near me, there was not one, who, like myself, really concerned himself about this splendid creature; for I saw without looking at her; heard, without speaking to her; and I found her lovely without telling her so.

But to resume: Mademoiselle Taglioni had danced—with that exquisite grace every one has, or ought to have, beheld—the admirable last step of *La Sylphide*, when, suddenly, all the spectators rose up as with one accord, while hands, feet, hearts, and voices were mingled in unanimous applause. The feeling was irresistible: every lady who had a bouquet in her hand, or pressed against her heart, threw it on the stage, until it was covered with a perfect avalanche of flowers. And yet, what mute prayers and tender vows had, probably, been impressed upon those tendrils of nature! What enthusiasm to throw at the feet of a dancer so fragrant a harvest, every leaf of which contained a hope or a souvenir! But such was, nevertheless, the case; and the same ladies who had cast them away, would have thrown their diamonds and pearls at the departing sylph, if the thought had occurred to them. Perhaps the only one, however, amidst the whole multitude, who had guarded previously her little bouquet, was Madame de Meley. Unhappily, however, the young lover, who had remained

until then motionless and dumb, either awakened by the acclamations around him, or from a wish to let every one know that he had seen the ballet, from which he had been completely hidden, rising suddenly from his seat, commenced crying and applauding like the rest.

I then noticed Madame de Meley hastily detach the bouquet from her breast, inhale its fragrance once more, and then cutting with her teeth the sprig of thyme into two pieces, throw, with her delicate white hand, the dearly cherished flowers at the feet of Mademoiselle Taglioni.

At this moment, Madame de Meley was admirable. No sooner had the bouquet fallen on the stage, than she regretted it, and turning towards the gentlemen who accompanied her, she exclaimed, in a voice of supplication, "Which of you will bring me back my bouquet?"

But what a singular idea, that of finding a bunch of flowers amidst a floral mountain! When the parties thus appealed to heard the request of their sovereign lady, it was indeed curious to watch the reception it met with. The tallest replied, laughing, that it would be just as easy to obtain a particular drop of water from the ocean; the stout lover turned his head aside, and muttered the word capricious; while the youngest rushed like a madman towards the stage, with the apparent intention of precipitating himself upon it. Meanwhile, the ladies retired to their carriage, escorted by their phlegmatic attendants. I quitted my box about the same time, with the intention of presenting my last respects to Mademoiselle Taglioni.

At this time, it was possible to obtain an entrance behind the scenes of the Opera, without being obliged to show constantly an ivory medal. It was quite sufficient guarantee when the person was tolerably well known to the director, when he was at once admitted. My young friend, the hero of the bouquet, was at the door, panting with his exertions, when I arrived.

Mademoiselle Taglioni was still upon the stage, in the midst of a forest of bouquets, with features on which happiness and sadness were so strongly impressed at the same time, that, to see her, made one almost laugh and weep with her. She extended her little hands to us, in sign of farewell, when, suddenly, perceiving my companion groping earnestly among the flowers, seeking the bouquet of the lady of his heart, she

drew back somewhat offended at his boldness. I, however, explained, in a low tone, to the sylph, how the matter stood, when, taking a flying leap backwards, she gazed at the young man, as she retired, with a look that might say, "Look well, and love will reward you."

Soon after Mademoiselle Taglioni had left, I, who possess a certain measure of *sang froid*, discovered, in the midst of an enormous mass of camellias and roses, my unforgotten little bouquet of field flowers. And this was not to be wondered at after all, for I had been present when it was arranged, and had looked at it all the evening, and there was no other bouquet of a similar appearance among the rest. I cautiously placed the charming trophy in my pocket.

"Sir," I inquired of the young lover, who was still seeking the treasure with a disappointed look; "have you found what you have lost?"

"Alas, sir," he replied, "I am a mere blockhead; I do not even know the bouquet I am seeking." And he turned the flowers disconsolately over in a vain attempt to find what he had never seen, when the stage was suddenly invaded by a multitude of subordinate nymphs, who came to divide the fragrant spoils of the triumphant Mademoiselle Taglioni.

It was now time to leave, and I found myself in the street with the young man.

"Would you like me to come to your assistance to-morrow?" I inquired.

He accepted my offer eagerly, and we made an appointment to meet at my apartments.

The next day my young friend was punctual to the hour. At nine o'clock in the evening, he came, attired in a suit of black.

"Well," he said to me, sadly, "have you any news of the bouquet?"

"I would advise you," I replied, "to place in your button-hole this sprig of wild thyme, decayed and broken as it is. It has often produced me good fortune. Remember, however, I only lend it to you, and expect you will restore it to me."

He gazed at me with a look so incredulous and sorrowful, that I was on the point of laughing in his face; but he allowed himself, however, to be persuaded, (those in love are always superstitious,) and we proceeded together to the ball of Madame de Meley, to whom he had engaged to introduce me.

We entered the saloon: the two rivals were already there, and had brought with

them the choicest exotics to be obtained in Paris—rare and costly flowers.

The apartments filled slowly: the beautiful widow appeared somewhat pensive in her manner. I was presented to her by the young lover, and she returned my salutations in a languid tone, when, suddenly, she glanced at the button-hole of my companion. Her features became immediately animated, and the smile returned to her lips.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, earnestly, "you are very late to-night."

One month afterwards, Madame de Meley married the hero of the sprig of wild thyme, and on the wedding-day he wore it still in his button-hole.

"Arthur," I observed to him, "now that my talisman has had its effect, you must restore it to me this evening."

"Return what?" inquired Madame de Meley.

"This sprig of thyme, madame," replied Arthur. "He lent it to me a month past, and it belongs to him. Here it is," he continued, addressing me, and handing the plant with a sigh.

"For pity's sake," exclaimed Madame de Meley, "let him keep it."

"And what will you give me for it, madame?"

"Wait," she replied, in a low tone, "you shall see:" and she drew from her bosom the other half of the dried branch she had separated with her teeth at the opera.

I returned to Madame Prévost, to whom I related this history.

"Good," she observed; "I did not

think I should manage it so well; and have you again seen Madame de Meley?"

"No; she has left for her estates in Normandy."

"Among the thyme and the roses," added Madame Prévost, smiling significantly.

And the witty flower-dealer, who was the prime mover and arbiter of this little intrigue, what is become of her? She is gone whither pass the flowers. Madame Prévost is no more, and, without her, the year has lost its spring,—the ball its most splendid decorations.

She had created the art of making bouquets into a science; and had composed of the smallest flower, a language. She knew all the words that roses speak. She heard what the daisies said in the woods, and what the honeysuckles would relate on the ruined towers. She divined the murmur of the violets, and the sighs of dahlias in their winter houses.

She was the providence of all tender passions inspired by youth. She had delivered us from the loving elegy—the gallant dithyrambus—the epistles to Chloris—and of all that loose, idle, and pretended poetry, which she had replaced by the flowers of the garden.

She is no more, and now there is no more poesy in the rose, nor perfume in the violet; the winter flowers are merely those that are used for the passing hour, and are then thrown aside as worthless.

Who then, now that she is dead, will create a drama with a sprig of wild thyme?

THE SLAVE SHIP.

From VOGL.

A SHIP bounds o'er the open sea,
Conceal'd by fog and night;—
The waves are foaming over it,
Dash'd by the wild storm's might.

Two hundred slaves lie prison'd there,
Between the narrow beams;
Half waken'd by the howling storm,
Half brooding savage dreams.

They see themselves, like labouring beasts,
Sold on a foreign shore;
They feel the scourge's heavy blows,
The sunbeams, scorching sore.

They pray with fervent soul, aloud,
Amidst the storm and rain:
"O Lord! release, with sudden death,
Us from such lasting pain!"

And over slaves and sailors howls
The storm with savage might,
No beacon shines—the lightning's flash
Alone illumines the night.

The captain cries, "O Alla—help!
Save us from danger, save!"
The slaves within call wildly out:
"O Lord! give us the grave."

And fierce and fiercer drives the storm,
The ship bounds madly on!
Sudden—it strikes upon a rock!
And splits—all hope is gone!

And from the wreck: "O woe! O woe!"
Howls loudly o'er the sea;
But from two hundred lips resound:
"Hail, Lord! we now are free!"



FAUSTINA HASSE AND THE LORD PREMIER.

Tales of the Musicians.

No. 2.—FRIEDEMANN BACH.

CHAPTER I.

It was on Sylvester night of the year 1736, that a man closely wrapped in his mantle, his hat drawn over his brows, was leaning against the wall of the castle at Dresden, looking upward at the illuminated windows of a mansion opposite. Music sounded within, and the burst of trumpet, and the clash of kettledrum accompanied the announcement of some popular toast. A moment of silence at length intervened, as if one of the guests was speaking aloud; till suddenly, in a jovial shout, the name "Natalie" was uttered, and every voice and instrument joined in tumultuous applause.

The listener in the street turned to depart, but the next instant felt himself seized by the hand, and, looking up, he saw the royal page, Scherbitz.

"I am right glad to have met you," cried the page, cordially pressing the hand he had taken. "I have sought you the whole evening, but never dreamed of finding you here. What are you doing?"

"Philosophizing!" answered the other,

with something between a laugh and a sigh.

"Ah!" exclaimed the page; "but just here, opposite the lord premier's mansion, is not exactly the best place for it. Besides, it is terribly cold. Come with me to Seconda's cellar. We shall not fail to have there some capital refreshment, and excellent company."

And taking his friend's arm, he walked with him to a then celebrated Italian house of entertainment, at the corner of Castle-street and the old market.

Signor Seconda received his guests with many compliments; and the page, after ordering hot punch, passed, with his friend, into an inner apartment, which, to the surprise of both, they found quite empty.

"They will be here presently," observed von Scherbitz. "Meantime, we will thaw ourselves a little. There is no place so delicious; and I thank fortune, so far as I am concerned, that I can spend the night here. Make yourself at home, friend."

The other threw off his hat and cloak,

and stood revealed a handsome man, of about five-and-twenty, tall, symmetrical, and bold in carriage, and a countenance whose paleness rendered more striking the effect of his regular, noble, and somewhat haughty features. About his finely-chiselled mouth lurked something satirical whenever he spoke; there was a fierce brightness in his large, dark eyes, which sometimes, however, gave place to a wild and melancholy expression, particularly when he fixed them on the ground.

"You are very dull to-night," said the page, while he pressed his friend to a seat next him. "Has anything happened? Well, then, banish your ill-humour, and be merry."

"Never fear," replied his companion. "Have patience with me that I cannot be the same with you at all times. You know I am but a two years' disciple."

"Pah! *one* year sufficed to spread your fame in *music* through Europe! Who knows not the name of Friedemann Bach? You have but one rival, the admirable Sebastian, your father."

Friedemann coloured deeply as he replied, "How could I think of comparing myself with my father? If *my* name is celebrated, whom have I to thank but my father? Beside him, I feel, with pride as well as pain, his greatness and my own insignificance."

"Nay, you are too conscientious," observed Scherbitz.

"Too conscientious!" repeated Friedemann, with a bitter smile.

"Yes!" returned Scherbitz; "I know not how otherwise to express it. What is the head and front of the matter? The old gentleman is, in certain respects, a little strict, because he is old. You are young and impetuous; have your liberal views, and conceal them from him; not, mark me, out of apprehension, but because things he has no power to change might cause him chagrin. Now, where is the harm in all this?"

Friedemann was sitting with his head resting on his hands. At the last question he sighed deeply, and seemed about to make a quick reply, but, on second thoughts, said—

"Let it alone, Scherbitz; it is as silly as useless to discuss certain matters. Enough, that I have strength—or, if you will have it, perverseness—to enjoy life after my own heart."

Signor Seconda entered, followed by two attendants, carrying the hot punch, with glasses, serving his guests at the

round table in the midst of the apartment, and providing for the new comers, who entered one after another. These consisted of several officers, and some of the most distinguished musicians and painters then living in the capital.

"Said I not they would be here presently?" whispered Scherbitz to his companion. "See; Monsieur Hasse," he said aloud, as he rose to greet a distinguished-looking man, who then entered. Hasse returned his salutation, and after a rapid glance round the company, seated himself at a distant corner table, and motioned to an attendant to take away the light just placed on it. The man obeyed, and set before him a cup and a flask of burgundy.

"The poor fellow," observed Scherbitz, in a low tone to Friedemann, "dismisses the old year with an 'Alas!' and greets the new with an 'Ah, me!'"

"I am sorry for him," replied Bach; "all his works show too well what is wanting in him, namely—strength. In everything he writes there is a softness, the offspring of deep, hidden sorrow, but not the grief of a man; it is the sorrow of a stripling."

"Is it not on this account that he is the favourite composer in our world of fashion?"

"Very possibly; but I am sure he would give much not to be so on *this* account."

Their discourse was here interrupted; for many newly-arrived guests took their places at the table. The glasses were rapidly emptied and replenished; the conversation became general, and assumed more and more of a jovial character.

The last hour of the old year struck, like a warning, amid the mirth and festivity of those guests; they heeded it not. Clamorous revelry filled up that awful interval between the departing and the coming time; revelry echoed the stroke of the first hour in the new year, mingled with the tumult of the storm that raged without; nor was the feast at an end till the morning broke, troubled and gloomy.

On the morning of the new-year, Friedemann, pale and disturbed, was pacing his chamber, when Scherbitz entered.

"The compliments of the season to you!" cried the merry page. "Health, contentment, fortune, and all imaginable blessings!"

"The blessing is here!" sighed Friedemann, handing his friend an open letter.

Scherbitz read it through, and said, with some appearance of emotion—"Your

papa is a dear, charming old gentleman, whose whole heart is full of kindness for his Friedemann; every line of this letter expresses it. May he have a long and happy life. But I pray you, for the thousandth time, to recollect that it is quite impossible to satisfy, honestly, all the claims of such distinguished virtue of the olden time. Believe me, the time will come when we, madcaps as we now are, shall be pointed out as wigblocks that frown upon the disorderly behaviour of our juniors. The wheel of time rolls on, and no mortal hand can check its course; it should suffice that we keep ourselves from falling, and being crushed in the dust beneath it."

"Can we do that?"

"Why not? Do I not stand, albeit I am a page forty years old? And, look you, I know that I shall remain so, as long as I serve my lord faithfully. I might have opposed the all-powerful minister, and the country would have glorified me; yet I am a *page*, no captain, at forty years of age! I have been the talk of the capital, yet I stand firm."

"And your consolation?"

"A knowledge that it has always gone thus in the world; that I am not the first whose life is a failure; that I shall not be the last. Be reasonable! I am really something of a hero! Were I an *artiste*, as you are, I should have nobler consolations than perverseness and curiosity. Enough of my own insignificance; but let me ask you, have you forgotten the heroic Handel, whom, three years ago, you welcomed here in the name of your father?"

"How could I forget that noble being?"

"Ah, there I would have you, friend! You tell me yourself Handel is like your father; his fantasy is more powerful, his force more fully developed; he soars aloft, a mighty eagle in the blaze of eternal light; while your father, a regal swan, sails majestically over the blue waters, and sings of the wonders of the deep."

"You forget," said Friedemann, gloomily, "you forget that Handel, in all his wild and agitated life, never lost himself; and that his belief was such as he might acknowledge even to my inflexible father."

"That I well remember, friend; and also that if Handel had been born in 1710, instead of 1687, he must have had more liberal views of certain things than he now has. He is a mighty musician—he lives, and lets live; and, credit me, did as others do, before he was your age."

"He never played the hypocrite to his father!"

"To speak fairly and honestly, your self-reproach and your dissipation have a cause very different from that you have chosen to assign. I tell you, between ourselves, there is another secret whose discovery you dread."

Friedemann reddened as he asked, "What do you mean, von Scherbitz?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the page, "you need not look so gloomy because I have guessed the truth. If you really wish to keep your secret, you must govern your eyes better, when the name 'Natalie' is uttered."

The flush on Friedemann's cheeks gave place to a deadly paleness, but mastering his emotion by a violent effort, he said, in a husky voice—

"You have discovered all, but you will be silent—will you not?"

"Said I not that I only warned you to be cautious before others? I will be silent, as a matter of course; and so, no more of it. Farewell! I am going to the guard-house to see the happy waking of our noble chamberlain!"

The page departed, and Friedemann left his house to go to the church of Saint Sophia, to fulfil his duties as organist.

The service was at end, the organ's last tones died tremulously along the vast arches like the sighs of a suppliant angel. All was still again, and the worshippers departed from the sanctuary. Friedemann, too, arose, closed the instrument, and descended from the choir more composed, if not more cheerful, than he had gone there. Just as he was leaving, he felt himself clasped in a pair of vigorous arms, and looking up, with a joyful cry of "Ah, my father!" he flung himself on the bosom of Sebastian Bach.

"God's grace be with thee on this new-year's morn," cried Sebastian, clasping his son to his heart. "You made my heart leap, ere yet I saw you, with pure joy! Truly, you have bravely acquitted yourself in this morning's work! Heaven will not reckon with me for presumption, nor must you take it for such, when I say, that as you were always my dearest pupil, you have become my best! Now, conduct me to your lodgings. Philip is already there, and unpacking; for eight days I propose to tarry with my Friedemann. We have been long separated, and though you wrote me many letters, that, as you know, between father and

son, is not like discoursing face to face with hand in hand!"

So saying, he took Friedemann's arm with affectionate pleasure, and walked with him towards his dwelling.

A new surprise awaited Friedemann there; for his younger brother, Philip Emanuel, in the three years that had flown since his departure from Leipzig, had grown a stately youth, and, as his father testified, a ripe scholar in his art. He was a gay, light-hearted boy, "a little subtle upon the organ," as his father observed with a smile, "and certainly more at home on the piano; but a true and pious spirit that scorned disguise."

Friedemann suppressed a sigh at the last remark of Sebastian, and gave his brother a heartfelt welcome.

A servant in a rich livery interrupted the conversation. He presented a note to Friedemann, and said he was ordered to wait for an answer.

Friedemann coloured as he took the billet, opened it, glanced at the contents, and said briefly, "I will be there at the appointed time."

The servant bowed and disappeared.

"Ha!" observed Sebastian, with a smile, "it seems our court-organist has to do with very distinguished people."

"It was the livery of the Lord Premier," said Philip.

Sebastian started, and asked, "Eh, Friedemann, is it so? A domestic of his Excellency the Count von Bruhl comes to your house?"

"He was sent," replied Friedemann, with some embarrassment, "by the niece of his Excellency, the Countess Natalie."

"Eh! you are acquainted with the young lady, then?"

"She is my pupil. This billet instructs me to come to her this afternoon, to arrange a concert she wishes to give on her aunt's birthday."

"Eh! how came you to such an honour?"

"My dear father, as the young lady's musicmaster, I cannot well decline commissions of the sort, especially as they here promote one's reputation."

"Since," observed the elder Bach, "we are permitted, my boy, to meet on this new-year's morning, allow me to ask how it stands with you in other respects? Eh, Friedemann, will you not soon seek out a wife among the daughters of the land? I warrant me the court organist need not seek long to find a companion. Eh? speak, boy!"

"Dear father! there is time enough!"

"I was not as old as you are when I espoused your mother; and, by my faith, I could have married sooner if I had had my place. So make haste, Friedemann! 'Early wooed, has none rued!'"

"It is a serious step, father."

"That is very certain, and I am sure you would not take it precipitately; but I pray you, dear son, do it speedily. As I wrote down my last fugue, I thought of my sons, and of you particularly, and confessed myself happy! I used often to think I might write something like the old masters, which, centuries hence, could edify and delight men—that they would love my memory. May I be forgiven if there was aught of worldly arrogance in the thought. Now, however, I have become less ambitious; but I have *one* vision, in which my fancy will revel as long as I live! It is this—how rapturous will it be—when all the Bachs meet together in the kingdom of heaven, and unite in singing to the glory of God—their 'hallelujah' resounding for ever and ever in the presence of the Uncreate—who was, and is, and shall be! Friedemann! child of my heart! let me not miss you there!"

"Father!" cried the young man, and sank overpowered at Sebastian's feet.

The elder Bach, unacquainted with the woe that struggled in his son's breast, saw only in his agitation a burst of filial feeling. He laid both hands on the head of the kneeling youth, and said devoutly, "God's peace be with you, my Friedemann, now and ever."

Friedemann arose, pale, but with a smile on his face. He kissed his father's hand, and slowly withdrew from the apartment; but scarcely was the door closed behind him, than he rushed impetuously through the hall, down the steps, and through the streets.

After the lapse of an hour, having composed himself, he returned to his father, and conversed with apparent cheerfulness. The elder Bach chatted at table with Philip, who was required to give him an account of all the magnificence he had seen in the capital. The splendour of Dresden had reached its utmost under the administration of the luxurious and prodigal Count von Bruhl; and no court, not even that of Vienna, rivalled it in this respect.

After dinner, the father reminded his favourite that it was time to dress, so as to be punctual at the minister's palace;

and Friedemann hastened to do so. With a beating heart, and feelings that partook both of pleasure and despair, he found himself at the palace. As he entered the hall, a side door was suddenly thrown open, and a small man, with striking features, and soft, clear blue eyes, richly dressed, with a blazing star on his breast, came forward. It was the minister himself. As Friedemann stopped and bowed to him, he advanced, speaking in a gentle and bland tone.

"Monsieur Bach! Much happiness with the new-year! My niece has sent for you; I am pleased to see you so punctual. I hear, with satisfaction, you are attached to our house, and shall remember your zeal where it will do you good. I shall improve the first opportunity to convince you by deeds of my good will. Now to the Countess!"

He nodded to the young man, smiled, and skipped out of the door and down the steps to his carriage, which soon drove away with him.

Young Bach looked after him, and murmured to himself, "Can he have guessed my secret? The smile of that man ever bodes disaster! Well, come what may, what can make me more wretched than I am?"

He crossed the hall, and passed through one of the galleries towards the apartment of the Countess Natalie.

CHAPTER II.

THE lady arose quickly, and stood a moment gazing earnestly on the visitor. She might have seen twenty summers. Her figure was not tall, but perfectly symmetrical. A profusion of dark hair floated over her neck, and relieved the outlines of her somewhat pale, but lovely face.

She stood still a moment before Friedemann, who cast down his eyes embarrassed; then approaching, she laid her small white hand lightly on his shoulder, and said, in a mild voice—

"Tell me, Bach, what were you doing last night so late, opposite this house?"

Friedemann raised his dark, flashing eyes to hers, but dropped them the next instant. Natalie continued—

"I saw you plainly as I stepped a moment out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air—and I knew you at once. You were leaning against the castle wall; it seemed as if you were waiting for some one."

The young man struggled with his

emotions, and, after a pause, said coldly—"You sent for me, most gracious Countess, to honour me with your commands respecting the arrangement of a concert."

Natalie turned her back, and cried in an angry and disappointed tone—"Thus you thank me, too weak of heart! for my trust!"

Friedemann's pale face became crimson, and, in a subdued voice, he replied—"What shall I—what can I say to you? Look at me, and enjoy your triumph! You have made me wretched."

"Friedemann!" cried the maiden, shocked; and she turned again to him, her eyes suffused with tears. "Spare me; master this agitation, I entreat you!"

"I will *not*!" returned the young man, impetuously. "I will not spare you! you have yourself torn open, in cruel sport, the wounds of this heart! You are the only being on earth to whom I dare unveil myself. I have purchased that right with my happiness. I gave you all! Truth for falsehood—pure undying love, for frivolous, heartless mockery!"

"I mocked you not!" protested Natalie, looking earnestly at him. "Believe me, I meant well."

"With *me*? Did you love me?"

"Ask me not."

"Natalie, answer! Did you love me?"

"What can it avail, if I tell you I loved you? Are we not parted for ever?"

Here the waiting-maid entered hastily, and, not without alarm, announced the minister's approach.

"Recollect yourself!" whispered Natalie.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Minister, in a cordial voice, as he entered, "Monsieur Bach here still? I am delighted to see you again. Well," turning to the blushing girl, "is all arranged for the concert—and will it suit?"

"I hope so, most gracious uncle!"

"That is charming, my love; my wife will be enchanted with this kind attention. You, my dear Monsieur Bach, will certainly arrange all for the best; of that I am assured. Come very often to my house! understand—very often! I place the highest value upon you and your talents."

The young man thanked him, somewhat bewildered, and took his leave.

"A strong head, and great talent," observed the Minister, looking after him, while he took a pinch from his jewelled snuff-box. He said more in his praise, then spoke on indifferent subjects, and at

length retired from the apartment, after having pressed his lips to the white forehead of his niece, who dutifully kissed his hand.

As Friedemann left the palace, the page rushed hastily from a corner to him, and exclaimed—"Whither?"

"Home!"

"Not there. Come with me instantly."

"Are you mad?"

"More reasonable than yourself, my friend! Out on the blindness that cannot see the trap the wary bird-catcher has laid for the bird!"

"What mean you? What is the matter?"

"Come with me, or you are to-night on the road to Königstein! The lord Minister knows all!" And he led him away.

Twilight had come on; Philip had called for lights, and placed himself beside his father, who, sitting at the table, was diligently perusing Friedemann's last exercises and compositions, giving what he had read to his son for the same purpose. At last, looking up, he asked—

"Well, Philip, what think you of our Friedemann?"

"Ah, father," replied the lad, "I know not how to express what I think and feel. It seems to me often as if I were reading something of yours; and then all is again so strange to me—so different from your compositions—I feel perplexed—I know not why. In short, I cannot feel unalloyed enjoyment in these compositions."

Sebastian looked grave and thoughtful for a moment, then turning with a smile to his son, he said—

"Yes, Philip, there is to me also something strange in Friedemann's works; and this is more the case in his exercises and sketches, than in his finished pieces; yet I am not perplexed; I deeply rejoice."

"Rejoice?" repeated Philip, and looked doubtfully on his father.

The latter continued—"I know what you mean by this question; your own light, glad spirit accords not with the earnest, oft mournful, character displayed in Friedemann's works. Heaven knows he inherits not the gloom from me, though I have always dealt earnestly with art. But, observe, Friedemann's character is not yet fixed. All assures me there is something great in his mind; but he is hardly yet able to develop it. He seeks the form by which he shall represent what lives within him. I have examined closely

and dispassionately; it is not a father's partiality that leads me to speak as I do. Friedemann seeks for himself a new path to the goal. Will he succeed? I hope so, when I reflect that every strong spirit has sought and discovered a new path, winning what his predecessors would have given up as impossible.

The conversation was interrupted by a loud knock at the door. The elder Bach answered by an invitation to enter. The door opened, and two tall men appeared, and inquired for the court-organist.

"I expect my son every moment," answered Bach, and asked if the gentlemen had any message to leave. They replied that they were friends of the court-organist, and would wait for his coming. They seated themselves without further ceremony; Sebastian also resumed his seat, and endeavoured to introduce general topics of conversation. But his politeness and his trouble were in vain; the two visitors answered only in monosyllables, and in a tone by no means encouraging, so that an awkward silence soon prevailed, and Sebastian, as well as Phillip, wished, with all their hearts, for Friedemann's arrival. Still Friedemann came not; but, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the door was opened without a previous knock, and the page, von Scherbitz, entered.

"*Bon soir!*" he cried, in an indifferent tone, while he fixed a keen look on the two strangers, who rose from their seats as they perceived him.

"Whom have I the honour——" asked Sebastian, somewhat surprised at the unceremonious intrusion.

"Von Scherbitz, page in the service of his Highness, and a friend of your son Friedemann, if so be that you are the elder Bach."

"I am," returned Sebastian, smiling.

"My son must arrive soon; these gentlemen, also his friends, are waiting for him."

"Friends?" repeated von Scherbitz, "friends of Friedemann! So, so!" He placed himself directly before the two men, who were visibly embarrassed, and looked down. The page stood for a moment in silence; at length he said, in a cold, ironical tone, "Gentlemen! you are come too late, in spite of the haste with which his Excellency thought proper to send you; and, indeed, you are here quite unnecessarily. Carry your lord the compliments of the page M. Scherbitz, and tell him the court-organist Bach is with the Signora Hasse; I myself took him

there, informed the sovereign of my doing, as in duty bound, and have already obtained my pardon!"

The two men started up, and left the apartment without answering a word; the page threw himself on a seat and burst into loud laughter.

The elder Bach, who knew not what to make of the whole scene, stood in blank surprise in the middle of the room, looking inquiringly at Philip, who, with equally astonished and anxious looks, was gazing at the page.

At length von Scherbitz ceased laughing, arose, approached the old man, and said with earnestness and respect, "Pardon my strange behaviour. I will explain it to you; I have much to communicate, but to you alone. It concerns your son Friedemann——"

"My son?"—"My brother?" cried Sebastian and Philip in the same breath. "Where is he?"

"As I told those men," replied the page, "at the house of Signora Hasse."

"And what does he there?" asked Sebastian.

"I must tell you alone."

"Go, Philip, to your chamber," said the father mildly; and, as the boy lingered, he repeated with more earnestness, "Go!" With a look of anxiety the youth retired.

Sebastian, full of serious misgivings, seated himself, and said, "Now, M. Scherbitz, we are alone; what have you to tell me of my Friedemann, whose friend you are pleased to call yourself?"

"I am his friend!" said the page, not without feeling; "and that I am so, I have not first proved to-day!"

"And those two men, who marched off so quickly, when you told them my son was at Madame Hasse's?"

"Were in no way his friends; and on this account I wish to speak with you."

Scherbitz seemed at a loss in what manner to communicate to Bach the information he could no longer keep from him. For the first time in his life, in the presence of that worthy old man, his bold levity deserted him. Sebastian sat opposite with folded hands, his clear and searching eyes fixed steadily upon him. Recollecting himself, at last he began—"Your son Friedemann, my good sir, has told me how different, even when a child, he always was from his brothers and sisters, in that, with an earnestness far beyond his years, he apprehended and retained whatever moved his fancy."

"Yes, yes, it was so!" exclaimed Bach. "This peculiarity endeared the boy to me at first; but in later years it has made me anxious for him!"

"You have brought him up strictly, sir."

"Very strictly, M. Scherbitz; in the fear of God, as is a parent's duty! Yet I have constrained him in nothing—and only when he was convinced, have I led him strictly to follow his conscience. He who discerns the truth and the right, and obeys it not, is either a fool or a knave; not a man!"

"Ah! my dear sir, may not an excess of strength lead a well-meaning man out of the way—yea, even to his ruin?"

"That is possible; but he should reserve his strength to struggle, not weakly yield. He should either rouse himself and atone for his faults, or perish like a man."

"Heaven grant the first!" murmured the page.

"Do you fear the last?" asked Sebastian quickly, and alarmed.

"No; I trust Friedemann's strength to rise again."

"Tell me, sir, in few words—what of my son?"

"Well, then, you have brought up your son as a man of honour; but you yourself, sir, are too little acquainted with the present ways of the world, to be able to shield him against the dangers that beset the path of youth, when, without a guide or counsellor, he enters the great arena of life. Your son, till then, had known nothing of the world, beyond his paternal dwelling and your church of Saint Thomas. He was called to Dresden. He was received as the son—as the first disciple of the famous Sebastian Bach; and it was soon found that he was himself a master in his art. Esteem, admiration were his; the great treated him with favour, his inferiors flattered him as the favourite of the great. Is it surprising that his head was somewhat turned, and that he forgot his place? Yet all would soon have been right again, when he learned to separate appearances from realities; but, as ill luck would have it, the young Countess de Bruhl employed him as her music-master. In a word, your son loves her!"

"Is the boy mad?" cried Bach, angrily, and rising from his chair.

"Gently," interrupted the page; "if you knew the young Countess, you would confess, that for a young man like your

son, it would be impossible not to love her; particularly as she was resolved to be loved; and, in truth, she has excellently well managed it!"

Sebastian sank again on his seat, and his brow became clouded. The page continued—

"Friedemann struggled bravely against his passion, but the little Countess would not allow resistance——"

"Poor Friedemann!" sighed the father.

"When the first violence of his passion was over, he thought upon his father. He would have torn himself from his beloved—but could he? ought he? Everything was against their union. Was he to discover all to you, who had no misgivings?—disturb your peace and that of your family? He resolved to bear all the anguish alone. The resolution was a noble one, but it made him so much the more wretched, since he, who so revered truth, had to dissemble with his father."

"Cease, M. Scherbitz!" said Sebastian, in a low, mournful voice.

"I have little more to say. Friedemann's conscience gave him no peace day or night; and he suffered much from the fear of discovery. He fled to dissipation for relief. I would fain have aided him; but I saw then was not the time. His grief was too new; his passion reigned too fiercely in his breast; I looked to time for the cure, and sought only to keep him from evil company. I was not always successful. Now, however, he has taken a wise step. He himself has broken off his connexion with the Countess."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Sebastian, with joy.

The page continued—"First hear me out. The Minister has discovered their intimacy. He swears your son's destruction—there I have baffled him; but I cannot prevent the necessity of Friedemann's quitting this place."

"It needs not!" said Sebastian, with quickness. "My poor son shall go hence; he needs comfort, and he can find it only with me!"

"He may come to you, then?" asked Scherbitz.

"What a question! Where is the father who can repel his unhappy child? And I know, sir, how unhappy my poor Friedemann must be; for I know, better than any other, his fiery temper! Bring him to me. I know he has ever loved his father; he must learn also to trust me with filial confidence!"

"My good sir!" cried Scherbitz with emotion, taking Sebastian's hand, and pressing it to his bosom, "had I such a father, I should have been something more than a page in my fortieth year. Your Friedemann is saved!"

He left the apartment. Sebastian looked sadly after him, and murmured to himself, "Ah! you know not what is in my heart, and that I dare not speak the whole truth, if I would save my boy! My fairest dream is melted away—the dream I indulged, of finding in my first-born a friend, pure and true—such as I have sought all my life in vain! Oh! now I acknowledge, the truest friend, the purest joy, is Art! Without her, where should I find comfort? All thanks and praise to Him who has given the children of earth such a companion through their pilgrimage of life!"

He passed from the room into another adjoining, where he opened the piano, played a prelude, and began, with a full heart, the beautiful melody of an old song by Paul Gerhard.

In a luxuriously-decorated room, brilliantly lighted, reclined on a rich ottoman Faustina Hasse, the most beautiful woman and the greatest dramatic singer, not only of her own, but perhaps of all times.

She wore a simple white robe, of the finest material; a costly necklace of pearls was on her neck; her lofty brow was somewhat paler than usual, and a touch of melancholy about her mouth softened the pride that generally ruled the expression of those exquisite features.

"Let him come in!" she said, carelessly, to the attendant, who had just announced a visitor. The servant withdrew, and the minister, Count von Bruhl, entered with a low and courtly bow. Faustina replied by a slight inclination of her head, and without changing her own easy position, motioned him to a seat. The Minister sat down, and began smilingly—

"My late visit surprises you, does it not, lady?"

"I am not yet aware of its object."

"Fourteen days hence is my consort's birthday, and I intend giving a fête, as brilliant as my poor means will allow. But how will it surpass in splendour all other fêtes in the world, if Faustina Hasse will honour it with her presence!"

"I do not sing, my lord Minister."

"How have I deserved, that you should so misinterpret my well-meant petition?"

"Will his Highness honour the feast with his presence?"

"He received graciously my petition, and was pleased to promise me."

"Good—I will be there."

"My gratitude is unbounded!"

He kissed her hand, and was about to retire. Faustina started up hastily, and cried, with flashing eyes—

"Hold—a word!" The Minister stood still. "Where is Friedemann Bach?"

The Count could not suppress a start of surprise, but he answered blandly—"This question, honoured lady, from you——"

"Where is Friedemann Bach?" repeated Faustina. "I *will* know!"

"Well, then, he is probably on his way to Königstein."

Faustina smiled scornfully, and asked—"For what?"

"To save him from yet severer punishment. The whole town is displeased at the scandalous life their organist leads."

"And what is done with his companions?"

The Count von Bruhl shrugged his shoulders, and replied—"They are of the first families."

"And therefore pass unpunished? Very fair, my lord Minister! But you are mistaken; Bach is not on the road to Königstein; he is here in my house, and has seen his Highness."

"How, Signora!" cried the Count. "What have you done?"

"His Highness knows all; knows why you pursue the unhappy youth, and would bring unspeakable misery on the whole family—and such a family! Heartless courtier! You cannot comprehend the worth of such a man. Friedemann must leave this city, but he goes freely, and must not be unprovided for. Give him another place, one worthy of his genius. That is his Highness's will!"

She left the apartment. The Minister stepped in much embarrassment to a window, and drummed with his finger upon the pane. When he turned round he saw Friedemann and the page, who had entered the room. There was a storm in his breast, but he suppressed all signs of agitation, and, walking up to the young man, said—

"Monsieur Bach, it grieves me much that you must leave us so suddenly; but since that cannot be helped, we must yield to what is unavoidable. You will

go as soon as possible to Merseburg; the place of organist in that cathedral is vacant, and I have appointed you to it. Adieu!" And with these words the Count retired.

"*Bravissimo!*" cried the page, laughing as he looked after him—"where is there a better actor? Roscius is a poor bungler to him! But now"—he turned to Friedemann—"come with me to your father. Courage! he knows all."

"All!" repeated the youth, and with a look of despair he followed his friend. They passed out into the open air. It was a clear winter's night; the stars glittered in the deep blue firmament, recording in burning lines their hymn of praise to Infinite love; but in the heart of the young man dwelt hopeless anguish.

The pious melody Sebastian sang was yet unfinished when they arrived at the house. They entered. Philip, who saw them first, hastened to tell his father. Sebastian came into the room; as he approached his son, he said, "You come back to me—you are welcome!"

"Can you forgive me, father?" murmured Friedemann, fixing his looks gloomily on the ground.

"You have deeply sinned against your first, your truest friend; but I trust you will have ability to amend, and I *have* forgiven you!"

"And without a word of reproach!"

"Your own conscience has suggested more than I could say; it is now my part to console you. Come with me to Leipzig, and if I alone cannot comfort you, why, the others shall help me!"

"No!" cried Friedemann, looking up boldly. "I pass not again the sacred threshold of my home till I am worthy of you—or quite resigned to despair!"

"Is that your firm resolve?" asked Sebastian.

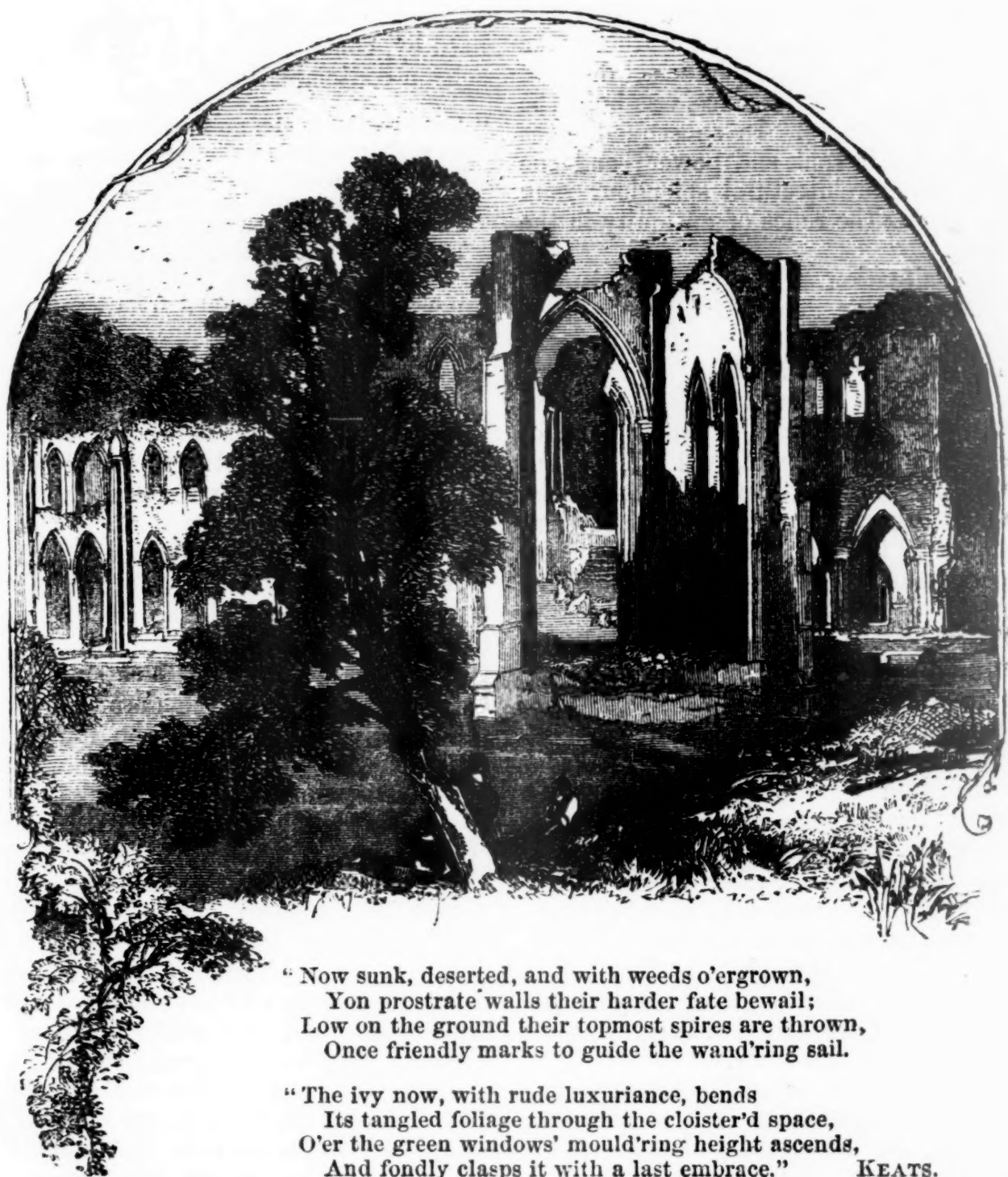
"It is, my father! Henceforward I will be true to you. I know not if I shall overcome this anguish, but I will struggle against it, for I have yet power! If victorious, more is won than lost! But if I am overcome——"

"Then come to my heart, Friedemann!" Sebastian held out his hand to his son. Friedemann flung himself into his father's arms.

The next morning they parted. Sebastian returned to Leipzig, and Friedemann prepared for his journey to Merseburg.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE PICTURESQUE.

No. 2.—FURNESS ABBEY.



"Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon prostrate walls their harder fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmost spires are thrown,
Once friendly marks to guide the wand'ring sail.

"The ivy now, with rude luxuriance, bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloister'd space,
O'er the green windows' mould'ring height ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace." KEATS.

"Thy court is now a garden, where the flowers
Expand in silent beauty, and the bird,
Flitting from arch to arch, alone is heard
To cheer with song the melancholy bowers."

So sings the immortal Delta; and surely the sight of ruins crushed beneath the step of time, where nature still lingers, spreading her charms amidst decay, to soften the stern ravages of the destroyer, is calculated to win our sympathy and admiration. Such were our feelings as we stood within the spacious and beautiful relics of FURNESS ABBEY, one of those grand monastic structures which attest the superstitious zeal and the rare architectural skill of our forefathers. There

are none who can be insensible to the grace and solemnity of these ancient buildings. Yet while we wander amongst the deserted aisles and roofless halls, and survey with wonder their massive proportions and exquisite decorations, we cannot but think with satisfaction that the days of monastic seclusion are past; that men fulfil their duties best, mingling in the great arena of life, strengthening and aiding each other in the strife, and instead of wasting a valuable existence in indolence, consecrating to the general weal their energies and activity.

Furness is the name given to that irregularly-shaped district of Lancashire,

which is separated from the rest of the county by the interposition of an arm of the Irish Sea, which laves the western borders of the main county. The scenery partakes of the romantic character of the adjoining northern counties. Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the Abbey, the land is fertile. In this detached district, about seven centuries since, was built the Abbey of Furness. In subsequent ages it rose high in rank and power; and the ruins of its architectural splendour rank high among the relics of antiquity in the county.

The situation of the building is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream flowing by; the sides of the glen being clothed with wood.

The Abbey owes its origin to King Stephen, who founded it whilst Earl of Montaign and Bulloign, in 1127, and endowed it with rich domains; the foundation being afterwards confirmed and secured by the charters of twelve successive monarchs, and the bulls of some popes.

The Abbot of Furness was invested with extraordinary privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were, in some degree, dependent upon him. A singular custom prevailed in this Abbey, distinct from every other of the same order, which was that of registering the names of such of their abbots only as, after presiding ten years, continued and died abbots there; this register was called the Abbots' Mortuary. Such of the abbots as died before the expiration of the term of ten years, or were, after it, translated or deposed, were not entered in this book.

The excellent natural position of the Abbey gave something of a warlike consequence to the monks; they erected a watch-tower on the summit of a commanding hill, which commences its rise near the walls of the monastery; and thus they were enabled to prevent surprise by alarming the adjacent coast with signals on the approach of an enemy. The Abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and received its monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who, for some time, conformed to the regulations of their order, wearing the habit of gray; but, embracing St. Bernard's rigid rules, they changed their habit, and became Cistercians. Thus they continued till the final dissolution of the monastery.

The entrance to these romantic ruins is through a light pointed arch, festooned

with ivy hanging gracefully down its crumbling sides. Hence the path, spread with fragments of desolation, which are intermingled with richly-tinted foliage, leads through ruinous isles and cloisters, while the sounds of a gurgling brook, hard by, contribute to lull the mind into solemn contemplation:—

"Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;
No early minstrels wake the winding vales;
No choral anthem floats the lawn along,
For sunk in slumber lie the hermit throng.
There each alike, the long, the lately dead,
The monk, the swain, the minstrel, make
their bed;
While o'er the graves, and from the rifts on
high,
The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry."

On approaching the ruin, the first object that attracts attention is the great window in the north transept. It was formerly enriched with handsome stone mullions. Beneath this window, considerably on one side, is the principal entrance, which is worthy of remark, as there appears nothing to prevent its being placed in the middle. A still greater inconsistency is seen in the pillars that once supported the lantern; three of them are composed of fine clustered shafts, the fourth is square and plain. The east window was filled with painted glass, which has been removed, and preserved in the east window of Bowlness Church, in Westmoreland. The design represents the Crucifixion, with St. George on one side, and the Virgin Mary on the other; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady kneeling, surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England, quartered with those of France. The chapter-house was a fine, rectangular apartment, the roof being supported by two rows of pillars; a few years since it fell to the ground. In the middle space were interred the first barons of Kendal, and some mutilated effigies were a few years since to be traced, nearly overgrown with weeds. Connected with the south boundary wall is a building roofed with a groined arch, the only one remaining entire; this is called the school-house.

Towards the west-end of the church are two prodigious masses of stone-work;—these were the sides of a vast tower, which, by its fall, choked up the intermediate space with an immense heap of rubbish, now covered with earth and overgrown with grass. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular pillars, which were of ponderous size; in other parts are seen

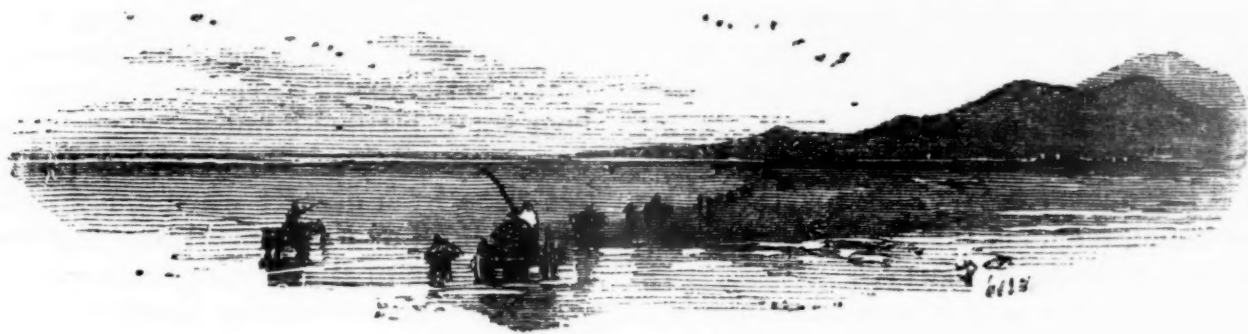
the remains of clustered columns. The crowned heads of Stephen and his queen, Maude, are seen outside the window of the Abbey, and are among the most interesting remains. The Norman circular arch and the elegant pointed one are equally conspicuous throughout the building, forming an interesting combination of strength and beauty: the whole exhibits an impressive picture of venerable decay, and a last sad scene of fallen greatness, with its mouldering ruins dismantled, shattered, and spread abroad by the desolating hand of time.

The church and cloisters are encompassed with a wall, which commenced at the east side of the great door; and a space of ground, containing sixty-five acres, was surrounded by another wall, which enclosed the abbey mills, together with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish.

This Abbey had nine other dependents on it. At the Dissolution, its revenues, according to Dugdale, were valued at 805*l.* 16*s.*; according to Speed, at 966*l.* 7*s.*; but, as early as the reign of

King Edward I. the rents were, as stated in a manuscript in the Manchester library, 1599*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* The Abbey was surrendered by Roger Pyle, the then abbot (28 Henry VIII.), who, for his compliance, received the rectory of Dalton; and the monks, to the number of twenty-nine, had among them a grant equal to 300*l.* per annum.

The Abbey of Furness must, in its pristine perfection, have been one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in the kingdom; although much of this completeness must be referred to a period subsequent to the foundation of the building, and to the accumulating wealth and power of successive abbots. It is with a melancholy feeling we now contemplate the fallen building, and trace the remains of its former greatness. As a memento of the past, it cannot but awaken a train of reflections on the transitory state of all earthly objects, and lead us to fix our hopes and trust in that clime where "decay's effacing fingers" cannot dim the brightness of immortality.



THE STOLEN ROSE.

GERALDINE DELISLE was, the year previous to the late Revolution, which in one day shattered one of the great monarchies of the earth, the reigning belle in her circle. Lovely in form and face, she wanted but to correct some trifling defects of character to be perfect. But if she had large black eyes, and massive brow, and beautiful hair, and white teeth—if she had a lily-white hand and tiny feet, she knew it too well, and knew the power of her charms over man. She loved admiration, and never was so happy as when in a ball-room: all the men were almost disputing for the honour of her hand. But Geraldine had no declared suitor;

she never gave the slightest encouragement to any one. Many offered themselves, but they were invariably rejected; until, at twenty, her parents began to be alarmed at the prospect of her never marrying. Monsieur and Madame Delisle had found so much genuine happiness in marriage—the only natural state for adult human beings—that they had promoted the early marriage of two sons and an elder daughter; and now that Geraldine alone remained, they earnestly desired to see her well and happily married before they died. They received numerous offers; but the young girl had such winning ways with her parents, that when

she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had courage to resist.

During the season of 1847, Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid *salon* of the Princess Menzikoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

"He's a very bad man," said Madame Delisle. "Of noble family, rich, titled, young, and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on very questionable pleasures, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage."

"I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry."

"My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may, from caprice or from many motives, object to marrying; but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen."

"Ah! mamma, you have been so happy, that you think all must be so: but you see many who are not."

"Madame Delisle," said the Princess Menzikoff, who, unperceived, had come round to her, "allow me to introduce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him Count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and kid gloves."

"The Princess is always satirical," replied M. de Rougement, smiling; "and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honours with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement."

Madame Delisle and Geraldine both

started and coloured, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, he was accepted, though the next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the "very bad" man whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke: the dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came with clockwork regularity. In their drives Madame Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysées before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however; keeping constantly in sight, without endeavouring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early *soirée* and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the opera at the very opening, to hear some favourite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

"Why, he is a regular Monte Christo," cried Madame Delisle, impatiently. "How can he know our movements so well?"

"He must have bribed some one of the servants," replied Geraldine; "we talked just now of where we were going before they left the room."

"But what does he mean?" said Madame Delisle. "Is he going to give up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?"

"I don't know, mamma," exclaimed the daughter, colouring very much; "but he may spare himself the trouble."

"Geraldine — Geraldine! you will always then make me unhappy!" said her mother.

"But you cannot want me to marry Alfred? You told me everything against him yourself."

"But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress; you want to hear the overture."

They went to Alfred's box—father, mother, and daughter. But though in the house, he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille at the soirée to which they were going after the opera, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted his offer, and then turned round to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both M. and Madame Delisle, Alfred de Rougement proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone, she explained to her parents, that, though in time she thought she would have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying his addresses: she thought he ought to have spoken to her first. Madame Delisle replied, that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin, Edouard Delisle, a young man who, for a whole year, had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his, he should never be happy: all this in a tone which showed how fully he expected to be again refused.

"If you can get mamma's consent, Edouard," she replied, quickly, "I am not unwilling to be your wife."

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

"But where is your rose?" said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

"It is gone—cut away with a knife?" replied she, thoughtfully; "but never mind: let us look for mamma."

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his cousin and aunt to their carriage, he got in after them: quite an unusual thing for him.

"Why, Edouard, you are going out of your way," said the father.

"I know it. But I cannot wait until to-morrow. M. Delisle, will you give me your daughter's hand? Geraldine has given her consent."

"My dear girl," exclaimed her mother; "why did you not tell us this before? You would have saved us so much pain, and your other suitors the humiliation of being rejected."

"I did not make up my mind until this evening," replied Geraldine. "I do not think I should have accepted him to-morrow. But he was cunning enough to come and propose before I had time for reflection."

"You will then authorize me to accept him?" said M. Delisle.

"I have accepted him, papa," replied Geraldine.

That evening Edouard entered the house with them, and sat talking for some time; when he went away, he had succeeded in having the wedding fixed for that day month. Geraldine was pale the next day; and when her mamma noticed it, said that she should go to no more parties, as she wished to look well the day she was married, and expressed a wish to go on excursions into the country instead. Madame Delisle freely acquiesced. Edouard came to dinner, looking much pleased, but still under the influence of the astonishment which had not yet been effaced from his plump and rosy face.

"Why, what do you think?" he said, towards the end of the dinner; "Alfred de Rougement has left Paris. All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople."

"Indeed?" replied Madame Delisle, gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. "But this room is too close for you, my child."

"No, mamma," said she, quietly, "but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles

she declared that she did not like the proposer, they never had courage to resist.

During the season of 1847, Geraldine never missed a party or ball. She never tired as long as there was music to listen to, and it was generally very nearly morning before she gained her home. About the middle of the season she was sitting by her mother's side in the splendid *salon* of the Princess Menzikoff. She had been dancing, and her late partner was saying a few words, to which she scarcely made any reply. Her eyes were fixed upon a gentleman, who, after observing her for some time, had turned away in search of some one. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen in her life, and she was curious to know who he was. A little above the middle height, slight, pale, with great eyes, soft in repose like those of a woman, he had at once interested Geraldine, who, like most women, could excuse every bad feature in a man save insipid or unmeaning eyes; and she asked her mother who he was.

"He's a very bad man," said Madame Delisle. "Of noble family, rich, titled, young, and handsome, he is celebrated only for his follies. He throws away thousands on very questionable pleasures, and has the unpardonable fault, in my eyes, of always ridiculing marriage."

"I cannot forgive him for ridiculing marriage, mamma, but I can excuse him for not wishing to marry."

"My dear, a man who dislikes marriage is never a good man. A woman may, from caprice or from many motives, object to marrying; but a man, except when under the influence of hopeless affection—and men have rarely feeling enough for this—always must be a husband to be a good citizen."

"Ah! mamma, you have been so happy, that you think all must be so: but you see many who are not."

"Madame Delisle," said the Princess Menzikoff, who, unperceived, had come round to her, "allow me to introduce you to my friend Alfred de Rougement. I must not call him Count, he being what we call a democrat with a clean face and kid gloves."

"The Princess is always satirical," replied M. de Rougement, smiling; "and my harmless opposition to the government now in power, and which she honours with her patronage, is all her ground for so terrible an announcement."

Madame Delisle and Geraldine both

started and coloured, and when Alfred de Rougement proposed for the next dance, he was accepted, though the next minute the mother would gladly have found any excuse to have prevented her daughter from dancing. Alfred de Rougement was the "very bad" man whom she had the instant before been denouncing. But it was now too late. From that evening Geraldine never went to a ball without meeting Alfred. She received many invitations from unexpected quarters, but as surely as she went she found her new admirer, who invited her to dance as often as he could without breaking the rules of etiquette. And yet he rarely spoke: the dance once over, he brought her back to her mother's side, and left her without saying a word, coming back when his turn came with clockwork regularity. In their drives Madame Delisle and Geraldine were always sure to meet him. Scarcely was the carriage rolling up the Champs Elysées before he was on horseback within sight. He merely bowed as he passed, however; keeping constantly in sight, without endeavouring to join them.

One evening, though invited to an early *soirée* and to a late ball, during dinner they changed their mind, and decided on going to the opera at the very opening, to hear some favourite music which Geraldine very much admired. They had not yet risen from dessert when a note came from Alfred de Rougement, offering them his box, one of the best in the house!

"Why, he is a regular Monte Christo," cried Madame Delisle, impatiently. "How can he know our movements so well?"

"He must have bribed some one of the servants," replied Geraldine; "we talked just now of where we were going before they left the room."

"But what does he mean?" said Madame Delisle. "Is he going to give up his enmity to marriage, and propose for you?"

"I don't know, mamma," exclaimed the daughter, colouring very much; "but he may spare himself the trouble."

"Geraldine — Geraldine! you will always then make me unhappy!" said her mother.

"But you cannot want me to marry Alfred? You told me everything against him yourself."

"But if he is going to marry and be steady, I owe him an apology. But go and dress; you want to hear the overture."

They went to Alfred's box—father, mother, and daughter. But though in the house, he scarcely came near them. He came in to inquire after their health, claimed Geraldine's hand for the opening quadrille at the soirée to which they were going after the opera, and went away. The young girl rather haughtily accepted his offer, and then turned round to attend to the music and singing.

Next day, to the astonishment of both M. and Madame Delisle, Alfred de Rougement proposed for the hand of their daughter, expressing the warmest admiration for her, and declaring with earnestness that the happiness of his whole life depended on her decision. Geraldine was referred to. She at once refused him, giving no reason, but expressing regret that she could not share his sentiments. The young man cast one look of reproach at her, rose, and went away without a word. When he was gone, she explained to her parents, that, though in time she thought she would have liked him, she did not admire his mode of paying his addresses: she thought he ought to have spoken to her first. Madame Delisle replied, that she now very much admired him, and liked his straightforward manner; but Geraldine stopped the conversation by reminding her that he was rejected, and that all discussion was now useless.

That evening Geraldine danced several times with her cousin, Edouard Delisle, a young man who, for a whole year, had paid his addresses to her. They were at a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ball-room opened into a splendid conservatory. Geraldine was dressed in white, with one beautiful rose in her hair, its only ornament. Edouard had been dancing with her, and now sat down by her side. They had never been so completely alone. They occupied a corner near the end, with a dense mass of trees behind them and a tapestry door. Edouard once again spoke of his love and passion, vowed that if she would not consent to be his, he should never be happy: all this in a tone which showed how fully he expected to be again refused.

"If you can get mamma's consent, Edouard," she replied, quickly, "I am not unwilling to be your wife."

Edouard rose from his seat and stood before her the picture of astonishment. Geraldine rose at the same time.

"But where is your rose?" said the young man, still scarcely able to speak with surprise.

"It is gone—cut away with a knife?" replied she, thoughtfully; "but never mind: let us look for mamma."

Edouard took her arm, and in a few minutes the whole family were united. The young man drew his uncle away from a card-table, saying that Geraldine wished to go home. After handing his cousin and aunt to their carriage, he got in after them: quite an unusual thing for him.

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"Why, what do you think?" he said, towards the end of the dinner; "Alfred de Rougement has left Paris. All his servants were dismissed this morning, and his steward received orders to meet him at Constantinople."

"Indeed?" replied Madame Delisle, gravely, while Geraldine turned deadly pale. "But this room is too close for you, my child."

"No, mamma," said she, quietly, "but we are forgetting all about our excursions. I should like to go to Versailles

to-morrow, and take all the pretty places round Paris in turn."

"*Bon !*" cried Edouard; "that suits me. I shall be with you early, for I suppose you will go in the morning?"

"I want to breakfast at Versailles," replied Geraldine: "so we must go to bed early."

"That I vote to be an admirable proposition. At eleven I will go. But you are going to practise the new variations on *Pastoris*, are you not?"

"Yes; and you are going to sing, monsieur," said Geraldine, rising from table. "So come along, and mamma and papa can play trictrac all the time."

That evening the cousins played and sang together until about ten, when they took tea, which Edouard—good-natured fellow—pretended to like prodigiously, drinking three cups of milk and water under the serious impression that it was the genuine infusion—a practice very common in France, where tea is looked on as dangerous to the nerves. Next day they went to Versailles, breakfasted at the Hôtel de France, visited the interminable galleries of pictures, and dined in Paris at a late hour. The day after they went to Montmorency.

Swiftly passed the hours, and days, and weeks, and soon Geraldine saw the last day which was to be her own. In twenty-four hours she was to leave her mother's home for ever, to share that of a man to whom it must be supposed she was very much attached, but who was not exactly the companion suited to her. Geraldine was very grave that morning. It had been arranged that they were to go to St. Germain; and though the sky was a little dark, the young girl insisted on the excursion not being put off.

"This is the last day I shall have any will of my own," said she; "so let me exercise it."

"My dear Geraldine," replied her cousin kindly, "you will always find me ready to yield to you in everything. I shall be a model husband, for I am too lazy to oppose any one."

"My dear Edouard," put in Madame Delisle, "a man who consults his wife's happiness will always be happy himself. We are very easily pleased when we see you try to please us. The will is everything to us."

"Then let us start," said Edouard, laughing; "it will pass the time, and I am eager to try."

They entered the open carriage which

they usually used for their excursions, and started, the sun now shining very brightly. Edouard was full of spirits: he seemed bursting with happiness, and was forced to speak incessantly to give it vent. Geraldine was very grave, though she smiled at her cousin's sallies, and every now and then answered in her own playful, witty way. The parents, though happy, were serious too. They were about to lose their last child, and though they knew she would be always near them, a feeling of involuntary loneliness came over them. A marriage day is always for affectionate parents a day of sorrowful pleasure—a link in the chain of sacrifices which makes a parent's love so beautiful and holy, so like what we can faintly trace in thought, as the love of the Creator for man.

They took the road by Bongirai, and they were about a mile distant from that place, when suddenly they found themselves caught in a heavy shower. The coachman drove hastily for shelter into the midst of a grove of trees, which led up to a villa that appeared totally uninhabited. But it was not so; for the *porte cochère* flew wide open as they drew up, and two servants advancing, requested them to take shelter in the house.

"But we are intruding?" said Madame Delisle.

"No, madame. Our master is out, but had he been at home, he would insist as we do."

Edouard leaped out, and set the example of compliance. The whole party followed the servants, who led the way into a splendidly furnished suite of rooms. The style was that of the *renaissance*, of the richest materials, while the walls were covered with genuine paintings by the first masters. The servants then left them, and they were heard next minute assisting to take the horses from the carriage. The rain fell heavily all the time.

"Upon my word we are very fortunate," said Madame Delisle: "in ten minutes we should have been soaked through. The master of the house must be some very noble-minded man: no ordinary person would have such polite and attentive servants."

"Some eccentric foreigner," said Edouard: "all his servants are men; I don't see the sign of a petticoat anywhere."

"Some woman-hater, perhaps," cried Geraldine, laughing, as she took from the

table before her a celebrated satire against the sex.

"All the more polite of him," said Madame Delisle, while looking with absolute horror at a book which she knew spoke irreverently of marriage.

"If you will pass this way," said a servant entering, "we shall have the honour to offer you breakfast. The rain has set in for some hours, and your servants spoke of your wishing to breakfast at St. Germain. But you will not be able to wait so long."

The whole party looked unfeignedly surprised; but there was no resisting a servant who spoke so politely, and who threw open a door whence they discovered a table magnificently laid out. Several servants were ready to wait.

"*Ma foi!*" cried Edouard, "there is no resisting such temptation. You seem to know your master's character, and we take your word for it that he would make us welcome."

With these words he gave Geraldine his arm, and led the way, setting the example also of attacking the delicate viands offered to them so unexpectedly. All breakfasted with appetite after the ride, and then returned to the room they had first occupied. The shower was over, and the warm sun was quickly clearing away all sign of the rain.

"What a beautiful house and grounds your master has here!" exclaimed Edouard: "the garden appears to me even better than the house."

"It is very beautiful," said the servant addressed.

"Can we go over it?" continued the young man.

"Certainly, monsieur; I was about to offer to show it to you."

"I shall remain here," said Geraldine; "my shoes are very thin; besides, I wish to have another look at the pictures."

Edouard demurred, but the young girl bade him go at once; and, like an obedient lover, he took the mamma's arm, and went into the garden.

The instant all were gone Geraldine rose from her chair and tottered across the room. She was pale, and looked cautiously round, as if about to do some guilty act. Presently she stood before a curtain, which had been hastily drawn before a niche in the wall, or rather before a portion of the room. But it had been done very quickly, and through two apertures you could see stained glass, and, on a small table, something under a glass

case. Geraldine could not restrain herself. She pulled away the curtain, and there, under a large glass, on a velvet cushion, lay the rose which had been cut from her head-dress on the night she had accepted the hand of her cousin. Near it was a pencil sketch of herself.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, passionately, "he did love me then: what a fool I have been! Wicked pride, to what will you lead me?"

"My Geraldine," exclaimed Alfred, who rose from a chair, where he had been seated, in a dark corner, "pardon me! But I could not resist the temptation. To see, to hear you once more, for the last time, was my only wish. Do you forgive me?"

"Do you forgive *me*?" said Geraldine, hanging down her head, and speaking in a low, soft, sweet voice, that had never been hers before.

"*Mon Dieu!* — what?" exclaimed Alfred, who, pale and trembling, stood by her side.

"You will not force me to say, Alfred," she continued, in a beseeching tone.

"Do I understand aright? O! forgive me, Geraldine, if I say too much; but is it possible that you do not hate me?"

"Hate you, Alfred! How can I; one so generous and good! If you think me not bold to say it, I will say I love you. After behaving as I did, that confession will be my punishment."

"My dear Geraldine, then why did you refuse me?" cried Alfred, in a tone of passionate delight.

"Because you did not seem to love me — because you only, in my eyes, sought to marry me because others did."

"Geraldine, I seemed cold because I loved you with all my heart and soul. But I was a known satirist on marriage, and I was ashamed to let the world see my deep affection. I wanted them to think that I married merely because it was a triumph to carry off the reigning belle."

"You deceived me and all the world together," replied Geraldine; "but to own the truth, after you were gone, and took my rose with you, I guessed the truth."

"The rose! but did you know —"

"I guessed —"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Edouard, returning alone to fetch Geraldine, to whom he wanted to show the garden—"What is the meaning of this!"

"My good cousin," said Geraldine, advancing towards him, and taking both his hands, "come here; you will forgive

Geraldine, wont you? I have been very wicked. Do excuse your cousin, will you not? but I was only going to marry you because I thought Alfred did not love me."

"*Hein!*" cried Edouard, quite bewildered.

"Don't be angry with me," continued Geraldine, gravely: "I should have been a very good wife, and have loved you very much, had I married you."

"Oh, then, you do not mean to marry me now?" said Edouard, in a tone of deep sadness.

"What am I to do?" cried Geraldine. "See, my dear cousin, how he loved me! How can I marry you when my heart is given to another?"

"You were going to do so, but for a shower of rain," said Edouard, with a vain attempt at gravity. "But take her, M. Alfred: I think, after all, I'm lucky to have escaped her! I don't forgive you a bit, because it's hard to find out that when at last one thinks one's self loved, the lady was only pretending."

"You do forgive me!" exclaimed Geraldine, shaking her head, and putting his hand into that of Alfred, who shook it warmly.

"Yes, yes!—of course you're pleased!—But I must marry now. I shall ask H  l  ne at Bordeaux to have me, as nobody there will know anything about my present mishap."

At this moment M. and Madame Delisle returned; their astonishment was of course very great. Edouard gravely introduced the young couple:—

"You see, madame," he said, "that while you were walking round the garden, I have managed to lose my wife, and you to find a son-in-law."

"But, my Geraldine," exclaimed her

mother, "are you not behaving very badly to Edouard?"

"Not at all!" said the young man: "I could not think of marrying her. Look at her! Five minutes with Alfred has done her more good than all her excursions in search of roses!"

"Mischievous man to betray me!" said Geraldine, in her turn, warmly shaking his hand.

"But what will the world say?" exclaimed M. Delisle.

"I will tell the truth," said Alfred; and in a few words he explained the cause of the refusal of Geraldine to have him.

It was now settled that the day should be spent at the villa; that in the evening they should return to Paris, without the Count, who was to present himself only next day. He agreed to own frankly to all his friends the depth and sincerity of his affection, while Edouard good-naturedly volunteered to tell every one that he had been turned off—a promise which he gravely kept, relating his discomfiture in a way that drew tears of laughter from all his hearers.

And Geraldine and Alfred were married, to the surprise of the world. They were both cured of their former errors, and I know no instance of a happier marriage than that of M. and Madame de Rougement. He is now a member of the Legislative Assembly, and is remarked for the liberality of his opinions—being one of the many ex-legitimists who have gone over to the moderate republican party. Edouard married his country cousin. Both young couples have children, and both are happy: the only revenge the young man having taken is to persevere on all occasions, even before his own wife, in calling Geraldine "the Stolen Rose."

Gems from Abroad.

THE DRUM.

(From the German of Rückert.)

Oh, the Drum—it rattles so loud!
 When it calls me with its rattle
 To the battle—to the battle,
 Sounds that once so charmed my ear
 I no longer now can hear:
 They are all an empty hum
 For the drum—
 Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!
 At the door with tearful eye,
 Father—mother to me cry—
 Father! mother! shut the door!
 I can hear you now no more!
 Ye might as well be dumb,
 For the drum—
 Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!
 At the corner of the street,
 Where so oft we used to meet,
 Stands my bride and cries, “Ah, woe!
 My bridegroom, wilt thou go?”
 Dearest bride, the hour is come,
 For the drum—
 Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!
 My brother in the fight
 Bids a last—a long good night!
 And the guns, with knell on knell,
 Their tale of warning tell:
 Yet my ear to that is numb,
 For the drum—
 Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!
 There’s no such stirring sound
 Is heard the wide world round
 As the drum that, with its rattle,
 Echoes Freedom’s call to battle;
 I fear no martyrdom—
 While the drum—
 Oh, the drum—it rattles so loud!

FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY HEINE.

There was a king, an old king;
 His heart was cold, grey was his head;
 And that poor king, that old king,
 To a young wife was married.

There was a page, a young page;
 Right light of hair and heart I ween;
 And ’twas he that bore the purple train,
 As page to that young queen.

But dost thou know the old songe,
 So full of wail and woe?
 Death was their fate; they needs must die,
 Who loved each other so.

TO MY SON.

(From the Spanish of the Duc de Rivas.)

SLEEP, hanging on thy mother’s breast,
 As hangs the dew-drop on the flower,
 Child of my heart! in perfect rest,
 I watch thee lying, hour by hour.
 Thy childish, inward purity,
 Maketh thy youthful features bright;
 And deep reflected there doth lie,
 As in pure crystal lieth light.

Sleep, sacred pledge! I would not have
 Thee wakened, till thy sleep be flown;
 Nor any touch disturb thee, save
 Thy mother’s kisses and my own.
 Yet, by thy bed I want to hear
 Thy voice; my spirit waxeth low,
 And thy sweet tongue alone can cheer
 My heart, in this its hour of woe.

For when thou smil’st at my caress,
 While lying back upon my knee,
 Forgotten is the bitterness
 Of that which hath been, and may be.
 What matter, when I see thy smiles?
 The scorn of angry men, the dower
 Of hatred, and the artful wiles
 Of tyrants clothed with worldly power.

Yet is no joy complete; even now,
 While looking on thee, slowly stole
 A shadow on my spirit, lo!
 The unknown time weighs on my soul.
 Oh, deep and wondrous mystery!
 Which I no more than thee, my son,
 Can pierce; nor gold, nor subtlety,
 E’er from the abyss that secret won.

Thy little feet have never touched
 The impure earth; thy clasped hand,
 No steel or gold hath ever clutched—
 Thou dost not such things understand.
 Thy sweet mouth, knowing not to speak
 The changes of thine innocent thought,
 Ne’er hurt with cruel words the weak,
 Or to proud cheeks the hot flush brought.

Thou knowest not what men call life,
 Nor how men grow to age and die;
 Nor how, while sheltered from the strife,
 Thou sleepest, swift the moments fly.
 Fain would I look beyond and see
 Thy fate in days as yet unborn.
 Yet why? Thou sleepest tranquilly,
 Unmindful of the morrow morn.

INVECTIVE.

WHEN John Wesley was labouring among the people, the changes that he effected, even when beneficial, were not always palatable. There is a story told of some country people who were so excessively shocked at the proceedings of his followers, that they arrested a whole batch of them, and brought them before a magistrate. The worthy justice, on inquiring into the nature of the offence committed by them, was told that they set themselves up as being better than other people, and were doing nothing but praying from morning until night. This did not seem exactly a charge requiring punishment, so the magistrate inquired further if there was nothing else against them. "Yes, sir," said a jolly white-headed old man, "an't please your worship, they have converted my wife; before she went among them she had such a tongue! but now, your honour, she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "let them go and convert all the scolds in the parish."

Does any one sympathise with the complaint of this white-headed old man, and look upon the absence of the accustomed objurgatory style of conversation as a loss to be deplored? We know not. But to judge from the very prodigality of offensive terms and expressions with which our language is enriched, and the fluent use of them—the more fluent as we descend in the scale of intelligence—there seems to be an inherent love of strong terms and coarse expressions in our nature, which it requires a most strongly disciplined mind to resist. Execration and protestation, big, bouncing adjectives, and thundering denunciations, seem to flow from the bulk of the world upon all occasions, with almost the same unconsciousness as from the inimitable Mr. Chucks, in Captain Marryat's *Peter Simple*, who usually addressed his victims in this style:—"Sir, I would beg to observe, in the most delicate and gentlemanly style possible, that you are a d——d, infernal, lubberly, blackguardly son of a sea-cook," and a whack from his cane accompanied every loud-sounding epithet. Lord Campbell used to tell a story of a legal friend of his, who had a most ludicrous conception of the power of hard words; for, being enraged that his client should persist in refusing to settle his cause by arbitration, he burst out

upon him in open court with this stunning remark: "You d——d infernal scoundrel, if you don't settle this matter as his honour proposes, and as I and my learned brother wish, *I shall be compelled to use strong language to you.*"

It is rather a curious speculation to inquire whence arises the gratification which almost all men derive from applying these hard terms to other people, or in hearing them applied by others. From the benches of the ale-house to the benches of the House of Commons, the same feeling prevails; vituperation, invective, personalities, have charms for all ranks, for every grade of intellect. The colouring may be different, but the emotion raised is the same. If we witness the contest of two rustic wits, reeking with the fumes of beer and tobacco, we shall see the countenances of those around them beaming with glee as one hard word follows another, as abusive expressions multiply, and improbable lies are bandied about, as one coarse profanity is succeeded by another still coarser. Clumsy, obscure, profane, and ferocious as these attacks too often are, they seem, nevertheless, to strike an answering chord in the minds of the hearers, who depart after such an encounter filled with the notion that they have been enjoying good fun. And if we visit the Senate we shall find something similar prevailing there; the moment a member rises to speak who is known for his sarcastic powers, for his reckless attacks on those opposed to him, for the strength of his vituperative epithets, or the withering power of his scorn; nay, even when his reckless boldness is redeemed neither by wit nor sense, we see the listless members instantly roused into attention, the libraries and lobbies are vacated, the empty benches are filled, and cheers and laughter re-echo through the senatorial halls. Men who could not be tempted for a moment to listen to a grave argument on the welfare of the nation, sit enchained to hear vituperative invective poured forth on those who, by their intellect and wisdom, are infinitely superior both to their detractors and the applauding listeners to the detraction. It is true the invective here is not generally of the same coarse style as that of the ale-house bench; for here, most commonly, they have learned

"To rail by precept, or detract by rule;"

but similar emotions are raised, and the nature of the pleasure is the same, although it may differ in degree. What, then, is the source of this general feeling of enjoyment in invective when employed against others? There is a paragraph in the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, which seems to afford us the clue to it. It is this: "*Sudden glory* is the passion which maketh those *grimaces* called LAUGHTER; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own, that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some *deformed thing* in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly *applaud themselves*. And it is incident mostly to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour, by observing the imperfections of other men. And therefore, much laughter at the defects of others is a sign of pusillanimity. For of great minds, one of the proper works is, to help and free others from scorn; and compare themselves only with the most able." It gives us a degrading view of human nature when we look at the general enjoyment of invective, to think that so large a portion of the human species should be sunk so low in their own estimation that they "are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of others." Among the coarse-minded of all classes, and in the lowest grades of society especially, the vulgar abuse of all around them is a great and crying evil, and prevails to an extent that is most fatally injurious to their progress in life, and their advance in civilisation. The continued indulgence in coarse language is certain to foster and increase coarseness of thought, and this, carried into the daily intercourse of domestic life, is the constant source of domestic feuds, bringing unhappiness to all around, ruining the temper and the disposition, and finally degrading all that come within its influence. "Soft words butter no parsnips," is one of those time-honoured sayings which, like so many others of the same class, is true only to the letter but most false in the spirit. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," is the safer and better lesson to be inculcated; and if acted upon, will be found most effectually to butter our parsnips, to give a zest to every meal, to spread the light of cheerfulness over every countenance, and ultimately to give a higher tone and feeling to our thoughts.

We have seen the philosopher attributing our pleasure at invective to feelings rather derogatory to human nature. We have seen a worthy magistrate dismissing with praise the disciples of John Wesley, and recommending them to go and convert all the scolds in the parish. Religious feeling had in this latter case superseded the duties of the magistrate. Formerly, a woman convicted of being a public scold, was liable to punishment at the hands of the legal authorities, and her punishment was of a nature to cool her ire and paralyse her tongue. She was to be placed in a certain engine of correction, called the *trebucket castigatory*, or *cucking-stool*, and when there, to be plunged into the water and well ducked. In the *History of the City of Norwich*, we find that the Guild of St. George were obliged to keep a "coke-stool" at Feybridge; and in the records of the Court-book are entries of its use for the punishment "of scolds," and other women who committed offences of a different kind. "*Margaret Grove*, a common Scould, to be carried with a Bason rung before her to the *Cucke-stool* at Feybridge, and there to be three times ducked." We do not hear that male scolds were subjected to any similar punishment, however greatly they may have deserved it. But now, in these our days, the cucking-stool has disappeared; we look to the softening effects of moral agents for controlling this pestilent plague—to a wider intelligence, a higher sense of propriety, a more extended benevolence, and not to legal punishment.

But do occasions never arise in which the language of invective is legitimate; in which it may be used with propriety; in which it is almost the only mode wherein we can explain our feelings? Invective and rebuke cannot always be silent. No generous heart can witness mean actions without being roused into indignation, or behold oppression without inveighing against it. Even members of the Peace Society think it no wrong to "speak daggers," albeit "they use none." In condemnation of vice, in defence of the oppressed, the strong feelings of an energetic mind will find vent in strong language; not in vague and personal abuse, but in earnest thoughts clothed in earnest words. When insolence, "dressed in a little brief authority," takes advantage of its position to crush humble merit; or mean spirits, priding themselves on the nobility of birth, sneer at the qualifications of men arrived at eminence by

their own talents, the retort to their insolence and sneers demands our admiration and not our censure. No one can help applauding the noble invective of Lord Thurlow, when taunted by the Duke of Grafton with the want of noble birth—that Duke of Grafton whose ancestor owed his existence to the fact that Charles the Second had a mistress as well as a wife. “The noble duke,” said Thurlow, “cannot look before him, or behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? No man venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*, as a MAN, I am at this time as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon.” This magnificent specimen of personal invective, combined with noble self-assertion, must have electrified the aristocratic and supercilious assembly in which it was delivered; but while it fell with crushing force upon his puny assailant, it elevated Lord Thurlow himself into a benefactor of his race—the assertor of the rights of man. Again, when Curran was taunted with his poverty by Judge Robinson, we entirely sympathise with the spirited reply and bitter scorn of the young advocate struggling for fame and reputation. Judge Robinson was one of those men who owed his elevation to the bench more to sycophancy to power, than to his talents, and whose chief merit with the government of the day consisted in having written numerous political pamphlets, notorious for their venomous personality, but destitute of any approach to literary merit. Before this judge, Curran, then a young man and struggling with poverty, had to argue a case. In controverting some proposition of the opposing counsel, he remarked, that he had “studied all his law-books, and could not find a single case where the principle contended for was established.” “I suspect, sir,” interrupted the judge, “that your law-

library is rather contracted.” Curran, feeling that this was an attack upon his poverty, looked the judge steadily in the face, and said—“It is true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and, I hope, have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than *by the composition of a great many bad ones*. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be of my wealth could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible.” The bully who called forth this invective was stunned, and never more ventured to provoke the wrath of the young barrister.

The oratory of the Irish senate and the Irish bar was replete with invective; not always, indeed, in its highest form, but always delivered with the certainty that the answer to it would come in the form of a pistol-bullet. We see Henry Grattan, the greatest of Ireland’s orators, preparing for a debate in the Irish House of Commons by loading his pistols, and placing them in his pocket. The myrmidons of the Government assail him—their agent, a Mr. Corry. The feeble and sick man rises, his eyes flashing with scorn, and wrath, and pride, as he pours out his withering invective:—“Many honourable gentlemen thought differently from me; I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, *that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people, was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister*. I have returned, not, as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm. I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country that conferred a reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have

returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a Report of a Committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or for trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the Government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter, nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country." This was bold, vehement, and appropriate to the occasion; but when Mr. J. O'Connell tried to revive the same image, and talked of dying on the floor of the House, he only succeeded in covering himself with ridicule. The sequel of this invective of Grattan's is so truly characteristic of Ireland, that we cannot refrain from giving it. The next morning a crowd assembled "by the Dodder bank," the greensward of the classic "Brook;" in the midst were Grattan and Corry, pistol in hand. An alarm was given that the sheriff was coming. General Craddock, Corry's second, threw the sheriff into a ditch, and kept him there. The duellists were placed: they fired. Corry was wounded; Grattan unhurt. Another shot was demanded, and the pistols were again loaded: Grattan fired in the air; Corry discharged his weapon, and fell bleeding to the earth.

We have not left ourselves room to pursue this subject further, or to give many more examples of the use of invective. They are to be found in writers of every class; among controversial writers; and in polemical controversies, in particular, they abound. The fiery spirit of Luther blazed out in prodigies of invective; popes and kings trembled at the denunciations of mingled religion and rage which he heaped upon them. The spirit-sighted countenance of Milton lit up into divine fury as he pictured to himself the indignant form of Religion assailing the degenerate priests, who made excommunication and indulgence a matter of merchandise. "As for the fogging proctorage of money with such an eye as struck Gehazi with leprosy, and Simon

Magus with a curse, so does she look, and so threaten her fiery whip against that barking den of thieves that dare thus baffle, and buy and sell, *the awful and majestic wrinkles of her brow.*" No mere personal attacks, nothing can be construed into vulgar abuse, but a magnificent vision of insulted religion, threatening those who defile her name. We commend this mode of invective to all those modern religious controversialists who love to fret and tease, and stab and hack their opponents with all sorts of moral stilettoes and spiritual tomahawks.

We reserve for our closing extract the magnificent peroration of Burke, in his renowned speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. No man was ever a greater master of invective in all its varied forms, whether of stinging sarcasm, vituperative epigram, or lofty denunciation. They had all been used in their turn in this memorable speech, but in the conclusion there is a calm majesty of denunciation, as he condemns with deep and stern earnestness, the various offences of Hastings into a climax of crime which makes the hearer tremble. After having kept the audience wrapt in admiration for three days, as with his vivid eloquence he painted the wrongs of India, and the crimes of her rulers, he thus concludes: "Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose prosperity he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, and condition of life."

THE ROUND OF WRONG.

CHAPTER III.

THE WEDDING.

M. LE BRIS had a brougham at the door. He first drove to a large confectioner's, bought a sandal-wood box, which he ordered to be filled with sugar-plums, and then drove straight to Madame Chermidy. Although she had bought the house, she only occupied the first floor. The porter was in her service, and any visitor was announced by two strokes on a bell.

The doors opened of themselves before the young doctor. A footman took off his great coat with such skill that he hardly felt the wind of it, while another introduced him into the sitting-room. The count and madame were at breakfast. The lady of the house offered him her cheek; while the count pressed his hand cordially.

The breakfast service was laid without a cloth on an oval table of sculptured oak. The walls were covered with old wood carving and modern pictures, while the ceiling was a copy of the "Banquet of the Gods." The carpet came from Smyrna, the flower vases from Macao. A large Flemish candelabra, round panelled and thin armed, clung pitilessly to the ceiling, without respect for the assembled gods. Two sculptured sideboards displayed a profusion of silver plate and glass. On the table the hot dishes and urn were silver, the plates old China, the bottles Bohemian, and glasses Venetian. The handles of the knives had once belonged to a China service in the possession of Louis XV.

Had the doctor been fond of antithesis he might have made an interesting comparison between Madame Chermidy's furniture and Germaine's. But Parisian physicians are imperturbable philosophers who go from luxury to misery, without feeling the slightest surprise, just as they pass from heat to cold without even catching an influenza.

Madame Chermidy was wrapped up in a dressing-gown of white satin. In this dress she resembled a cat on an eider-down pillow, or a jewel in its case. You could imagine nothing more brilliant than her person, nothing softer than her covering. She was thirty-three years of age—the best age for women who have managed to take care of themselves. Beauty, the most perishable of earthly goods, is the most difficult to take care

of. Nature gives it—art adds but little—only you must know how to keep it. Prodigal persons who squander it, and greedy persons who make no use of it, arrive in a few years at the same result. The woman of genius is she who governs herself with sensible economy. Madame Chermidy, who was born without passions and without virtues, sparing in her pleasures, ever perfectly calm, while affecting southern vivacity, had taken as much care of her beauty as of her fortune. She nursed her freshness as much as a tenor does his voice. She was one of those women who will say foolish things at any moment, but never do them, except at a good figure; capable of throwing a million out of window if it would bring in two millions by the door—but too prudent to crack a nut with her teeth. Her old admirers at Toulon would hardly have known her, so much had she changed to her advantage. Health mantled on her cheek in small rosy clouds; her small, round, plump mouth was like a large cherry, which the sparrows had picked asunder; her eyes sparkled like a fire made of vine twigs; her hair of a bluish-black, coming down almost to her eyebrows, was parted on a pure forehead, like the wings of a raven on the December snow; all about her was young, fresh, and smiling. It would have indeed required good eyes to detect at either corner of that pretty mouth, two almost imperceptible wrinkles, fine as the hair of a newborn infant, but which concealed an insatiable ambition, a will of iron, a truly Chinese perseverance, and an energy capable of every crime.

Her hands were perhaps rather short, but white as ivory, with round, plump, pointed fingers. Her foot, too, was like that of the Andalusian women, short and rounded. She showed it just as it was, and was not so foolish as to wear long boots. All her little body was plump and rounded, like her feet and hands; her waist rather thick—her arms a little fleshy—her dimples a little too deep; in short, she might be a little too plump, but then it was the delicious plumpness of a quail, or the succulent roundness of a fine pear.

Don Diego devoured her with his eyes in childish admiration. Are not lovers of all ages children? According to the ancient Theogony, Cupid is a baby of five

years and a half, and yet Hesiod assures us that he is older than time.

The Count de Villanera descends in a straight line from the almost absurdly chivalrous Spaniards, whom the divine Cervantes laughed at, though he could not help admiring them a little. Nothing about him revealed his Neapolitan origin, and it seemed as if his ancestors had moved over with baggage and arms among the old heroes of Spain. He is a young, thoughtful man, stiff, cold, rather haughty, but with a heart of fire and a passionate soul. He speaks but little—never without reflecting, and he never told a falsehood in his life. He does not like discussion, and hence does not converse gracefully. He laughs very rarely, but his smile is full of a certain affable grace which is not without a degree of grandeur. Gaiety, I grant, would suit his face but badly. Try to imagine Don Quixote young, and in a black coat. At the first glance you may notice his long-pointed, waxed, and shining mustachios. His long nose is curved like the beak of an eagle: he has black eyes, eyebrows and hair, and a complexion like an orange. His teeth would be fine were they not so long, and if he did not smoke. They are covered with a slight yellow coating, but are so solid that mill-stones could be made of them. The white of his eye has also a yellow tinge, still you cannot say that they are not fine eyes. As for his mouth, it is charming: you see, beneath his mustachios, two lips as rosy as a child's. His arms and legs, his hands and feet have the aristocratic length. He is built like a grenadier, and has the manners of a prince.

If you now ask how a man so constituted could fall into the hands of Madame Chermidy, I will reply that the lady was more attractive and clever than Dulcinea of Toboso. People of Don Diego's stamp are not the most difficult to catch, and the lion rushes into the trap more rashly than the fox. Simplicity, rectitude, and all the generous impulses are so many faults in our armour. An honest heart does not easily suspect calculation and cunning of which it is itself incapable, and each makes the world according to his own image. If any one had told the count that Madame Chermidy loved him for interested motives he would have shrugged his shoulders. She had asked him for nothing—he had offered her everything. In accepting the thousands she had done him a kindness—he was rather her debtor.

In the meanwhile, judging by the glances he turned upon her every now and then, it was easy to guess that the whole fortune of the Villaneras could change hands within a week. A dog, lying at its master's feet, is not more respectful or attentive than he was. In his large black eyes might be read that passionate gratitude, which every gentleman vows to the woman who has selected him, and the religious admiration of a young father for the woman who has borne him a child.

The little doctor, seated opposite the count, formed a singular contrast with him. M. le Bris is what is termed a pretty fellow. Perhaps he may be a trifle under the average height, but he is well made. His face is not stupid, but I never noticed what shape his nose was. He dresses with a neatness akin to elegance: his chestnut whiskers are carefully curled, and his hair is parted down his back. He is not a common-looking man by any means, but he does not rise beyond that category. No daughter to marry would refuse him for his appearance, but I should be much surprised if any woman drowned herself for him. He will take to stomach when he is forty years of age.

I know not any physician better suited for his round of patients. He pays visits from morning till night among all classes, and is at home everywhere. Women of every rank have worked zealously to make his reputation, and why? Because no matter whether the lady is old or young, pretty or ugly, he treats them all with equal politeness, with a tender gallantry—half composed of respect—half of love. He never entered into any explanation as to the nature of this feeling; perhaps he could not do so to himself. But all the women have a kind of compassion for him, which will carry him a long way.

His old hospital chums christened him from this reason, 'The Key of Hearts.' I know a house where he is called, and for good reasons, 'The Tomb of Secrets.'

"Well, 'Tomb of Secrets!'" Madame Chermidy said, in her slight Provençal accent, "have you found what I wanted?"

"Yes, madame!"

"Is it the consumptive young lady you mentioned?"

"Mlle. de la Tour."

"Good! we are not lowering ourselves. I always took an interest in consumptive people. Women that cough! So you see I am being rewarded for it."

"Doctor," the count asked, "did you mention the conditions?"

"Yes, my dear count; they are all accepted."

Madame Chermidy uttered a cry of joy. "Paris for me! where duchesses are bought for ready money."

The count frowned, but the doctor said, quickly,—

"Had you been with me, madame, I know your heart so well that you would have wept."

"Is it then so touching, a duchess who sells her own daughter? An episode of the slave market?"

"I would rather say an episode from the life of a martyr."

"You are polite to Don Diego!"

The doctor described the scene to which he had been witness. The count was moved. Madame Chermidy took out her handkerchief and wiped two pretty eyes which did not require it.

"I am much pleased," the count said, "that the resolution emanates from her. If the parents had accepted for her, I should, perhaps, have formed a bad opinion of them."

"Pardon me. Before judging them you ought to know if they had any bread in the house this morning."

"Bread!"

"Bread, without any metaphor!"

"Good-bye," the count said, "I will go and wish my mother a happy new year. She was asleep when I left the house this morning. I will tell her the result of your negotiations, and ask her what is to be done. What, doctor, there are really people in want of bread?"

"I have met such persons during my life. Unfortunately I had not forty thousand pounds to offer them as I had to-day."

The count kissed Madame Chermidy's hand, and hastened to his mother's house. The pretty woman remained *tête-à-tête* with the doctor.

"As there are people who want bread," she said, "come, doctor, a cup of coffee! How shall I have a chance of seeing this martyr to her chest? For I must know to whom I am going to lend my child."

"Why, at church, say on the wedding day."

"At church, she can go out then?"

"Of course—in a carriage."

"I thought her more advanced than that."

"Did you want a marriage *in extremis*?"

"No, but I wish to be quite sure. Good heavens, doctor, suppose she were to get well?"

"The faculty would be greatly surprised."

"And Don Diego would be really married, and I should kill you, Key of Hearts."

"Alas, madame, I do not feel in any danger."

"Why, alas?"

"Pardon me, it was the physician who spoke and not the friend."

"When she is married you will still attend her?"

"Must she be left to die without help?"

"Why is the count going to marry her? Not that she should live for ever, I suppose?"

The doctor repressed a movement of disgust, and replied in the most natural tone, like a man in whom virtue is not pedantic,

"Really, madame, it is a custom I have, and I am too old to correct myself. We physicians attend to our patients as the Newfoundland dog pulls drowning persons from the water. It is an affair of pure instinct. A dog blindly saves his master's enemy, and I will take care of the poor creature as if we all felt an interest in saving her."

After the doctor's departure, Madame Chermidy proceeded to her dressing-room and gave herself into the hands of her tire-woman. For the first time for months she let herself be dressed without paying any attention to it: she had so many other cares. This marriage she had prepared—this skilful combination which she admired as a stroke of genius, might turn to her confusion and ruin. It only needed a caprice of nature or the stupid honesty of a physician to rout her most clever combinations, and cheat her dearest hopes. She began to doubt everything, her lover and her guiding star.

About three o'clock the visitors began defiling before her. She was obliged to smile on every pair of whiskers that approached her pretty face, and go into raptures over forty boxes of sugar-plums, which all came from the same shop. She heartily cursed the amiable vexations of New Year's day, but she allowed no trace of the care that gnawed her to be seen. All those who left her sang her praises on the staircase.

She had a talent most precious for the

lady of a house: she knew how to make everybody talk. She spoke to each of what interested him most, she brought people on to their own ground. This woman of no education, too idle and febrile to hold a book in her hand, obtained a quantity of useful knowledge by reading her friends. They all thanked her most truly for it. We are all made so: in our hearts we thank the person who compels us to utter our favourite harangue, or tell the story we narrate best. The person who enables us to show our wit is never a fool, and when we are pleased with ourselves we cannot be displeased with anybody. The most intelligent men helped Madame Chermidy's reputation, some by supplying her with ideas, others by saying with secret complacency, "She is a superior woman, for she understood me."

During the course of the afternoon she laid hands on a celebrated homœopathist, who had one of the best practices in Paris. She found means to question him before seven or eight persons on the point that weighed so heavily on her mind.

"Doctor," she said, "you, who know everything, tell me if consumptive people can be cured."

The homœopathist replied to her, that she would never have to fear that disease.

"I am not talking of myself," she continued, "but I am deeply interested in a poor girl whose lungs are in a shocking state."

"Send me to her, madame; no cure is impossible to homœopathy."

"You are very kind. But her physician, a simple allopath, assures me she has only one lung, and that is attacked."

"It can be cured."

"The lung, perhaps. But the patient?"

"She can live with only one lung. It is a notorious fact. I do not promise that she will be able to climb Mont Blanc, but she will live very comfortably for several years by means of care and globules."

"Why, you promise her miracles! I did not think a person could live with only one lung."

"We have plenty of examples, as autopsy has proved."

"Autopsy—but that is only effected with the dead."

"You are right, madame, and I seem to be talking nonsense. Still, listen to this: In Algeria the cattle of the Arabs are generally consumptive. The herds

are badly taken care of, pass the nights in the fields and catch lung diseases. Our Mussulman subjects do not call in the veterinary surgeon—they leave it to Mohammed to cure their cows and oxen. They lose a great number by this neglect, but do not lose them all. The animals recover sometimes without the help of art, and despite all the ravages the disease may have produced in their bodies. One of our army surgeons saw cows killed at Blidah quite cured of pulmonary consumption, and which had lived for several years with only one lung, and that in a very bad condition. Such is the autopsy I meant."

"I understand," Madame Chermidy said. "So, if all the people who live in our world were to be killed, we should find several who have not their whole allowance of lungs?"

"And who are not the worse for it. Precisely so, madame."

An hour later, Madame Chermidy saw an old hardened allopath come in, who did not believe in miracles, who was fond of putting things at the worst, and who was astonished that an animal so fragile as man could reach his sixtieth year without accident.

"Doctor," she said to him, "you ought to have come a little before; you have lost a famous panegyric on homœopathy. M. P——, who has just left, boasted that he could make us all live with one lung. Would you have allowed him to say so?"

The old physician raised his eyebrows.

"Madame," he replied, "the lungs are at once the most delicate and the most indispensable of all our organs; they renew life at every second by a prodigy of combustion, which Spallanzani and the greatest physiologists have not explained or described. Their contexture is frightfully fragile; their functions expose them to incessantly-recurring dangers. It is in the lungs that our blood comes into immediate contact with the external air. If we reflect that the air is always either too hot or too cold, or mingled with deleterious gasses, we should never take a respiration till we had made our wills. A German philosopher, who had prolonged his life by prudence—the celebrated Kant, when he took his daily constitutional walk, was careful to keep his mouth shut, and breathe exclusively through his nostrils, so much he feared the direct action of the surrounding atmosphere on his lungs."

"But in that case, my dear doctor, we are all condemned to die of our lungs."

"Most do die of them, madame, and the homœopathists will not alter it."

"But people are cured too. Suppose a young and healthy man marry a young but consumptive beauty. He takes her to Italy; devotes himself to her cure, and gives her the assistance of men like yourself, would it not be possible in two or three years——?"

"To save the husband? Possibly. But I would not promise it."

"The husband! why, what danger can he run?"

"The danger of contagion, madame. Who knows whether the tubercles that form in the lungs of a consumptive person do not spread in the surrounding atmosphere the seeds of death? But pardon me, this is neither the time nor the place to develop a new theory, of which I am the inventor, and which I intend some of these days to lay before the Academy of Medicine. I will merely tell you a fact that came under my own observation."

"Pray tell us, my dear doctor; it is a pleasure and a profit to listen to so learned a man as yourself."

"Five years ago I was attending the wife of a tailor—a poor little woman who was abominably consumptive. Her husband was a tall, stout, well-built German, as rosy as any apple. They adored each other. In 1849 they had a child that did not live, and in 1850 the wife died, though I had done all in my power to save her. It was two years before I was called in again, and then the tailor sent for me. I found him in bed, so altered that I had some difficulty in recognising him. He was in the third stage of consumption. I saw a little woman crying by his bedside; he had been foolish enough to marry again. He died, as I expected, but his widow inherited the disease, and though I paid her a visit yesterday, I cannot promise any certainty."

Madame Chermidy was "not at home" after five o'clock, and indulged in a most melancholy meditation. She had never despaired of becoming Countess Villanera. Every woman who deceives her husband necessarily aspires to widowhood; the more so when she has a rich and unmarried lover. She had every reason to believe that Chermidy would not live for ever. A man who passes his existence between sky and water is a patient in danger of death.

Her hopes had assumed a solid shape since the birth of little Gomez. She held the count by a tie omnipotent to honourable minds—paternal love. In marrying the count to a dying woman she insured her son's future and her own. But when on the point of accomplishing this triumphant project, she discovered two dangers she had not foreseen. Germaine might recover; or, if she died, she might carry off the count with her, by leaving him the germs of death. In the first case, Madame Chermidy lost everything, even her child. With what right could she reclaim the legitimated son of Don Diego and Mlle. La Tour? On the other hand, if the count must die after his wife, she did not feel particularly anxious about marrying him. She felt herself too handsome and too young to play the part of the tailor's second wife.

"Fortunately," she thought, "there is nothing done yet. Another expedient can be sought. The count is in love, and a father. I will make him do everything I please. If he must marry, in order to adopt his son, we will find another person whose death is more sure and malady not contagious." She consoled herself by the thought that the allopath was an old original, capable of inventing the most absurd theories. She had heard it sustained that consumption was, at times, transmitted from father to son; but she found it natural that Germaine could keep as her share the illness and death. But what most seriously disturbed her was the possibility of one of those marvellous cures which overthrow all the calculations of human prudence. She began to hate Dr. le Bris, as much for his scruples as his talent. Lastly, she determined on putting a stopper on Don Diego's movements until she felt quite sure.

But events had taken a great step during the day, and the count came to tell her at ten in the evening that her plans had been followed point for point.

Don Diego, on leaving her in the morning, hastened to his mother. The old countess was a woman of the same mould as her son—tall, wizened, bony, and modelled like a plank, standing majestically on two huge feet, black enough to frighten children, and grinning an aristocratic smile between two bands of grey hair. She listened to her son's report with that stiff and disdainful condescension of the virtues of former times for the littlenesses of to-day. For his

part, the count made no attempt to attenuate so much that was reprehensible in the calculations of his marriage.

These two honourable persons, forced by the pressure of circumstances into one of those scandalous bargains sometimes made in Paris, only thought of the means of doing a thing worthily which their ancestors would not have done at all. The dowager did not spice the conversation with any reproaches, even silent ones. The time for remonstrance had passed, and all that could be done now was to ensure the future of the family by saving the name of the Villaneras.

When everything was settled, the countess ordered her carriage and drove to Sanglié House. The baron's footman conducted her to the duchess's apartments. Semiramis opened the door and introduced her into the sitting-room. The duke and duchess received her near a small crackling fire, made of mysterious material: two planks from the kitchen, a straw-bottomed chair, and the wood of an old portmanteau. The duchess had dressed herself as well as she could; but her black velvet dress was blue at every seam. The duke wore the ribbon of his orders over a coat more threadbare than that of a writing-master.

The interview was cold and solemn. The duchess could not feel attracted to people who speculated on the speedy death of her daughter. The duke was more at his ease, and tried to be delightful. But the stiffness of the dowager-countess paralysed all his graces, and he felt chilled to the marrow. The countess, through an error frequent enough at a first interview, formed a like judgment of duke and duchess. She suspected them of being anxious for the match, and fancied she could read on their faces a sordid joy: still she did not forget the pressing interests that brought her here, and she coldly explained the reason of her visit. She haggled like a lawyer, over all the conditions of the marriage, and when both parties were agreed on every point, she rose from her chair and said, in a metallic voice:—

"My lord duke—my lady duchess—I have the honour of asking you for the hand of Mlle. Germain de la Tour, your daughter, for Count Diego Gomez de Villanera, my son."

The duke replied, that "his daughter was highly honoured by being chosen by M. de Villanera."

The day for the marriage was agreed on, and the duchess went to fetch Germaine to present her to the dowager. The poor girl thought she must die of terror, on appearing before this tall, spectral female. The countess was pleased with her; spoke to her maternally; kissed her on the forehead, and said to herself, "Why is she condemned to death? perhaps she is a daughter-in-law that would suit me."

On returning home, the countess found Don Diego playing with his son, in a room carpeted with toys. The father and son formed a pleasant group, at which a stranger would have smiled. The count handled the frail creature with timid tenderness; he trembled lest a rash movement might tear his son piecemeal. The boy was strong for his age; but ugly and shy to a degree. During the year he had been separated from his nurse, he had only seen two human beings—his father and grandmother—and lived between them, like Gulliver, in Brobdignag. The dowager had withdrawn from society for his sake; she received and paid very few visits, for fear an imprudent word might betray the family secret. The only accomplices of this clandestine education were five or six old servants, who had grown grey in livery, people of another age and country. They looked like shipwrecked mariners, saved from the Invincible Armada. In the shadow of this strange family the child grew up sorrowfully. He had not the company of children of his own age, and it was lost labour to try and teach him to play. Some children of his age can speak fluently; he could scarce pronounce half a dozen words of two syllables. But Don Diego adored him; a father is always a father; but he was afraid of Don Diego. He called the old countess "mama," but seldom kissed her without crying. As for his mother, he knew her by sight; he saw her now and then in some remote spot, when visitors were rare. Madame Chermidy would leave her brougham in the distance, and come on foot to the count's carriage; she embraced the child by stealth; gave it sugar-plums, and said, with sincere tenderness, "My poor little boy, will you never be anything to me?" It would not have been prudent to take him to her house, even if the dowager had permitted it. All Paris suspected her position; but the world makes a great distinction between a woman convicted and a woman suspected.

Here and there were a few persons sufficiently simple to guarantee her virtue.

Madame de Villanera told her son that the request in marriage had been made and accepted. She praised Germaine, without saying anything of the family; and described the misery in which they lived. Don Diego suggested a way of sending prompt assistance, without humiliating anybody. The countess wished simply to open her purse to the old duke, feeling quite convinced he would not refuse to dip into it, but the count considered it more decent to purchase the wedding present at once, and slip into one of the drawers a thousand pounds for the bride. These alms, concealed under flowers, would pay the pressing debts and support the family for a fortnight. No sooner said than done. The mother and son went out shopping; but before going, the dowager kissed the tanned cheek of her grandson, saying, "Poor little bastard, you'll have a name as your new year's gift."

Nothing is impossible in Paris; so the corbeille was improvised in a few hours. All the tradespeople sent in during the evening, dresses, laces, cashmeres, and jewellery. The countess arranged it all herself, and placed the rouleaux of gold in the pin drawer. At ten o'clock the basket started for Sanglié house—the count to visit Madame Chermidy.

Germaine and the duchess spread out with cold curiosity the treasures sent to them. Germaine reminded her parents of that chapter in "Paul and Virginia" where she spends her aunt's money in little presents for her family and friends.

"What shall we do with all this?" she said, "now that we have no friends and no family. It is a large sum of money wasted."

The duke opened the drawers with noble disdain, like a man to whom all such splendour is a familiar object; but his indifference gave way at the sight of gold: his eyes flashed; his aristocratic hands, so often opened to give, greedily closed like the claws of a miser. He took a delight in opening all the rouleaux, and making the yellow gold sparkle in the light of a smoky lamp; he caused the coin to tinkle, which so joyously rang in Germaine's funeral.

Passion is a brutal leveller, which equalizes all men. The duke could have played his part at nine that morning among the servants in the hall. Still, education gained the upper hand: the

duke shut up the money in the drawer, and said, with well-feigned coldness,—

"It belongs to Germaine; take care of it, my daughter. You will lend us a little, perhaps, to keep the pot boiling. Were I as rich as I shall be in a month, I would take you to sup at an eating-house, for our dinner was not very brilliant to-day."

The sick woman and the dying girl guessed the old man's secret covetousness. You cannot imagine with what tender earnestness, what respectful pity, Germaine forced some money upon him, and the duchess dressed him that he might go and sup in town. He returned about two in the morning; his wife and daughter heard an irregular step in the passage running past their door, but neither spoke, and each breathed regularly to make the other fancy she was asleep.

Don Diego and Madame Chermidy passed a stormy evening. The lady began by giving all her objections against the marriage; to which the count, who never argued, replied by two unanswerable reasons—"The affair is settled as you desired it." Then she changed her tactics, and tried the effect of threats. She swore she would break with him, leave him, recal her child, make a scandal, die. The little lady was loving in her wrath; she had the air of an angry canary, to which a lover could not remain insensible. The count asked for mercy, but without giving up his resolution in the slightest degree. He bent like those good steel springs which are moved by a great effort, but fly back to their place with the speed of lightning. Then she opened the dam of her tears; she exhausted the arsenal of her tenderness. For three-quarters of an hour she was the most unhappy and loving of women. You would have believed on hearing her that she was the victim and Germaine the executioner. Don Diego wept with her; tears ran down his masculine face, like rain down a bronze statue. He gave way to all those acts of cowardice which love imposes. He spoke of the future countess with a coldness bordering on contempt: he swore on his honour that she would not live long. He offered to show her to Madame Chermidy before his marriage. But his word was given, and the Villaneras never withdraw from what they have once said. All the lady could obtain was that he would come and see her every day up to the marriage, clandestinely

without the knowledge of any one—above all, his mother.

The next day the countess took him to Sanglié house, and presented him to his new family. It was a visit of ceremony, that lasted a quarter of an hour at the most. Germaine nearly fainted when presented to him. She said afterwards that his harsh face frightened her, and she fancied she saw in him her sexton. As for him, he was ill at ease; still he found some words of politeness and gratitude by which the duchess was affected.

He called every day while the banns were being put up, without his mother, and brought a bouquet, according to the established custom. Germaine begged him to choose scentless flowers, for she could hardly bear the fragrance. These daily interviews troubled him much, and wearied Germaine; but custom had to be obeyed. The doctor feared for a moment that his patient would succumb before the appointed day, and his fears affected Madame Chermidy. When she saw that Germaine was really given over, she was afraid lest she might die too soon, and took an interest in her life. At times she conveyed the count to the house, and waited for him in her carriage.

The duchess said that her daughter could not be married from rooms over a stable, so she hired some handsomely furnished rooms near. Germaine was carried to them without misadventure on a sunshiny day. There Don Diego came to pay his court to her, and the dowager called oftener than he did, and remained longer. She soon learned to read the duchess's heart, and the ice was broken. She admired the virtues of this noble woman who, for eight years, had endured so much without a stain. For her part the duchess recognised in the dowager one of those chosen souls which the world does not appreciate, because it stops at the covering. Germaine's bed served as the point of union for these two mothers. The old countess frequently disputed with the duchess the painful and disagreeable duties of sick nurse. They vied with each other in undertaking those fatigues in which the devotion of the sublime sex is so brilliantly displayed.

The old duke caused his wife additional cares which she would gladly have been spared. Money had restored him a third youth—an inexcusable youth—whose cold and degrading follies interest nobody. He was always out, and the duchess, in her discreet solicitude, did not dare to inquire

about his actions. He said he was trying to find some relief from his domestic annoyances. His daughter's gold slipped through his fingers, and who can say what hands picked it up! He had lost during eight years of wretchedness, that necessity for elegance which salves over the follies of a well-born man. All pleasures were alike to him, and he even brought the fulsome odours of a pot-house to Germaine's bedside. The duchess trembled at the idea of leaving this old vagrant in Paris with money enough to kill a dozen men. There could be no thought of taking him to Italy, for Paris was the only place in which he had known life, and his heart was attached to the asphalt of the Boulevards. The poor woman felt herself distracted by two contending duties. She would gladly have torn herself in two, to soothe the last moments of her daughter, and bring back the erring old age of her incorrigible husband. Germaine saw from her bed the internal struggles torturing her mother. Through suffering together they had learned to understand each other without speaking, and had only one mind between them. One day the sick girl declared positively that she would not leave France. "Am I not well enough here," she said; "what need flaring on the high road a candle which is rapidly expiring?"

The dowager entered upon this with the count and M. le Bris.

"Dear countess," Germaine said, "so you insist on taking me to Italy? I am much better here for what I have to do, and I should not like my mother to leave Paris."

"Well, let her remain," the dowager said, with her Spanish vivacity; "we do not want her, and I will take care of you better than any one can. You are my daughter, do you hear, and we will prove it."

The count insisted on the journey, and the doctor coincided with him. "Besides," the latter added, "the duchess will not be particularly useful to us. Two patients in one carriage do not advance matters. The journey is good for you, but would fatigue the duchess."

In the bottom of his heart the good fellow wished to spare the duchess the sight of her daughter's dying moments. It was settled, therefore, that the duchess should remain in Paris while Germaine went off with her husband, mother-in-law, and doctor.

M. le Bris had agreed somewhat hastily

to give up his practice. The journey might cost him dearly if it lasted any length of time. The difficulty was not to find a doctor who would take charge of the duchess and his other patients; but Paris is a city where the absent are always in the wrong, and a man who does not put himself in evidence every day is soon forgotten. The young doctor had a hearty friendship for Germaine, but friendships never carry us so far as self-forgetfulness. That is one of the privileges of love.

For his part, Don Diego was anxious to do his duty nobly, and he wished Germaine to be accompanied by her regular physician. He asked M. le Bris how much he earned a-year.

"Eight hundred pounds," said the doctor; "out of that I receive two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds."

"And the rest?"

"Is outstanding. We doctors do not have recourse to the County Court."

"Will you undertake this journey to Italy for eight hundred pounds a-year?"

"My poor count, do not talk of years. The remainder of her days may be counted by months, perhaps by weeks."

"Well, then, say eighty pounds a month, and come with us."

M. le Bris agreed. Self-interest is, after all, mingled in all human affections. It plays its part in the farce as well as in the tragedy. In our streets crime and virtue, deep and dark, never come in collision without elbowing a brilliant and sonorous personage called "money."

The doctor was requested to hand the duke the price of his daughter. Don Diego would never have managed to give a gentleman money; but M. le Bris, who knew the duke, performed the commission easily. He gave him an order on the funds for two thousand pounds a-year, saying simply,—

"My lord, this represents the Duchess's health."

"And mine," the old gentleman added. "You have rendered us a service, doctor, and I wish to attach you to my house."

The young man replied, with much fervour—

"That is already done, my lord."

He had attended them all for three years without receiving a shilling.

On the morning of the wedding-day Germaine's dress was tried on. She lent herself gently to this sorry jest. The

milliner saw that the point of the body had come unsewed.

"I will repair it," she said.

"What matter!" the sick girl remarked. "I shall not wear it out."

Her veil and head-dress were brought, and she noticed the absence of the orange-blossoms. "That is right," she said; "I was afraid something might be forgotten."

The Duchess melted into tears. Germaine begged her pardon for her cowardice.

"Wait," she said; "you shall see me in presence of the enemy. I will bear your name with honour, for am I not the last of the La Tours?"

Don Diego's witnesses were the Spanish ambassador and the chargé d'affaires of the Two Sicilies; Germaine's, the Baron de Sanglié and Doctor le Bris. The whole Faubourg was invited to the marriage ceremony. M. de Villanera knew the best people in Paris, and the old duke was not sorry to resuscitate publicly as millionaire. Three-fourths of the persons invited were punctual, for in spite of the discretion of the parties interested, the public suspected something. At any rate, the marriage of a dying girl is always a rare and curious sight. When midnight struck, two or three hundred carriages, which had arrived from the ball or the theatre, put down their loads on the little square of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The bride was carried from the carriage by Dr. le Bris. She appeared to be not so pale as had been expected. She had begged her mother to put her on some rouge to play this game. She walked with a firm step to the cushion arranged for her. Her father gave her his hand, and marched triumphantly by her side while looking at the spectators. The strange old man could not refrain from an exclamation, on seeing in the crowd a charming face half veiled. He said, as if he was in the park, "What a pretty woman!"

It was Madame Chermidy, who had come to judge for herself how long the bride had still to live.

After the ceremony, a carriage with four horses carried the travellers to the Fontainebleau gate, but it turned back then, and drove to the count's town house. It was necessary to fetch little Gomez, and give Germaine some hours' rest. Dr. le Bris put the bride to bed.

(To be continued.)

PARLOUR OCCUPATIONS.

No. 2.—FLOWER-PAINTING.

THERE are a few necessary articles with which the learner should be provided before commencing operations in flower painting, and which can be procured at a very moderate expense. The first of these is a sloping wooden desk, the height of which at the back should be about four inches, sloping in front, the top to lift up and down by hinges, thus forming at once a drawing-desk and useful box, in which to keep pencils, cardboard, &c., &c. It will also be necessary to have a colour box, containing such colours as are indispensable in painting flowers. These are as follows:—Gamboge, indigo, Prussian blue, sepia, raw sienna, burnt sienna, burnt umber, gall-stone, carmine, crimson-lake, rose-madder, red lead, Venetian red, cobalt, Chinese white, and Antwerp blue. A set of brushes will also be required; sable hair, set in silver ferules, are the best, as the quills are apt to split, and although cheaper at first, are not so in the end; the numbers, from one to six, and two larger sizes for wide leaves and petals of flowers; a white palette, or large white plate, with a flat rim, a bottle of prepared ox-gall, two of Whatman's sketching pencils, an H and an F, and a sheet of fine Bristol cardboard.

Let your desk be placed on a firm table, with your left hand to the light, as the most favourable position for drawing. Cut your cardboard neatly to the size you wish, and always before you lose sight of the stamp at the corner, on the face of the cardboard, be careful to mark the right side of each piece, as the wrong side is more woolly, and consequently not so well for painting upon.

Although we do not intend insisting on the old-fashioned method of learning to draw, and shade flowers completely with the pencil, before attempting to colour, as we know how impatient most young people



Fig. 1.

are to begin with the *painting*, yet we strongly recommend the attainment of a perfect use of the pencil, so as to be able to sketch an outline with freedom and

exactitude, before attempting higher efforts. To do this with ease, we recom-



Fig. 2.

mend the practice of various kinds of strokes and touches, which, it will be observed, are begun very lightly, strengthened towards the middle, and are light again towards the end. You will



Fig. 3.

find you will never be able to give *effect* to your drawings without this touch. (See Figs. 1, 2, 3.)

It may appear strange to speak of perspective in flower-drawing, as many perhaps would imagine that the rules of perspective were only applicable to landscape painting or architectural design; but we can assert that it is equally necessary in every kind of drawing, as perspective is the art of representing objects as they *appear*, and not what they *are*. For instance, if we wished to give the exact figure of a wine-glass, placed at a short distance from the eye, although we know, that, in reality, it is a pointed thing, with a round opening at the top, and a round foot at the bottom,—were we to depict it thus, it would have the most distorted and unnatural appearance, and we should never guess for what it was intended. It would seem something like our figure (4). But let us only throw it into perspective, and we have the perfect representation of the glass (fig. 5), as it *appears* to the eye. And so it is with a flower: your efforts



THE HEARTSEASE.

should be directed to catch the *appearance* of the object you wish to paint, and transfer it to paper. The worst position in which to take a flower, is looking flat on the top



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

of it; and although in grouping they may sometimes happen to fall in that way, always avoid it where it is possible. In every plant and flower there is a certain character in which it differs from every other, either the growth of its leaves or stems, the manner in which they are placed on the stalk, whether serrated (notched) at the edges, or plain, whether the flower has a cup, out of which it grows, or has the stem inserted without one, and a hundred other peculiarities which must be carefully observed, or your flowers will never look natural. These mistakes may be sometimes seen in copies purchased in shops; persons often wonder what it is that makes them appear so strange. But

there are many *good* botanical and other works published, which are a great assistance to a learner: not that we would recommend a mere copy from them; but by frequent examinations of good representations of nature, it will greatly assist the sketching from real flowers.

Having arranged your cardboard on the desk, seat yourself with your left hand to the light, your colour-box, palette, pencils, &c., with a tumbler of clean water, on your right, and a piece of writing-paper to lay under your hand to preserve the cardboard clean. We will suppose you have selected some simple easy flower to commence with, perhaps a field poppy. Place the flower in a bottle of water at the back of your desk, so raised as to be rather above the level of your eye, or hold it lightly in your left hand; this, however, is more difficult until you have attained some proficiency, as you may require to rub out occasionally (which is best done with a piece of clean bread crumb), when you would have to lay down the flower and thus alter its position, which should be avoided after it has been determined upon. After having minutely observed the general appearance and *character* of the flower, with its leaves and stems, proceed to sketch it lightly on the cardboard. The common field poppy is remarkable for having no cup; for although, as you will observe, the flower, while a bud,

is enclosed in a cup, as soon as it expands the calyx or cup falls off. The leaves are long and narrow, deeply serrated, and growing at very long distances apart down the stem. The plant is covered with short hairs. Having sketched the flower lightly with its leaves, stems, &c., take a small piece of bread crumb (being particular that it has not been touched with the least particle of grease), and pass it gently over the drawing, so as to take off the loose lead; then brush away the crumbs with a soft handkerchief, and be careful not to leave the least piece on the cardboard, or it will annoy you in colouring. Now observe where your lights and shadows fall. You will find that those parts of the flower which are underneath are darker; and that where many leaves or flowers are clustered together, *there* the shadow will be very deep; also those parts which are farthest from the light must be shaded more or less. But the great effect in painting depends entirely on knowing how to throw in the lights and shadows. One of the most useful combinations of colour for shading, is cobalt and Venetian red. Rub a small quantity of each on your palette, moisten them with a drop of water: mix them to form a cool gray. Now observe where the shade falls on your flowers; take up in your brush a fair quantity of colour about the consistency of ink: make a blot with it where you wish to throw your shade; have another brush ready with clean water, and with this subdue the colour. You must always avoid any hard edge to your shade. Now examine the leaves, stems, and buds, and with the same colour put in the shadows, softening them off with the water-brush. As the stem of the poppy is small, like many other flowers, you will scarcely be able to do more than darken the edge away from the light by touching it down with a small brush, without attempting to use the water-brush; but practice will soon make all this easy. When these first shades are dry, go over those parts again which require a deeper shade, particularly the middle of the flower; and never attempt to begin with the colour until your shading is quite dry. The best colour to use for poppy is red-lead and carmine, but *not* mixed, as mixing two brilliant colours frequently makes them dull and heavy. Put a blot of red-lead on the dark parts of your flower, and soften it off with your water-brush; do this once or twice, till you see your colour as dark as the *lightest* parts of the flower.

While this is drying you may proceed with the leaves, &c.

Rub on your palette gamboge and Prussian blue, mix them, blot in the dark parts and soften away to the lights with the water-brush. Now return to the flower, when you will find it necessary to mix a little carmine with your red-lead in order to improve it. The middle of it must be done with green, and the stamens put in with sepia. When you have completed the flower, return to the leaves and buds; mix a small quantity of gall-stone with Prussian blue, for finishing and brightening the leaves; then add a little indigo for the very dark parts; finish up the stems with this, as also the buds, and vein the leaves, according to nature, with the same; then with your finest brush, No. 1, put on the hairs with sepia or burnt umber. Here and there amongst the leaves a touch of burnt umber and carmine gives great effect. It is very good practice sometimes, to take one or two leaves, and laying them on the cardboard before you, copy them exactly, with every vein *quite flat*. This will give you the habit of looking closely into the peculiarities of your originals, and enable you to give the more faithful representations of them when thrown into perspective.

We will insert a few illustrations; and have chosen for the purpose an ivy leaf, as



Fig. 6.

a very pretty one for copying (Fig. 6), showing a beautiful regularity of vein. We



Fig. 7.

have also selected the leaf of the monthly rose, as it is serrated at the edges, and requires a steady hand in this particular. (Fig. 7.) The thorns on the stem are a great beauty on the rose and many other plants. The rose is a difficult flower to paint; for it is so softly tinted that it ought to be painted or washed in without any outline at all. Therefore we should recommend our friends not to attempt it until they are somewhat practised; the most simple single flowers are best for beginners. A good shadow colour for pale pink flowers is cobalt and rose-madder, with a little Venetian red. Pink saucer is also a useful colour, but not to finish up with, as it becomes muddy and bronzed when much heightened. The moss on the moss-rose requires a small quantity of carmine mixed with the green. In the fuchsia there is a considerable portion of carmine in the leaves and stems; the veins of the leaves are all carmine. Some persons shade flowers in Indian ink, particularly yellow flowers; but care must be taken to let the shade be thoroughly dry before proceeding to the colouring; and on no account attempt to heighten the shadows by mixing the black and yellow. Should you wish to darken the shade, it must be done with a touch of red-lead, vermilion, or cadmium-yellow, mixed with gamboge. Yellow-lake comes nearest to the primrose.

You cannot do better than try your shades of colour on a separate piece of

paper, until you find them correct and true to nature. Never be in a hurry to finish work, but keep it shadowy, soft, and indistinct, as long as possible, and reserve the deep, sharp, completing touches to the *very last moment*. We will merely add a few words on the green colouring of leaves. Gamboge and Antwerp blue, or Prussian blue, blotted on at the darkest part, and shaded off with the water-brush to the lightest, is the general colour for most leaves as the foundation colour; but you must finish the lighter parts with more gamboge, and the darker with indigo, as you work them up; and to vary them, and prevent the leaves of every plant looking of the same hue, use touches of gall-stone, burnt-umber, terra sienna, and carmine. The last direction we give is, to vein your leaves, and take out lights here and there as you see requisite. This may be done in two ways,—either by using a little Chinese white subdued by colour, or by wiping out. The latter method is thus practised:—For veining, with a fine brush dipped in clean water, mark out the veins on the leaf; let it remain a few seconds, then with a silk handkerchief, or piece of chamois leather, wipe it smartly down once (do not *rub* it), and your veins will appear; then touch down the dark side of each with a little indigo and gall-stone. In any other part of your drawing where a bright light is required, it may be put in in the same way.

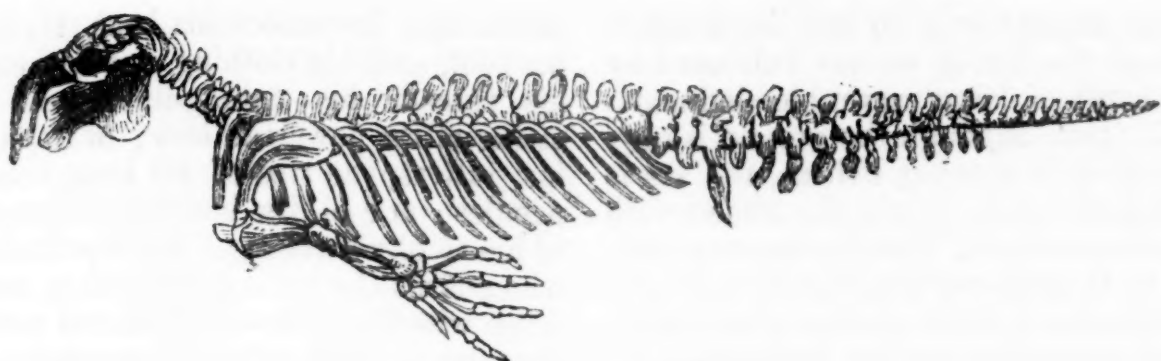
ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER II.

MANATUS AND DUGONGS—THE RHYTINA—SEALS AND ESKIMOS—MENELAUS IN THE SEAL-SKIN—BARBAROUS DESTRUCTION OF THE SEALS IN BEHRING'S SEA AND THE SOUTHERN OCEAN—REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A SEALER FROM GENEVA—THE COMMON SEAL—THE URSINE SEAL—ITS PATERNAL AFFECTION—THE SHAGGY AND SMOOTH SEA LION—THE ELEPHANT SEAL—THE ARCTIC WALRUS—BEECHY'S DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL OF WALRUSES—THE POLAR BEAR—AFFECTING INSTANCE OF ITS LOVE FOR ITS CUBS—THE SEA OTTER—THE COMMON OTTER.

THE transition from the whales to the seals and walruses is formed by the false or herbivorous Cetaceans—the Manatus or Lamantines of the Atlantic, and the now almost exterminated Dugongs of the Indian Ocean. Like the whale, these animals have, instead of hind-legs, a powerful horizontal tail; but are distinguished from them by their more flexible

fore-paws, on which they rest while feeding on the weeds on shore. When they raise the front part of the body above water, a lively fancy can trace a resemblance to the human form. Hence they are also called Syrens, or, from the fully developed breasts of the females, Mermaids; as from the moustache of the males, the latter are called Mermen. In



SKELETON OF THE MANATU.

pite of their clumsy form, the vitulines countenance wears an expression of calmness and peace.

The Lamantines inhabit the tropical coast-range and streams, both in Africa and America, and attain a length of twenty to twenty-five feet. According to Humboldt, the flesh tastes like ham; and Von Martius declared, that he never ate any pig-meat so good in Brazil. The South American monks consider it a nice fish, and eat the meat with great satisfaction on fast-days. In addition, each animal produces about four thousand flasks of oil for the church lamps and culinary purposes. Thongs are cut out of the thick skin, as well as whips, with which the wretched slaves are punished. As the Lamantine is so useful in many respects, and defenceless and easy of capture, especially at the time of the overflow, when it proceeds higher up the Maranon, Orinoco, Essequibo, Senegal, etc., in search of food, and is often cut off, it is in many districts almost extirpated—a fate it shares with the Indian Dugong.

The remarkable “Borkenthier,” or Bark-Beast (*Rhytina Stelleri*; *Stellerus borealis*, Desm.; *Trichechus borealis*, Shaw), which the renowned and unfortunate Steller first discovered and described in Behring’s Island in 1741, seems to have been entirely erased from the list of living creatures. This sea-monster, which was twenty-three feet in length, and weighed eight thousand pounds, had a black skin an inch thick, which resembled the warty cracked bark of an old oak, scarcely penetrable with an axe, and, when cut through, was exactly like ebony in polish and colour. In lieu of teeth, it had, at top and bottom, two long quadrangular masticating plates, six inches in length and three in breadth, between which is rubbed the sea weed, its ordinary food. The Russians kept up such an incessant chase against the defenceless *Rhytina*, that in 1768, according to Sauer’s report, the last specimen

was killed in Behring’s Island. It has never been found again, despite of repeated researches and inquiries. History records no other instance of an animal so lately known, and so early destroyed. A single masticating plate, and a portion of the skull, now in the St. Petersburg Museum, are the only relics of this once so numerous family.

The Lamantines and Dugongs are easily tamed in the lagunes and bays of the tropical rivers; but there is reason to apprehend that they, too, will disappear ere man has thought of introducing them among his domestic animals.

The movement of the Phocæ on land is clumsy; still they creep along with tolerable speed with their fore-paws, and make such huge leaps with their hind-paws, that it is difficult to catch them. Their movements in the water, however, are all the more rapid. Their long body, tapering like a fish towards the tail; the abundance of fat, whose light specific gravity facilitates swimming; the position of their feet, which are admirably adapted for steering and paddling; in a word, their whole construction is calculated for an aquatic life.

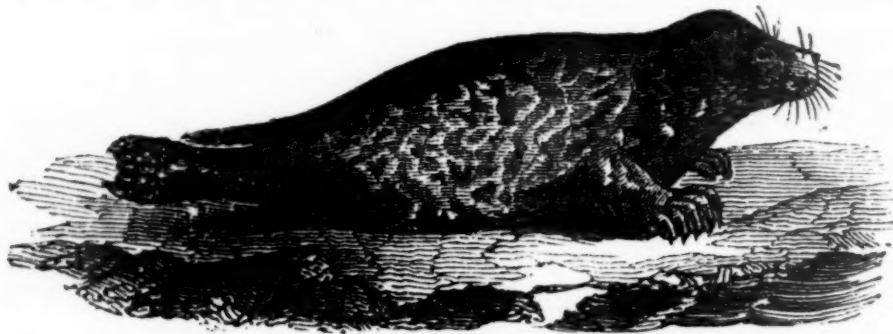
Phocæ are found in nearly every sea, though they principally live on the coasts of the colder regions, and decline in size and number the nearer they approach the tropical regions. Thus, small sea-dogs are found at Surinam; but the powerful ursine seals, sea-lions, elephant-seals, and other huge representatives of the family, are found exclusively in the higher latitudes, on which the sunbeams fall obliquely, and where the winter forms but one long night.

There are also Phocæ in the Mediterranean, but poor little creatures, and few in number; while in 65° 50' southern latitude, animals of this description have been caught weighing 850 pounds; and Captain Renouf, as we read in “Dumont D’Urville’s Voyages to the South Pole,” killed 2000 Phocæ in latitude 81°.

How strange it is to find the desolate coasts of the Arctic oceans enlivened by such herds of large warm-blooded mammals! But although the ground is only covered with scrubby lichens, the sea is full of fish, which supply the *Phocæ* with abundance of food. The *Merlangus polaris* and the *Ophidium Parryi* in the northern hemisphere, as well as the *Nothothenia Phocæ* discovered by Dr. Richardson off Kerguelen's-land in the southern, try in vain to escape from the pursuit of the *Phoca* in the little cavities and fissures of the pack ice; and these small varieties of fish live, in their turn, on the minute crustaceans and molluscs with which the sea is covered in those parts. The Greenland Eskimo, to whom the soil of his rude home supplies not the smallest fruit, has to find his food in the sea; and the *Phoca* plays the same important part in his simple life-history as the reindeer among the Lapps, or the camel among the Bedouins. The flesh and fat of the seal are his principal food;

of its skin he makes his boat, his tent, his roof, and his clothing; of its sinews his thread, his fishing-lines, and the string of his powerful bow; of its bones his rafters, the ribs of his boat, and his needles; and of its bladder the window of his smoky dwelling. But the Bedouin who guards the patient dromedary, or the Lapp who lives on the flesh and milk of the tame reindeer, enjoys a peaceful life in comparison with the Eskimo, who, to silence the claims of an insatiable appetite, must expose himself to all the horrors of the ocean, and all the terrors of an arctic climate.

At times, he may be seen watching in his boat for hours, amid the frost and fog, till a seal appears on the top of the water, which he at once harpoons; or he waits till the animal comes up to breathe at an air-hole in the ice, and transfixes it with his spear. At times, too, he tries to entrap the sea-calves sunning themselves on the beach, by approaching them stealthily from the sea, and making a rush



THE COMMON SEAL.

at them. Now and then he has recourse to stratagem, wraps himself in a seal-skin, and imitating, with all the cleverness of a savage, the head-shaking and clumsy movements of the sea-calf, he creeps among his unsuspecting victims.

We read in the *Odyssey*, that the "tawny hero, Menelaus," in order to catch the changing Proteus, concealed his royal limbs beneath a seal-skin, but could hardly endure the smell. The kind goddess who suggested the mode of catching Proteus, aided him again in this dilemma; she approached the party, and rubbed ambrosia of pleasant fragrance beneath their nostrils, which destroyed the stench of the ocean monster.

Fortunately for the Eskimos, their olfactory nerves are not nearly so susceptible as the nose of the Homeric hero; in fact, they rather like the smell than otherwise. Physical strength, cleverness, caution, presence of mind, perseverance, a sure eye and sharp ear, are qualities in which no Eskimo must be deficient, and

they are exercised from the earliest youth. Before he is fifteen, the boy must understand seal-hunting as well as his father, and make all the requisite implements with his own hand. In those inhospitable countries, every man depends on himself; for where the mere preservation of life calls upon all the powers of body and mind, weakness and want of skill are necessarily destructive.

Not merely the wild tribes of the north, however, but civilized nations (who in this respect are true barbarians), chase the *Phocæ*, or rather carry on the most senseless war of extermination against them.

Thus, on the Pribilow Islands in Behring's Sea, from 1786, the year of their discovery, up to 1833, no less than 3,178,562 ursine seals were killed. The discoverers alone killed, in the first two years, 40,000, without taking into account what fell to the share of others. At Unalaska, the depôt for the produce of the Russian chase, there were stored, in

1803, no less than 800,000 skins, more than 700,000 of which were burnt or thrown into the water, probably not to swamp the market. As a well-deserved punishment, the produce fell off rapidly from this moment, until the number of sea-bears became augmented by more merciful treatment.

Still the English and Americans in the southern seas have no right to reproach the Russians in the north. Since 1815, 40,000 sea-lions have been annually killed on the South American coast, which produced about 2000 tons of oil; but the number of the animals is now so reduced, that it is scarcely worth while hunting them. Sir James Ross tells us, that the sea-bears and other varieties of the *Phocæ* were formerly found in large numbers at Kerguelen's-land, which seduced fleets to these desolate islands annually. But after so many years of persecution, the animals have either migrated, or have been almost entirely extirpated.

"There are reasons for fearing," Quoy and Gaymard write, "that, in consequence of the war of extermination which has been carried on against the *Phocæ*, though now with decreasing zeal, on the coasts of New Holland, they will disappear from the southern hemisphere before all their varieties are known to us." Every year, men are landed from English and American vessels in the bays or uninhabited islands of the South Sea, where the *Phocæ* mostly congregate, to kill these animals, boil down their fat, and pull off their skins. After a few months, the vessel usually returns to fetch the collected stores, and provide the slaughterers, who remain for several years at their solitary post, with fresh provisions. It happens at times, however, that these wretched men are deserted by their comrades, either to rob them of their share of the booty obtained elsewhere, or because, owing to the distance, it is not worth while to fetch them. We can conceive the despair of the deserted men, when week passes after week, and still the expected vessel does not appear on the horizon; when their last provisions are exhausted, and death by starvation slowly creeps upon them! Thus, Dumont d'Urville found, among a horde of Patagonians on the Straits of Magelhaëns, a sealer who, deserted by his companions, had for three months supported his wretched life among these hospitable but half-starving savages. He was a journeyman watchmaker from Geneva, who had

emigrated to America; but as fortune did not smile upon him in his new home, he listened to the brilliant promises of a whaling captain, and sailed with him from New York to the desert islands of Tierra del Fuego. D'Urville, from compassion, took him with him to Talcahuano in Chili, where he left him to his fate.

On the eastern coast of North America, the capture of seals is still very productive. Newfoundland lies in such a position, that the enormous masses of drift-ice which move in the spring southwards from Hudson's and Davis' Straits must pass its coasts; and on these swimming islands, which frequently enclose small placid lakes, thousands of *Phocæ* are found. In the month of March, more than four hundred vessels prepared for their capture, put out from the ports of Newfoundland, and boldly enter all the openings in the ice-fields where the presence of *Phocæ* is suspected. The crew, armed with heavy cudgels, land on the crystallised ground; and in a few weeks as many as 500,000 of these useful animals have been killed. Even in the Scottish ports, Aberdeen especially, vessels are equipped for killing *Phocæ* on the North American coast, and they generally return richly laden with oil and skins.

According to the varying number and shape of their canine and molar teeth, as well as the presence or absence of an external ear, the *Phocæ* are divided into an infinity of families, genera, and species, of which we will merely select the most prominent.

The Common Seal, or German Sea-dog (*Calocephalus vitulinus*, *Phoca vitulina* of Linnæus), also called the Sea-calf, owes its first name to the similitude of its face to that of our faithful domestic animal; the second, to the unpleasant sound of its voice. It attains a length of five to six feet. The head is large and round, the neck short, and on either side of the mouth a few strong bristles stand out, as in the dog. It has large quick eyes, no external ear, and a forked tongue. It has six incisors in the upper jaw, four in the lower, a strong sharp canine tooth on either side, and many pointed molars. Woe to the poor herring that enters this mill, for it is irretrievably lost.

The colour of the skin, which is covered with short strong hair, is, as our trunks teach us, as various as that of the ox or horse: brown, yellow, white, black, striped and spotted. As in all the other *Phocæ*,

the feet are provided with claw-like nails. The Common Seal likes the northern waters, and is found in large numbers at Spitzbergen, Greenland, Labrador, on the coasts of Norway and Russia, in the Arctic Ocean, and on the north-eastern shores of Asia. Formerly, it was met with in the Baltic, on the coasts of England, France, Germany, and Holland, and on the eastern coast of America, not merely to the 21st degree of latitude, as Dampier asserts, but off Surinam. Towards the South Pole, seals are seen at the Falkland Islands, and at the outermost Antarctic Regions. It is uncertain, however, whether they belong to this or some cognate genera. The movement of the Common Seal on land is clumsy, but in a proper depth of water its movements are extremely rapid; it dives, and appears immediately a great distance off on the water, so that fish can only escape it by dwelling in the shallowest waters. It can remain under water fifteen minutes, or thrice as long as the most practised pearl-fisher. In spite of being such an excellent swimmer, it rarely goes more than a hundred miles from land, where it rests and sleeps. In summer it likes to sun itself ashore, on blocks of ice or ledges of rock. This peculiarity is often taken advantage of by sportsmen on the Scottish coast, to greet it with a bullet. If it be not struck, it hurries off at once to its native element, throwing up earth and stones behind it, and evidencing its fear by lamentable groans and yells. If it be caught up and attacked, however, it defends itself to the death with feet and teeth. Its flesh, which is tender, juicy, and fat, and not unlike that of the wild boar in taste, formerly found, like that of the porpoise, a place on the tables of the English nobility. At a banquet given by Archbishop Neville to Edward IV. several Phocæ were served up, which the nobles regarded as a lordly dish.

The Seal ordinarily gives birth to two cubs, which it suckles for about a fortnight, and then conducts to sea to give them lessons in natation, and looking for the sea-weed, which will be their staple food for the present. When they grow tired, the parents carry them on their backs. If caught when young they can be perfectly tamed to follow their master like a dog, and come to him when he calls them by name. According to Pliny, no animal sleeps more soundly;* but more

recent observations contradict this, for according to them, the Seal is extremely watchful, and rarely sleeps for more than a minute, without opening its eyes and looking round to see if there is any danger. It is a question, however, whether this is the case by night, when men do not pursue it, or with the younger animals, happily ignorant of human wiles. At least, we read in Oetker's "Heligoland," that the young seals in that island stretch themselves so cozily on the sand and sleep so soundly, that the coast-guard creeps up to them and holds one by the tail, while it snaps away savagely at the air; then he gains a few pence by showing it, and finally, fat lumps for the oil-pot.

Among the ancients the belief was propagated that seal-skins, even after their separation from the body, retained a sympathy with the ocean, and that the hairs constantly bristled at ebb tide; the right foot, too, was supposed to exercise a somnolent influence, so that you needed only to place it under your cushion to be sure of a famous night's rest.

Other remarkable varieties of the Phocæ, are the Harp-seal (*Phoca-Groënlandica*, Fabricius; *Calocephalus Groënlandicus*, F. Cuvier), the Eskimos' Alpha and Omega; the Crested Seal of the Northern Polar Sea (*P. barbata*; *Calocephalus barbatus*, F. Cuv.; *Le grand phoque*, Buffon), which attains a length of ten feet; the Seal of the North Pacific, studded with numerous blackish-brown spots (*P. Nummularis*); the Ringed Seal (*P. annulata*), black, with large oval white rings, seen by Parry repeatedly at the ice-holes up to 82 $\frac{3}{4}$ ° N. Latitude, and which is probably the most Northern variety, etc.

The Elephant Seal, or Bottle-nose (*Cystophora proboscidea*; *Macrorhinus proboscideus*, F. Cuvier; *Phoca proboscidea*, Desm.; *Miouroung* of the Australians), derives its name, not only from its size, as it is said to attain a length of twenty-five, and even thirty feet, but also through the remarkable structure of its elongated proboscis, which, hanging down when the animal is quiet, through any emotion is puffed out into a tube a foot in length. This, together with the widely opened mouth, and fearful growling of the animal, is well fitted to frighten the boldest hunter. But defencelessness and weakness are hidden beneath this threaten-

* Nullum animal graviore somno præmitur.

ing mask, and a single blow of a cudgel on the snout is sufficient to fell the giant. The Sea-elephant is at home between 35° and 55° S. Latitude, in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, where it prefers the most solitary islands and coasts. But even on the desolate Kerguelen's-land, sailors have found and extirpated it; for an excellent leather can be made of the thick short-haired hide, while beneath is a layer of fat a foot in thickness.

The Crested Seal, or Leather-cap (*Cystophora Borealis*; *Stenmatopus cristatus*, F. Cuvier; *Phoca cristata*, Gmel. and Desm.; *Phoca leonina* of Fabricius), of the Northern Polar Sea, which only attains a length of seven to eight feet, is distinguished by a similar faculty of drawing up the skin from the snout to between the eyes. Then a bladder projects on either side, parted by a firm strip of hide in the centre. But the animal may blow up its skin as much as it pleases; the sealer, for all that, fells it, draws its skin over its head, and throws the fat into the cauldron.

The Otariæ, or Eared Phocæ, stand at the head of the family, because their longer and more fully developed feet permit them freer motion on land.

The most valuable of them all is the Ursine Seal (*Arctocephalus ursinus*; *Otaria ursina*, Desm.; *Ursus marinus*, Steller). The black shaggy skin of the animals, from four months to a year old, is held in great repute, and always finds a sure market at Canton. The Russo-American Fur Company now exercises great caution in killing the Ursine seals, at St. Paul, one of the Pribilow Islands, their favourite summer residence. The chase begins at the end of September; and a cold windy day is selected, when the wind is blowing from the quarter where the animals lie. The most daring hunters, skilled in leaping over stones and rocks, go in advance; then follow the old men and children; last come the overseers, and all are armed with clubs. The great art is to cut the herd off from the sea as quickly as possible. The grown animals are driven back and left at liberty; but the young ones are forced inland, sometimes for ten versts, and then killed with the clubs. All the young bears, of the age of four months, are killed; but of those a year old, only the males; the females are carefully taken back to the sea-shore. For several days the mothers will swim round the islands and seek their young with heart-rending moans.

From October 5, the island is gradually deserted by the Ursine Seals, which proceed southward, and return in April, the males arriving first. Each lands at the same spot it occupied on the previous year, and settles down on the flat stone-covered beach. In the middle of May, the females, who are far more numerous, arrive, and then the season is at its height.

The Ursine Seal attains a length of eight to nine feet, and a circumference of five round the chest; its weight is from eight to nine cwt. It owes its name entirely to its rough black head; but not in any way to a cruel and rapacious temper.

The Ursine Seal is a polygamist, like the Turk or the Mormon, and the number of wives frequently amounts to fifty. The cubs are usually very active, and are fond of playing and wrestling together. When one has thrown another on the ground, the father comes up growling, toys with the victor, trying to overthrow it, and gives the young animal more and more embraces the greater the resistance it offers. It is not so attached to the lazy, idle cubs. These usually hang about the mother. All the cubs remain with their parents till they are a year old.

The male loves its females and cubs remarkably, but often treats the former with the severity of an Eastern Pasha. He will fight for his cubs, if you try to take them away; but if a mother neglects to pick up a cub in its mouth, and thus loses it, the father's fury is turned upon her. He seizes her by the teeth, and dashes her several times against a rock. So soon as she has slightly recovered, she returns to her lord in a most humble posture, sheds many tears, and crouches at his feet.

The male walks up and down growling, rolling his eyes, and throwing his head about; but if he finds that he has no chance of recovering the cub, he begins weeping, too, so violently, that the tears fall in drops and wet his breast. When old, the Ursine Seal is deserted by his wives, and spends the rest of his life in solitude, principally in sleeping and fasting, but generally grows very fat, so that he proves the truth of the French proverb, "*Qui dort, dine.*" Among the virtues of the Sea-bear, its chivalrous sentiments must be taken into account. And it really deserves neither its ominous name nor the cruel persecution of man. If two Sea-bears have a fight, the others

form a circle round the combatants, and look on till the victory is decided. Then, however, they take the part of the weaker, at which the heated victor is savage, and attacks the peace-makers. A general *melée* soon commences; the terrible growling continually brings up fresh combatants, and the sea is dyed with the blood, that flows for many a mile round.

Steller's Sea-lion (*Otaria Stelleri*) is twice as large as the Ursine Seal; but its dusky skin, covered with short coarse hair, has no value in the peltry trade. It is all the more valuable, however, to the Aleutian, who covers his *laidare* with the dressed skins; makes his waterproof *kamleika* of the entrails; employs the web-membrane for his shoes; adorns his cap with the beard, and eats the meat, either fresh, dried, or salted. The Sea-lion is found in all the islands of the coast of the Pacific, from 61° N. Latitude, down to the unknown southern latitudes, but nowhere in such numbers as at St. George's, one of the Pribilow Islands, where the innumerable herds present a most extraordinary sight, the clumsy, gigantic masses of fat and meat covering a broad, rocky, naked, fat-stained belt of the strand. The sea-birds (*Uria*), occupy the free spots on the beach among them; they fly dauntlessly about them, and are not at all alarmed by the growling. A dense fog is generally expanded over the weird scene, and the hollow murmur of the waves is mingled with the croaking of the birds and the growling of the Phocæ, into a most melancholy concert.

Steller's Sea-lion has only some short bristly hair on the neck; but the neck of the southern Sea-lion (*Otaria jubata*; *Platyrrhynchus leoninus*, F. Cuv.), bears a regular mane. The whole of the body is covered with short smooth hair. The lioness is of a rather darker colour than the lion, but has no mane. The pectoral fins look like large pieces of black, tough leather, and are armed with almost imperceptible knobs instead of claws. The back fins bear a close resemblance to feet, and the five toes are provided with small nails. A fearful-looking animal, ten feet in length! And well may the naturalist start back in terror, when, in walking through the tall Tussack grass of the Melvines, he suddenly sees such a giant seal before him, which salutes him with

widely expanded jaws and a terrific growl!

The Arctic Walrus comes next to the Phocæ in the succession of the creation, as it is more fitly constructed for the water than the land.

It has no front teeth, and the molars, like those of herbivorous animals, are flat. This evidences difference of food, and the Walruses live chiefly on sea-weed and molluscs; while the Phocæ are such tremendous fish-consumers, that Sir James Ross found in the stomach of a sea-calf, beyond the southern Polar circle, no less than twenty-eight pounds of undigested fish. In the place of canine teeth, the Walrus has two tusks growing out of the upper jaw.

The Arctic Walrus (*Trichechus Rosmarus*) is one of the largest of these animals, for it grows to a length of eighteen feet, and measures twelve feet round the middle of the body. Its form is very awkward; for it has a small head, a short neck, a thick body, and stumpy legs, terminating in broad, fin-like feet. Hence it is not surprising that it moves very clumsily on land. It raises and sinks its head alternately, like a large caterpillar, to facilitate the advance of the hinder part. The upper lip, which is very thick, and parted in the centre, is covered with half-transparent yellow bristles, three inches long, and about as thick as a straw, which do not add to its personal appearance. Under this lip emerge two powerful tusks, which, like those of the elephant, grow out of the upper-jaw, but are bent downwards. They are also intended for a very different purpose; for while the elephant employs his tusks to tear up the ground and dig out roots, the walrus, with their assistance, lifts its helpless body on to lumps of ice, when it desires to sun itself. For both animals they are a terrible weapon, defending the elephant against the bounding tiger, and the walrus against the greedy shark and hungry Polar bear. The walrus is slaughtered, not only for the sake of these tusks, which are finer, closer, and whiter than ivory, and excellently adapted for artificial teeth, but also for its rich oily fat, and its inch-thick hide, out of which a very strong elastic leather is prepared.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAY TO MARLEY WATER.

"No one by the *Highflyer* to-night?" asked the blacksmith of Compton-on-the-Moor of the weak-eyed landlord of the Black Bear, first and greatest hostelry in that parish.

"No one but Captain Duke."

"What? the Captain's been up in London, then, maybe?"

"Been there three weeks, and over," replied the landlord, who seemed rather of a desponding nature, and not conversationally inclined.

"Ah! um!" said the blacksmith; "three weeks and more up in London; three weeks and more away from that pretty-spoken lady of his; three weeks gambling, and roystering, and fighting, and beating of the watch, and dancing at that fine roundabout place at Chelsea, and suppers in Covent Garden; three weeks spending of the King's money; three weeks——"

"Going to the devil! three weeks going to the devil!" said a voice behind him; "why not say it in plain English, John Homerton, while you're about it?"

"Bless us and save us, if it isn't Mr. Darrell Markham!"

"Himself, and nobody else," said the speaker, a tall man in a riding-dress and high boots, wearing a three-cornered hat, drawn very much over his eyes; "but keep it dark, Homerton, nobody in Compton knows I'm here; it's only a business visit, and a flying visit. I'm off in a couple of hours. What was that you were saying about Captain George Duke, of his Majesty's ship the *Vulture*?"

"Why, I was saying, Master Darrell, that if I had such a pretty wife as Mistress Duke, and could only be with her two months out of the twelve, I wouldn't be in London half of the time. I think your cousin might have made a better match of it, Master Darrell Markham, with her pretty face."

"I think she might, John Homerton."

They had been standing at the door of the inn during this little dialogue. The blacksmith had the bridle of his sturdy little white pony—five-and-twenty years of age, if a day—in his hand, ready to mount him and ride home to his forge, at the furthest end of the straggling country town; but he had been unable to resist

the fascination of the weak-eyed landlord's conversational powers. Darrell Markham turned away from the two, and walking out into the dusty high road, looked along a narrow winding track that crossed the bare black moorland, stretching away for miles before him. The Black Bear stood at the entrance to the town, and on the very edge of the bleak open country.

"We shall have a dark night," said Markham, "and I shan't have a very pleasant ride to Marley Water."

"You'll never go to-night, sir?" said the landlord.

"I tell you I must go to-night, Samuel Pecker. Foul or fair weather, I must sleep at Marley Water this night."

"You always was such a daring one, Mr. Darrell," said the blacksmith, admiringly.

"It doesn't take so very much courage for a lonely ride over Compton Moor as all that comes to, John Homerton. I've a pair of pistols that never missed fire yet; my horse is sound, wind and limb; I've a full purse, and I know how to take care of it: I've met a highwayman before to-night, and I've been a match for one before to-night; and what's more to the purpose than all, honest John, I *must* do it."

"Must be at Marley Water to-night, Mr. Markham?"

"Must sleep at the Golden Lion, in the village of Marley Water, this night, Mr. Pecker," replied the young man.

"Landlord, show me the road from here to Marley Water," said a stranger.

The three men looked up, and saw, looking down at them, a man on horseback, who had ridden up to the inn so softly that they had never heard the sound of his horse's hoofs. How long the horse might have been standing there, or when the horseman had stopped, or where he had come from, neither of the three could guess; but there he was, with the last fading light of the autumn evening full upon his face, the last rosy shadow of the low sun gleaming on his auburn hair.

This face, lit up by the setting sun, was a very handsome one. Regular features, massively cut; a ruddy colour in the cheeks, something bronzed by a foreign sun; brown eyes, with dark, clearly-defined eyebrows, and waving auburn hair, which the October breeze caught up from

the low broad forehead. The horseman was of the average height, stalwart, well proportioned; a model; in short, of manly English beauty. The horse was like its master, broad-chested and strong-limbed.

"I want to know the nearest road to Marley Water," he said for the second time; for there was something so sudden in the manner of his appearance, that neither of the three men had answered his inquiry.

The landlord, Mr. Samuel Pecker, was the first to recover his surprise.

"Yon winding road across the moor will take you straight as an arrow, Captain," he answered, civilly, but paradoxically.

The horseman nodded. "Thank you, and good-night," he said, and cantered away along the moorland bridle-path, for the road was little better.

"Captain! who is he then?" asked Darrell Markham, as soon as the stranger was gone.

"Your cousin's husband, sir; Captain George Duke."

"Is that George Duke? Why he spoke like a stranger."

"That's his way, sir," said the landlord; "that's the worst of the Captain; hail fellow well met, and what would you like to drink? one day, and keep your distance, another. There's no knowing where to have him; but, after all, he's a jolly chap, the Captain."

"He's a very handsome chap," said Darrell Markham; "I don't so much wonder that Millicent Markham fell in love with him."

"There's some as says Miss Millicent had fell in love with some one else before ever she saw him," said the landlord insinuatingly.

"They should find something better to do than to talk of a young lady's love affairs, then," answered Markham, gravely. "I tell you what, Samuel Pecker, if I don't set out at once, I shan't find Marley Water to-night; it will be as dark as pitch in another hour. Tell them to bring out Balmerino."

"Must you go to-night, Mr. Markham?"

"I tell you I must, Samuel. Come, tell the ostler to bring the horse round. I shall be half way there before 'tis dark, if I start at once."

"Good-night, then, sir," said the blacksmith; "I only wish you was going to stop in Compton; the place is dull enough now, with the old squire dead, and the

Hall shut up, and the young squire ruining himself in London, and you away. Compton isn't what it was when you was a boy, Mr. Darrell, and the squire, your uncle, used to keep Christmas up at the Hall; those were times—and now——"

"Egad, we must all get old, John Homerton," said Darrell, with a sigh.

"But it's hard to sigh, or to talk of growing old, either, sir," said the blacksmith, "at eight-and-twenty years of age. Good-night, Master Darrell, and—asking pardon for the liberty—God bless you," and he mounted the elderly white pony, and jogged off towards the twinkling lights of the narrow high street.

Just as the blacksmith rode away, a female voice in the interior of the inn was heard crying, "Where is he? where is that foolish boy of mine, I say? He's not a going away to-night; he's not a going to have his throat cut, or his brains blowed out on the King's highway," and with these words a ponderous female, of some fifty summers, emerged from the inn door, and flung two very red fat arms, ornamented with black mittens, round Darrell Markham's neck.

"You're not a going to-night, Master Darrell? Oh, I heard Pecker asking of you to stay; but in *his* niminy piminy, namby pamby way, asking isn't asking, somehow," said ponderous Mrs. Pecker, contemptuously. "Oh, I've no patience with him; as if you was a going to stay for dying ducks!" This rather obscure observation was pointed derisively at Mr. Samuel Pecker, whose despondent manner drew upon him the contempt of his magnificent and energetic better half.

As to the landlord of the Black Bear, it must be here set down that there was no such thing. Waiters there were, chambermaids there were, ostlers there were, but landlord there was not. He was so entirely absorbed in the splendour of his large and dominant spouse that he had much better have not been at all; for what there was of him was always in the way. If he gave an order, it was, of course, an insane and utterly impracticable order; and if by any evil chance some domestic, unused, perhaps, to the ways of the place, attempted to execute that order, why there was the whole internal machinery of the Black Bear thrown into confusion for an entire day. If he received a traveller, he generally gave that traveller such a dismal impression of life

in general, and Compton-on-the-Moor in particular, that nine times out of ten the dispirited wanderer would depart as soon as his horse had had a mouthful of corn, and a drink of water out of the great trough under the oak tree before the door. There never were so many highwaymen on any road as on the roads he spoke of; there never were going to be such storms as when he discoursed of the weather; there never were such calamities coming down upon poor old England as when he talked politics, or such bad harvests about to paralyse the country as when he conversed on agriculture.

Some people said he was gloomy by nature, and that (like that well-beloved king across the channel, who used to tell Madame de Pompadour to stop in the middle of a funny story) it was pain to him to smile. Others, on the contrary, affirmed that he had been a much livelier man before his marriage, and that the weight of his happiness was too much for him; that he was sinking under the bliss of being allied to so magnificent a creature as Mrs. Samuel Pecker, and that his unlooked-for good fortune in the matrimonial line had undermined his health and spirits. Be it as it might, there he was, mildly despondent, and utterly powerless to combat with the contumely daily heaped upon his head by his lovely, but gigantic partner, Sarah Pecker.

The stranger, on first becoming a witness of the domestic felicity within the Black Bear, was apt to imagine that Mr. Samuel Pecker was in a manner an intruder there; landlord on sufferance, and nominal proprietor; or as one might say, host consort, only reigning by right of the actual sovereign, his wife. But it was no such thing; the august line of Pecker, time out of mind, had been regnant at the Black Bear. The late Samuel Pecker, father of Samuel, husband of Sarah, was a burly, stalwart fellow, six feet high, if an inch, and as unlike his mild and feeble son as it is possible for one Englishman to be unlike another Englishman. From this father Samuel had inherited all those premises, dwelling-house, out-buildings, gardens, farm-yard, stables, cowhouses, and pigsties, known as the Black Bear. But Samuel had not long enjoyed his dominions. Six months after ascending the throne, or rather installing himself in the great oaken armchair in the bar parlour of the Black Bear, he had taken to wife Sarah, housekeeper to Squire Ringwood

Markham, of the Hall, and widow of Thomas Masterson, mariner.

Thus it is that Sarah Pecker's two fat mottled arms are at this present moment clasped round Darrell Markham's neck. She had known Darrell from his childhood, and firmly believed that not amongst all the beaux who frequent Ranelagh and the coffee-houses, not in either of the king's services, not in Leicester-fields or Kensington, not at the "Cocoa Tree," "White's," nor "Bellamy's;" in the Mall, or in Change Alley; at Bath, or at Tonbridge Wells; not, in short, in any quarter of civilized and fashionable England, is there to be met with so handsome, so distinguished, so clever, so elegant, so brave, generous, fascinating, noble, and honest a scapegrace as Darrell Markham, gentleman at large, and, what is worse, in difficulties.

"You wont go to-night, Master Darrell," she said. "You wont let it be said that you went away from the Black Bear to be murdered on Compton Moor. Jenny's basting a capon for your supper at this very minute, and you shall have a bottle of your poor uncle's own wine, that Pecker bought at the Hall sale."

"It's no use, Mrs. Pecker; I tell you I mustn't stay. I know how well Jenny can roast a capon, and I know how comfortable you can make your guests, and there's nothing I should like better than to stop, but I mustn't; I want to catch the coach that leaves Marley Water at five o'clock to-morrow morning for York. I had no right to come to Compton at all, but I couldn't resist riding across to shake hands with you, Mrs. Sarah, for the sake of the old times that are dead and gone, and to ask the news of Nat Halloway the miller, and Lucas Jordan the doctor, and Selgood the lawyer, and a few more of my old companions, and——, and——"

"And of Miss Millicent? Eh, Master Darrell? For all London's such a wide city, and there's so many of these fine painted madams flaunting along the Mall, full sail, in their pannier-hoops and French furbelows. You haven't quite forgotten Miss Millicent, eh, Darrell Markham?"

She had nursed him on her ample knees when he was but a tiny, swaddled baby, and she sometimes called him Darrell Markham, *tout court*.

"There was something wrong in that, Master Darrell. There was a gay wedding a year ago at Compton church, and very

grand and very handsome everything was; and sure the bride looked very lovely, but one thing was wrong, and that was the bridegroom."

"If you don't want me to be benighted, or to have these very indifferent brains of mine blown out by some valiant knight of the road upon Compton Moor, you'd better let me be off, Mistress Pecker! Mistress Pecker! oh, the good old days, the dear old days! when I used to call you Mistress Sally Masterson, in the housekeeper's room at the Hall." He turned away from her with a sigh, and began whistling a plaintive old English ditty, as he stood looking out over the wide expanse of gloomy moorland.

The ostler brought the horse round to the inn door—a stout brown hack, sixteen hands high, muscular and spirited-looking, with only one speck of white about him, a long slender streak down the side of his head.

The young man put his arm caressingly round the horse's neck, and drawing his head down looked at him as he would have looked at a friend, of whose truth, in all a truthless world, he at least was certain.

"Brave Balmerino, good Balmerino," he said, "you've to carry me four-and-twenty miles across a rough country to-night. You've to carry me on an errand, the end of which perhaps will be a bad one; you've to carry me away from a great many bitter memories and a great many cruel thoughts; but you'll do it, Balmerino, you'll do it, wont you, old boy?"

The horse nestled his head against the young man's shoulder, and snuffed at his coat sleeve.

"Brave boy; that means yes," said Markham, as he sprang into the saddle. "Good night, old friends; good-bye, old home: as Mr. Garrick says in Mr. Shakespear's play, 'Richard's himself again!' Good-bye."

He waved his hand and rode slowly off towards the moorland bridle-path, but before he had crossed the wide high road, the usually phlegmatic Samuel Pecker intercepted him, by suddenly rising up, pale of countenance and dismal of mien, under his horse's head.

Darrell pulled up with an abrupt jerk that threw Balmerino on his haunches, or he must inevitably have ridden over the landlord of the Black Bear.

"Mr. Darrell Markham," said the moody innkeeper, very slowly, "don't you go to Marley Water this night! Don't

go! Don't ask me why, sir, and don't, sir, ask me wherefore; for I don't know wherefore, and I can't tell why; but don't go! I've got one of those what-you-may-call-'ems. I mean one of those feelings about me that says, as plain as words, 'don't do it!'"

"What, a presentiment, eh, Pecker?"

"That's the dictionary word for it, I believe, sir. Don't go!"

"Samuel Pecker, I must. If I go to my death, through going to Marley Water, so be it; I go!" He shook the bridle on the horse's neck, and the animal sped off at such a rate that by the time Mr. Samuel Pecker had recovered himself sufficiently to look up, all he could see of Darrell Markham was a cloud of white dust hurrying over the darkening moorland before the autumn wind.

Mrs. Pecker stood under the wide thatched porch of the Black Bear, watching the receding horseman.

"Poor Master Darrell! Brave, generous, noble Master Darrell! I only wish, for pretty Miss Millicent's sake, that Captain George Duke was a little like him."

"But suppose Captain George Duke wishes nothing of the kind? How then, Mistress Pecker?"

The person who thus answered Mrs. Pecker's soliloquy was a man of average height, dressed in a naval coat and three-cornered hat, who had come up to the inn doorway as quietly as the horseman had done half an hour before.

For once the gigantic bosom of the unflinching Sarah Pecker quailed before one of the sterner sex; she almost stammered, that great woman, as she said, "I beg your pardon, Captain Duke, I was only a-thinking!"

"You were only a-thinking aloud, Mistress Pecker. So you'd like to see George Duke, of His Majesty's ship the *Vulture*, a good-for-nothing, idling, reckless ne'er-do-weel, like Darrell Markham, would you?"

"I tell you what it is, Captain; you're Miss Millicent's husband, and if—if you was a puppy dog, and she was fond of you, there isn't a word I could bring myself to say against you, for the sake of that sweet young lady. But don't you speak one bad word of Master Darrell Markham, for that's one of the things that Sarah Pecker will never put up with, while she's got a tongue in her head and sharp nails of her own at her fingers' ends."

The Captain burst into a long, ringing

laugh; a laugh that had a silver music peculiar to itself. There were people in the town of Compton-on-the-Moor, in the seaport of Marley Water, and on board His Majesty's frigate the *Vulture*, who said that there were times when that laugh had a cruel sound in its music, and was by no means good to hear. But what man in authority ever escaped the breath of slander, and why should Captain Duke be more exempt than his fellows?

"I forgive you, Mrs. Pecker," he said, "I forgive you. I can afford to hear people speak well of Darrell Markham. Poor devil, I pity him!" With which friendly remark the Captain of the *Vulture* strode across the threshold of the inn, and on the door step encountered Mr. Samuel Pecker, who had, after his solemn adjuration to Darrell Markham, re-entered the hostelry by a side door that led through the stable yard.

If Captain George Duke, of His Majesty's navy, had been a ghost, his appearance on the step of the inn door could scarcely have more astonished the mild Samuel Pecker. He started back, and stared at the naval officer with his weak blue eyes opened to their very widest extent.

"Then you didn't go, Captain?"

"Then I didn't go? Didn't go where?"

"Didn't go to Marley Water?"

"Go to Marley Water! No! Who said I was going?"

The small remnant of manly courage left in Mr. Samuel Pecker after his surprise, was quite knocked out of him by the energetic tone of the Captain, and he murmured mildly,—

"Who said so? Oh! no one particular; only, only yourself!"

The Captain laughed his own ringing laugh once more.

"I said so, I said so, Samuel? When?"

"Half-an-hour ago. When you asked me the way there."

"When I asked you the way to Marley Water! Why I know the road as well as I know my own quarter-deck."

"That's what struck me at the time, Captain, when you stopped your horse at this door and asked me the way. I must say I thought it was odd."

"I stopped my horse! When?"

"Half-an-hour ago."

"Samuel Pecker, I haven't been across a horse to-day. I'm not over-attached to the brutes at the best of times, but to-

night I'm tired out with my journey from London, and I've just come straight from my wife's tea-table, where I've been drinking a dish of sloppy bohea and going to sleep over woman's talk."

"And yet Parson Bendham says there's no such things as ghosts!"

"Samuel Pecker, you're drunk."

"I haven't tasted a mug of beer this day, Captain. Ask Sarah."

"That he hasn't, Captain," responded his spouse to this appeal. "I keep my eye upon him too sharp for that."

"Then what's the fool wool-gathering about, Mistress Sally?" said the Captain, rather angrily.

"Lord have mercy upon us! I don't know," replied Mrs. Pecker, scornfully; "he's as full of fancies as the oldest woman in all Cumberland; he's always a-seein' of ghosts, and hobgoblins, and windin'sheets, and all sorts of dismals," added the landlady, contemptuously, "and unsettlin' his mind for business and bookkeepin'. I haven't common patience with him, that I han't."

Mrs. Pecker was very fond of informing people of this fact of her small stock of common patience in the matter of Samuel, her husband; and as all her actions went to confirm her words, she was no doubt pretty generally believed.

"Oh! never mind, it's no consequence, and it's no business of mine," said the landlord, with abject meekness; "there was three of us as see him, that's all!"

"Three of you as see whom?" asked the Captain.

"As see him,—— as see——" the landlord gave a peculiar dry gulp just here, as if the ghost of something was choking him, and he was trying to exorcise it by swallowing hard,—"three of us see— it!"

"It? What?"

"The Captain that stopped on horseback at this door half-an-hour ago, and asked me the way to Marley Water."

Captain Duke looked very hard into the face of the speaker; looked thoughtfully, gravely, earnestly at him, with bright, searching brown eyes; and then again burst out laughing louder than before. So much was he amused by the landlord's astonished and awe-stricken face, that he laughed all the way across the low old hall, laughed as he opened the door of the oak room in which the genteeler visitors at the Bear were accustomed to sit, laughed as he threw himself back into the great wooden chair by the fire,

and stretched his legs out upon the stone hearth, till the heels of his boots rested against the iron dogs, laughed as he called in Samuel Pecker, and could hardly order his favourite beverage—rum punch—for laughing.

The room was empty, and it was to be observed that when the door closed upon the landlord, Captain Duke, though he still laughed, something contracted the muscles of his face, while the pleasant light died slowly out of his handsome brown eyes, and gave place to a settled gloom.

When the punch was brought him, he drank three glasses one after another. But neither the great wood fire blazing on the wide hearth, nor the steaming liquid, seemed to warm him, for he shivered as he drank.

He shivered as he drank, and presently he drew his chair still closer to the fire, planted his feet upon the two iron dogs, and sat looking darkly into the red, spitting, hissing blaze.

"My incubus, my shadow, my curse!" he said. Only six words, but they expressed the hatred of a lifetime.

By and bye a thought seemed suddenly to strike him, he sprang to his feet, so rapidly that he overset the heavy, high-backed oaken chair, and strode out of the room.

On the other side of the hall was situated the common parlour of the inn; the room in which the tradesmen of the town met every evening, the oak-room being sacred to a superior class of travellers, and to such men as the doctor, the lawyer, and Captain Duke. The common parlour was full this evening, and a loud noise of talking and laughter proceeded from the open door.

To this door the Captain went, and removing his hat from his clustering auburn curls, which were tied behind with a ribbon, he bowed to the merry little assembly.

They were on their feet in a moment; Captain George Duke, of his Majesty's ship the *Vulture*, was a great man at Compton-on-the-Moor; his marriage with the only child of the late squire identifying him with the place, to which he was otherwise a stranger.

"Sorry to disturb you, gentlemen," he said, graciously; "is Pecker here?"

Pecker was there, but so entirely crestfallen and subdued that, on hearing himself asked for, he emerged from the head of the table, like some melancholy

male Aphrodite rising from the sea, and uttered not a word.

"Pecker, I want to know the exact time," said the Captain. "My watch is out of order, and Mistress Duke has been so much occupied with reading Mr. Richardson's romances and nursing her lap-dog, that all the clocks at the cottage are out of order, too. What is it by your infallible oaken clock on the stairs, Samuel?"

The landlord rubbed his two little podgy hands through his limp, sandy hair, and seeming to feel better after that slight refreshment, retired silently to execute the Captain's order. A dozen stout silver turnip-shaped chronometers, and great leather-encased Tompion watches, were out in a moment.

"Half-past seven by me;" "a quarter to eight;" "twenty minutes, Captain!" He might have had the choice of half-a-dozen different times had he liked, but he only said, quietly,—

"Thank you, gentlemen, very much; but I'll regulate my watch by Pecker's old clock, for I think it keeps truer time than the church, the market, or the jail."

"The jail's pretty true to time at eight o'clock on a Monday morning sometimes, though, Captain, isn't it?" said a little shoemaker, the wit of the village.

"Not half true enough sometimes, Mr. Tomkins," said the Captain, winding up his watch, with a grave smile playing round his well-shaped mouth. "If everybody was hung that deserves to be hung, Mr. Tomkins, there'd be more room in the world for the honest people. Well, Samuel, what's the exact time?"

"Ten minutes to eight, Captain Duke, and such a night! I looked out of the staircase window, and the sky's so black that it seems as if it would fall down upon our heads, if it wasn't for the wind a-stopping of it."

"Ten minutes to eight; that's all right," said the Captain, putting his watch into his pocket. He turned to leave the room, but stopped at the door and said, "Oh, by-the-bye, worthy Samuel, at what time did you see my ghost?" He laughed as he asked the question, and looked round at the company with a smile and a malicious wink in the direction of the subdued landlord.

"Compton church clock was striking seven as he rode away across the moor, Captain. But don't ask me anything, don't, please, talk to me," he said forlornly; "it's no consequence, it's not

any business of mine, it doesn't matter to anybody, but——" he paused and repeated the swallowing process, "*I saw it!*"

The customers at the Black Bear were not generally apt to pay very serious attention to any remark emanating from the worthy landlord, but these three last words did seem to rather impress them, and they stared with scared faces from Samuel Pecker to the Captain, and from the Captain back to Samuel Pecker.

"Our jolly landlord has been a little too free with his own old ale, gentlemen," said George Duke. "Good night."

He left the room, and, returning to the oak parlour, flung himself once more into his old moody attitude over the blazing logs; staring gloomily into the red chasms in the burning wood; craggy cliffs and deep abysses, down which ever and anon some dying ember fell like a suicide plunging from the summit of a cliff into the fathomless gulf below.

The great brown eyes of the Captain looked straight and steadily into the changing pictures of the fire. He was so entirely different a creature to that man whose gay voice and light laugh had just resounded in the common parlour of the inn, that it would have been difficult for any one having seen him in one place to recognise him in the other.

He was not long alone, for presently Nathaniel Halloway the miller, dropped in, and joined the Captain over his punch; and by-and-bye Attorney Selgood and Mr. Jordan the surgeon—Dr. Jordan, *par excellence*, throughout Compton—came in, arm-in-arm. The four men were very friendly, and they sat drinking, smoking, and talking politics till midnight, when Captain George Duke started from his seat and was for breaking up the party.

"Twelve o'clock from the tower of Compton church," he said, as he rose from the table. "Gentlemen, I've a pretty young wife waiting for me at home, and I've half a mile to walk before I get home; I shall leave you to finish your punch and your conversation without me."

Nathaniel Halloway sprang to his feet. "Captain Duke, you're not going to leave us in this shabby fashion. You're not on your own quarter-deck, remember; and you're not going to have it all your own way. As for the pretty little Admiral in petticoats at home, you can soon make it straight with her. Stop and finish the punch, man!" and the worthy miller, on whom the evening's potations had had

some little effect, caught hold of the Captain's gold-laced cuff and tried to prevent his leaving the room.

George Duke shook him lightly off, and opening the door that led into the hall, went out, followed by the miller and his boon companions, Dr. Jordan and Lawyer Selgood.

The house, which had been so quiet five minutes before, was now all bustle and confusion. First and foremost there was worthy Mistress Sarah Pecker alternately bewailing, lamenting, and scolding at the very extremest altitude of her voice. Then there was Samuel, her husband, pale, aghast, and useless, getting feebly into everybody's way, and rapidly sinking beneath the combined effects of inward stupefaction and universal contumely. Then there was the ostler and two rosy-faced, but frightened-looking chambermaids clinging to each other and to the cook-maid and the waiter; and in the centre of the hall the one cause of all this alarm and emotion lay stretched in the arms of two men, a letter-carrier and a farm labourer. Yes, with Mrs. Sarah Pecker kneeling by his side, adjuring him to speak, to move, to open his heavy eyelids; silent, motionless, and rigid, lay that Darrell Markham who five hours before had started in full health and strength for the little seaport of Marley Water.

"We kicked over him in the path," said one of the men; "me and Jim Boulder here of Squire Morris's at the Grange; we come slap upon him in the dark, so dark that we couldn't see whether he was a man or a dead sheep; but we got him up in our arms and felt that he was stiff with cold and damp—he might be murdered or he might be frozen; there was some wet about his chest and his left arm, and I knew by the feel of it, thick and slimy, that it was blood; and me and Jim Boulder, we raised him between us, heels and head, and carried him straight here."

"Who is it, what is it?" asked Captain Duke, advancing into the very heart of the little crowd.

"Your wife's nearest kinsman and dearest friend, Captain; Miss Millicent's first cousin, Darrell Markham! Murdered! murdered on the moorland road from here to Marley Water."

"Not above a mile from here, missus," interposed the labourer who had picked up the wounded man.

"Darrell Markham! my wife's cousin, Darrell Markham! What did he come

here for? What was he doing in Compton?" The dark brown eyes looked straight down at the still face lying on the letter-carrier's shoulder, and dripping wet with the vinegar and water with which Mistress Pecker was bathing the sufferer's forehead.

"What did he come here for? He came here to be murdered! He came here to have his precious life taken from him upon Compton Moor, poor dear lamb, poor dear lamb!" sobbed Mrs. Pecker.

During all this confusion, Lucas Jordan, the surgeon, slid quietly behind the little crowd, and taking Darrell Markham's arm in his hand, deliberately slashed open his coat sleeve from the cuff to the shoulder with the scissors hanging at Mrs. Pecker's waist.

"A basin, Molly," he said quietly. The terrified chambermaid brought him one in her shaking hands and held it under Darrell's arm.

"Steadily, my girl," said the doctor, as he drew out the lancet and inserted it in the cold and rigid arm. The blood trickled slowly and fitfully from the vein.

"Is he dead, is he dead, Mr. Jordan?" cried Sarah Pecker.

"No more than I am, ma'am—no more than I am, Mrs. Pecker. A pistol bullet through the right arm, shivering the bone above the elbow. He has fainted from the loss of blood and the coldness of the night air. A few bruises and contusions from falling off his horse and a wound in the scalp from the sharp pebbles on the road; nothing more!"

Nothing more! It seemed so little to these terrified people, who a minute before had thought him dead, that Mrs. Pecker, albeit unused to the melting mood, caught the surgeon's hand between her two fat palms and covered it with kisses and tears.

"So this is Darrell Markham," said the Captain, thoughtfully; "Darrell the irresistible; Darrell that was to have married his cousin Millicent, now my wife. Hum, a fair young man with auburn ringlets and a straight nose! No fear of his life, you say, doctor?"

"None, unless fever should supervene; which heaven forbid."

"But if it should, how then?"

"Every fear. With these excitable temperaments——"

"His temperament is excitable?"

"Extremely excitable! An accident such as this is very likely to result in fever; fever may produce delirium. Mrs.

Pecker, he must be kept very quiet, he must see no one—that is to say, no one whose presence can be in the least calculated to agitate him."

"I'll keep watch at his door myself, doctor, and I should like to see," said the worthy matron, glaring vengefully at her small spouse, "I should very much like to see the person that'll dare to disturb him by so much as breathing." The landlord of the Black Bear left off breathing on the instant, as if he imagined himself called upon to exist in future without the aid of that useful exercise.

"We must get him upstairs at once, Mrs. Pecker," said the doctor. "We must get him into your quietest room and your most comfortable bed, and we must lose no time about it."

At the doctor's direction, the letter-carrier and the farm labourer resumed their station at the head and feet of Darrell Markham, the ostler assisting them. The three men had just raised him in their arms, when he lifted his left hand to his damp forehead and slowly opened his eyes.

The three men stopped, and Mrs. Pecker screamed aloud, "Oh, be joyful, he isn't dead! Master Darrell, speak to us, dear, and tell us you're not dead."

The blue eyes looked dimly into the scared faces crowding round.

"He shot me. He robbed me of the letter to the king, and of my purse. He shot me in my arm."

"Who shot you, my darling? Who shot you, Master Darrell, dear?" cried Mrs. Pecker.

The young man looked at her with a vacant stare; evidently half unconscious of where he was, and of the identity of those around him. Presently he took his blood shot eyes from her face, and his gaze wandered round amongst the other spectators. From the landlord to the chambermaid, from the chambermaid to the letter-carrier, from the letter-carrier to the doctor, from the doctor to Captain George Duke, of his Majesty's ship the *Vulture*.

The blue eyes opened to their widest distention with a wild stare.

"That, that's the man!"

"What man, Master Darrell?"

"The man who shot me."

"I thought we should have him delirious," said the doctor, under his breath.

Captain Duke's dark eyebrows fell loweringly over his brown eyes, and a

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black shade spread itself about his handsome face.

"You're dreaming, darling," said Mrs. Pecker, soothingly. "What man, dear, and where, where is he?"

Darrell Markham slowly lifted his unwounded arm and pointed with a white and slender hand full at the dark face of the Captain of the *Vulture*.

"There!" he said, half raising himself in the arms of the men supporting him, and with the effort he sank back once more unconscious.

"I thought so," muttered Captain Duke.

"So did I, Captain," responded the doctor. "We shall have him in a high fever, and then he may go off like the snuff of a candle."

"And he must be kept quiet?" asked the Captain, as they carried the wounded man up the wide oak staircase.

"He must be kept quiet, Captain, or I'll not answer for his life. I've known him from a boy, and I know any strong excitement will throw him into a brain fever."

"Poor fellow! He's a kinsman of mine, by my marriage with his cousin; though I'm afraid there's not much love lost between us on that score. And this is the first time we've met. Strange!"

"There's a good deal in life that is strange, Captain Duke," said the doctor, sententiously.

"There is, doctor," answered the sailor. "So Darrell Markham, travelling from Compton to Marley Water, has been shot by a person or persons unknown. Very strange!"

CHAPTER II.

MILLICENT.

MILLICENT DUKE sat alone in her little parlour on this autumn night, with the high wind howling and whistling round her windows, trying to read Mr. Richardson's last novel; a well thumbed little volume, embellished with small oval engravings, which had been lent to her by the wife of the curate of Compton-on-the-Moor. But she couldn't read; the book dropped out of her hands, and she fell a musing over the low fire and listening to the wind disporting itself in the chimney. It is something to be able to look at Mrs. Millicent Duke, as she sits quietly by her lonely hearth, with one white hand supporting her small head,

and with her elbow leaning on the stiff horsehair-cushioned arm of the chair in which she is seated.

It is a very fair and girlish face upon which the fitful firelight trembles; now illumining one cheek with a soft red glow, now leaving it in shadow as the flame shoots up or dies out of the scattered embers on the hearth. A very fair and girlish face, with delicate features and softly dark-blue eyes, that leave a sad shadow in their softness—a shadow as of tears long dried but not forgotten. There are pensive lines, too, about the mouth which do not tell of an entirely happy youth; sorrow and Millicent Duke have met each other face to face, and have been companions and bedfellows before to-night. But in spite of this pensive sadness which shadows her beauty, or perhaps by very virtue of this sadness, which refines the beauty it shadows, Millicent Duke is a very pretty girl. It is difficult to think of her as a married woman; there is such an air of extreme youth about her, such a girlish, almost childish timidity in her manner, that, as her husband—not too loving or tender a husband at the best of times—is apt to say, "it is as difficult to deal with Millicent as with a baby, for you never know when she may begin whimpering like a spoiled child as she is." There are people in Compton-on-the-Moor who remember the time when the spoiled child never whimpered, and when a gleam of spring sunshine was scarcely a brighter or more welcome thing to fall across a man's pathway than the radiant face of Millicent Markham; but this was in the good days long departed, when her father, the squire, was living, and when she used to ride about the country roads on her pretty white pony, accompanied and protected by her cousin and dearest friend, Darrell Markham.

She is peculiarly sad this night. The shrill wind whistling at the latticed casements makes her shiver to the heart; she draws the skirt of her grey silk petticoat over her shoulders, and drags the heavy chair nearer to the low fire; she has sent her one servant, a strapping country girl, to bed long ago, and she cannot get any more fuel to heap upon the wide hearth. The wax candles have burnt low down in the quaint old silver candlesticks; ten, eleven, twelve have struck, with long dreary intervals between each time of striking, from the tower of Compton church, and still no Captain Duke.

"He is happier with them than with me," she said, mournfully. "Who can wonder? They make him smile; I can only weary and annoy him with my wretched pale face." She looked up as she spoke at an oval mirror on the wainscot opposite to her, and saw this sad pale face reflected by the faint light of the low fire and the expiring candles. "And they once called me a pretty girl! I think he would scarcely know me now!" she said, with a sigh.

The long hour after midnight dragged itself out, and as one o'clock struck with a dismal sound vibrating drearily along the empty street, she heard the sharp stroke of her husband's footstep on the pavement. She sprang from her chair hurriedly, and ran out into the narrow passage; but just as she was about to withdraw the bolts, she paused suddenly, and laid her hand upon her heart. "What is the matter with me to-night—what is the matter, I wonder?" she murmured; "I feel as if some great unhappiness were coming, yet what more unhappiness can come to me?"

Her husband knocked impatiently at the door with his sword-hilt, as she fumbled nervously with the bolts.

"Were you listening at the door, Millicent, that you open it so quickly?" he asked, as he entered.

"I heard your footstep in the street, George, and hurried to let you in. You are very late," she added, as he strode into the parlour, and flung himself into the chair she had been sitting in.

"Oh, a complaint, of course," he said, with a sneer. "I've a great deal to keep me at home, certainly," he muttered, looking round—"a crying wife and a bad fire." He turned his back to her, and bent over the embers, trying to warm his hands at the red light left in them. She seated herself at the slender-legged polished mahogany table, and taking up Mr. Richardson's neglected novel, pretended to read it by the last glimmer of the two candles.

Presently he said, without once turning round to look at her, without once changing his stooping posture over the fireplace, without once addressing her by name; "There's been an accident down there!"

"An accident!" She dropped her book, and looked up with an expression of vague alarm. "An accident! Oh, I am sorry; but what accident?"

Though there was an accent of gentle pity in her voice, there was still a slight

bewilderment in her manner, as if she were so preoccupied by some sad thoughts of her own as scarcely to be able to understand his words.

As he did not answer her first question, she asked again, "What accident, George?"

"A man half killed by highwaymen on Compton Moor."

"But not killed, George—not killed?" she asked, anxiously, but still with that half-preoccupied manner, as if, in spite of herself, she could not quite concentrate her mind upon the subject of which her husband was speaking.

"Not killed, no; but all but killed, don't I tell you?" said the Captain. "Just the toss-up of a guinea whether he lives or dies. And a handsome fair-haired lad enough," he added, half to himself—"a handsome, fair-faced, fair-haired lad enough. Poor devil!"

"I am very sorry," she said, gently; and as her husband did not stir from his seat by the fire, she took up her book once more, and began again poring over the small, old-fashioned type. Her husband turned and looked at her as she sat bending over the light, and after watching her for a few minutes with an angry glimmer in his handsome brown eyes, said, with a scornful laugh—

"Heaven bless these novel-reading women! The death of a fellow-creature is little enough to them as long as Miss Clarissa is reconciled with her lover, and Mistress Pamela's virtue is rewarded in the sixth volume! Here's a tender, compassionate creature for you! cries over Sir Charles Grandison, and doesn't so much as ask me who it is that is lying between death and life in the blue room down at the Black Bear!"

She looked up at him with a frightened face, as if she were used to hard words, and used to warding them off by apologetic speeches, and said, hesitatingly—

"I beg your pardon, George! Indeed I am not unfeeling. I am sorry for this poor wounded, half-dying man, whoever he may be. If I could do anything to serve him, or to comfort him, I would do it. I would do it at whatever cost to myself. What more can I say, George?"

"And they talk about a woman's curiosity!" he cried, with a mocking laugh; "even now she doesn't ask me who the wounded man is."

"I do, I do, George. Poor creature! who is he?"

He paused for a few moments after her question. She had risen from her seat and stood at the table trying to revive the drooping wick of the last of the two candles left burning. The Captain turned his chair full round, and watched her pale face as he said, slowly and distinctly—

"Your first cousin, Darrell Markham!"

She uttered a cry; not a shrill scream, but a faint, pitiful cry; and lifted her two little hands wildly to her head. She remained in this attitude for some minutes, quite still, quite silent, and then sank quietly into her old position at the table. Her husband watched her all the time with a sneering smile and a bright glitter in his eyes.

"Darrell! my cousin Darrell dead?"

"Not dead, Mistress Millicent; not quite so bad as that. Your dear, fair-haired, pretty-faced cousin is not dead, my sweet loving wife; he is only—dying."

"Lying in the blue room at the Black Bear," she repeated the words he had said a few minutes before, in a distracted manner, very painful to look upon.

"Lying in the blue room at the Bear. Yes, the blue room, number four, on the long corridor. You know the chamber well enough; have you not been there often to see your father's old house-keeper, the mariner's widow, at least the innkeeper's wife?"

"Trembling between life and death," she said, in the same half-conscious, pitiful tone.

"He was! Heaven knows how he may be now. That was half-an-hour ago; the scale may be turned by this time; he may be dead!"

As he said the last word, she sprang from her seat, and, without once looking at him, ran hurriedly to the outer door. She had her hand upon the bolts, when she cried out in a tone of dismal anguish, "Oh! no, no, no!" and dropped down on her knees, with her head leaning against the lock of the door.

The Captain of the *Vulture* followed her every movement with his eyes, and as she fell on her knees, he said—

"You were going to run to him!"

For the first time since Darrell Markham's name had been mentioned, she looked at her husband; not mournfully, not reproachfully, least of all fearfully; bold, bright, and defiant, her blue eyes looked across the narrow passage and the little parlour into his.

"I was."

"Then, why not go? You see I am not cruel; I do not stop you. You are free! Go! Shall I open the door for you?"

She lifted herself with an effort upon her feet, still leaning for support against the street door. "No," she said, "I will not go to him; I could do him no good; I might agitate him; I might kill him!"

The Captain bit his under lip, and the smile faded in his brown eyes.

"But understand this, George Duke; it is no fear of you which keeps me here; it is no dread of your cruel words or more cruel looks that holds me from going to his side; for if I could save him by my presence from one throb of pain, if I could give him by my love and devotion one moment's peace and comfort, and the town of Compton were one sea of raging fire, I would walk through that sea to do it."

"That's a very pretty speech out of a novel," said her husband, "but I never very much believe in these pretty speeches—perhaps I've a good reason of my own for doubting them. I suppose if Darrell Markham asked for you with his dying breath you'd go to see him; especially," he added, with his old sneer, "as Compton *isn't* a sea of fire." He rose as he said this, and came out into the passage, where she stood. She sprang towards him, and caught his arm convulsively between her two little hands. "Did he, did he, did he?" she cried, passionately; "did Darrell ask to see me? Oh, George Duke, on your honour as a gentleman, as a sailor, as a trusted servant of his gracious Majesty, by your hope in Heaven, by your faith in God, did Darrell Markham ask to see me?"

He kept her waiting for his answer as he slowly lit a wax taper at the flickering flame in the high candlestick.

"I shan't say no, and I shan't say yes," he said; "I'm not going to be go-between for you and him. Good night," he added, passing her in the passage, and going slowly up the stairs; "if you've a mind to sit up all night, do so, by all means. It's on the stroke of two, and I'm tired. Good night!"

He strode up stairs, and entered a little sleeping room over the parlour in which they had been seated. It was simply but handsomely furnished, and the most exquisite neatness prevailed in all its arrangements. A tiny fire burned on the hearth, but though the Captain

shivered, it was to the window he directed his steps. He opened it very softly, and leaned out, as the clocks struck two. "I thought so," he said, as he heard the faint rattle of bolts and the creaking of a door. "By the heaven above me, I knew she would go to him!"

The faint echoes of a light and rapid footstep broke the silence of the quiet street. "And the least agitation might be fatal!" said the Captain of the *Vulture*, as he softly closed the casement window.

Darrell Markham lay in a death-like stupor in the blue chamber at the Black Bear. Mr. Jordan, the doctor, had declared that his shattered arm, if it ever was set at all, could not be set for some days to come. In the meantime Mrs. Sarah Pecker had received directions to bathe it constantly with a cooling lotion, but on no account, should the young man again return to consciousness, was the worthy landlady of the Black Bear to disturb him with either lamentations or inquiries; neither was she, at hazard of his life, to admit any one into the room but the doctor himself. Mrs. Pecker devoted herself to her duties as nurse to the wounded man with a good will, merely remarking that she should very much like to see the individual, male or female, as would come anigh him, to worrit or to vex him; "for if it was the parson of the parish," she said, with determination, "he mustn't set much account on his eyesight if he tries to circumvent Sarah Pecker."

"No one must come anigh him, once for all, and once and for ever," added Mrs. Pecker, sharply, as she faced about on the great staircase, and confronted a little crowd of pale faces, for all the household thronged round her when she emerged from the sick room in their eagerness to get tidings of Darrell Markham; "and I wont have *you*," she continued, with especial acerbity, to her lord and master, the worthy Samuel, "I wont have *you* a comin' and a worritin' with your 'Aint he better, Sarah?' and 'Don't you think he'll get over it, Sarah?' and such like! When a poor dear young gentleman's arm is shivered to a jelly," she said, addressing herself generally, "and when a poor dear young gentleman has been a lying left for dead on a lonely moor for ever so many cruel hours on a cold October night, he don't get over it in twenty minutes, no, nor yet in half an hour neither! So what you've all got to do is just to go back to the kitchen, and sit there quiet till one or

other of you is wanted, for whatever Master Darrell wants shall be got! Yes, if he wanted the king's golden crown and sceptre one of you should walk to London and fetch 'em!" Having thus declared her supreme pleasure, Mrs. Pecker re-ascended the stairs, and re-entered the sick room.

"If a person could be in two places at once, any way convenient," muttered the landlord, as he withdrew into the offices of the inn, "why I could account for it most easy; but seein' they can't, or seein' as how the parson says they can't, it's too much for me," upon which Mr. Samuel Pecker seated himself on a great settle before the kitchen fire, and began to scratch his head feebly.

"I think as Mr. Markham's had himself shot in the arm, and she ain't over likely to be a comin' downstairs, I might venture on a mug of the eightpenny," the landlord by and bye remarked, thoughtfully.

Half-past two by the eight-day clock on the stairs, and the landlord going to fetch himself this very mug of beer, was arrested in the hall by a feeble knocking at the stout oaken door, closed and barred for the night; for the doctor had determined on remaining with his patient till the following morning.

The candle nearly dropped from the hand of the nervous landlord. "Ghosts, I daresay," he muttered; "Compton's full of 'em." The knocking was repeated; this time a little louder.

"They knocks hard for spirits," said Samuel, "and they're pretty persevering." The knocking was still continued, still growing louder. "Oh, then, I suppose I must," murmured Mr. Pecker, with a groan; "but when I undoes the bolts what's the good? Of course there's no one there."

There was some one there, however, for when Mr. Pecker had undone the bolts very slowly, and very cautiously, and with a great many half-suppressed but captious groans, a woman slid in at the narrow opening of the door, and before Mr. Pecker had recovered his surprise, crossed the hall, and made direct for the forbidden room in which Darrell Markham lay.

Terror of the vengeance of the ponderous Sarah seized upon the soul of the landlord, and with an unwonted activity he ran forward, and intercepted the woman at the bottom of the stairs.

"You mustn't, ma'am," he said, "you mustn't; excuse me, ma'am, but it's as

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much as my life, or even the parson—yes, ma'am, Sarah!" thus vaguely the terrified Samuel.

The woman let the large grey hood which muffled her face fall back, and said, "Don't you know me, Mr. Pecker? 'Tis I, Millicent, Millicent—Duke."

"You, Miss Millicent. You, Mrs. Duke. Oh, miss, oh, ma'am, your poor dear cousin!"

"Mr. Pecker, for the love of mercy, don't keep me from him. Stand out of the way, stand out of the way," she said, passionately; "he may die while you're talking to me here."

"But, ma'am, you mustn't go to him; the doctor, ma'am, and Sarah, Miss Millicent. Sarah, she was quite awful about it, ma'am!"

"Stand aside," she said; "I tell you, a raging fire shouldn't stop me. Stand aside!"

"No, ma'am—but Sarah!"

Millicent Duke stretched out two slender white hands, and pushed the landlord from her way with a strength that sent him sliding round the polished oak banister of the lowest stair. She flew up the flight of steps, which brought her to the door of the blue room, and on the threshold found herself face to face with Mrs. Sarah Pecker.

The girl fell on her knees, her pale hair falling loose about her shoulders, and her long grey cloak trailing round her on the polished oaken floor.

"Sarah, Sarah, darling; Sarah, dear, let me see him."

"Not you, not you, nor any one," said the landlady, sternly—"you the last of all persons, Mrs. George Duke."

The name struck her like a blow, and she shivered under the cruelty of the thrust.

"Let me see him!—let me see him!" she said; "his father's brother's only child—his first cousin—his playfellow—his friend—his dear and loving friend—his——"

"Wife that was to have been, Mrs. Duke," interrupted the landlady.

"His wife that was to have been; and never, never should have been another's. His loving, true, and happy wife that would have been. Let me see him!" she cried piteously, holding up her clasped hands to Mrs. Pecker.

"The doctor's in there, do you want him to hear you, Mrs. Duke?"

"If all the world heard me I wouldn't stop from asking you: Sarah, let me see my cousin, Darrell Markham!"

The landlady—holding a candle in her hand, and looking down at the piteous face and tearful eyes all blinded by the loose, pale golden hair—softened a little as she said—

"Miss Millicent, the doctor has forbidden a mortal creature to come anigh him!—the doctor has forbidden a mortal soul to say one word to him that could disturb or agitate him! and do you think the sight of your face wouldn't agitate him?"

"But he asked to see me, Sarah; he spoke of me!"

"When, Miss Millicent?" Softening towards this pitiful pale face looking up into hers, the landlady leaves off calling her dead master's daughter by this new name of Mrs. Duke. "When, Miss Millicent?"

"To-night—to-night, Sarah."

"Master Darrell asked to see you! Who told you that?"

"Captain Duke."

"Master Darrell hasn't said better than a dozen words this night, Miss Millicent; and those words were mad words, and never once spoke your name."

"But my husband said——"

"The Captain sent you here, then?"

"No, no; he didn't send me here. He told me—at least, he gave me to understand that Darrell had spoken of me—had asked to see me."

"Your husband's a strange gentleman, Miss Millicent."

"Let me see him, Sarah; only let me see him. I won't speak one word, or breathe one sigh; only let me see him."

Mrs. Pecker withdrew for a few moments into the blue room, and whispered to the doctor. Millicent Duke, still on her knees on the threshold of the half-opened door, strained her eyes as if she would have pierced through the thick oak that separated her from the wounded man.

The landlady returned to the door. "If you want to look at a corpse, Miss Millicent, you may come in and look at him, for he lies as still as one."

She took the kneeling girl in her stout arms, and half lifted her into the room, where, opposite a blazing fire, Darrell Markham lay unconscious on a great draped four-post bed. His head was thrown back upon the pillow, the fair hair dabbled with a lotion with which Mrs. Pecker had been bathing the scalp wound spoken of by the doctor. Millicent tottered to the bedside, and seating herself in an

arm-chair which had been occupied by Sarah Pecker, took Darrell Markham's hand in hers, and pressed it to her tremulous lips. It seemed as if there was something magical in this gentle pressure, for the young man's eyes opened for the first time since the scene in the hall, and he looked at his cousin.

"Millicent," he said, without any sign of surprise, "dear Millicent, it is so good of you to watch me." She had nursed him three years before through a dangerous illness, and in his delirium he confused the present with the past, fancying that he was in his old room at Compton Hall, and that his cousin had been watching by his bedside.

"Call my uncle," he said, "call the squire; I want to see him!" and then after a pause he muttered, looking about him, "Surely this is not the old room—surely some one has altered the room."

"Master Darrell, dear," cried the landlady, "don't you know where you are? With friends, Master Darrell, true and faithful friends. Don't you know, dear?"

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know, I know. I've been lying out in the cold, and my arm is hurt. I remember, Sally, I remember; but my head feels strange, and I can scarce tell where I am."

"See here, Master Darrell, here's Mistress Duke has come all the way from the other end of Compton on this bitter black night on purpose to see you." The good woman said this to comfort the patient, but the utterance of that one name, Duke, recalled his cousin's marriage, and the young man exclaimed, bitterly,

"Mistress Duke! yes, I remember;" and then turning his weary head upon the pillow, he cried with a sudden energy,

(To be continued.)

"Millicent Duke, Millicent Duke, why do you come here to torture me with the sight of you?"

At this moment there arose the sound of some altercation in the hall below, and then the noise of two voices in dispute and hurried footsteps upon the staircase. Mrs. Pecker ran to the door, but before she could reach it, it was burst violently open, and the Captain of the *Vulture* strode into the room. He was closely followed by the doctor, who walked straight to the bedside, exclaiming with suppressed passion, "I protest against this, Captain Duke; and if any ill consequence come of it, I hold you answerable for the mischief."

The Captain took no notice of this speech, but turning to his wife, said savagely, "Will it please you to go home with me, Mistress Millicent? It is near upon four o'clock, and a sick gentleman's room is scarce a fit place for a lady at such a time."

Darrell Markham lifted himself up in the bed, and cried with an hysterical laugh, "I tell you that's the man, Millicent; Sarah, look at him. That is the man who stopped me upon Compton-moor, shot me in the arm and rifled me of my purse."

"Darrell! Darrell!" cried Millicent, "you do not know what you are saying. That man is my husband."

"Your husband! A highwayman!—a——"

Whatever word was on his lips remained unspoken, for he fell back insensible upon the pillow.

"Captain George Duke," said the surgeon, laying his hand upon his patient's wrist, "if this man dies, you have committed a murder!"

THE BLACKSMITH.

FAINTLY glitters the last red ray,
Tinting the flickering leaves that play
On the swaying boughs of the old gray
trees,

That groan as they rock in the fitful breeze.
Deep in their shadow a watcher lies,
The beam of the lynx in his eager eyes;
But twilight darkens—the eye can't
mark—

And the ear grows keen to the mental
"hark,"

And the rustling leaf is unwelcome o'er-
head,
Lest it baffle the sound of the coming
tread.

There's a stir in the thicket—a footstep
outside,
And the coming one stops in his rapid
stride,
As, rising before him, like spectre from
tomb,

'Tis a *man*—not a *woman*—appears
through the gloom,
And he holds hard his breath, and he
clinch the hand,
As he halts to the low-muttered summons
of "Stand!"

"Who dares to impede me?"

"Who dares to invade

With guilty purpose the quiet glade?"

'Tis the brother you meet of the girl you
pursue:—

Now give over that chase, or the deed you
shall rue!"

"Back, ruffian! nor venture on me a
command!"

And a horsewhip was raised—but the
vigorous hand

Of young Phaidrig the blacksmith a blow
struck so sure

That it felled to the earth the Squireen of
Knocklure.

Remember, I pray you, the difference that
lies

Between Squire and Squireen. To the
former applies

High birth and high feeling; the latter
would ape,

Like the frog in the fable, a loftier shape,
But as little succeeds:—thus are lords

aped by flunkies,

And lions by jackals, and mankind by
monkeys.

Our Squireen was that thing as a "mid-
dleman" known,

An agent—the tyrant of lands not his own.
The unscrupulous servant of all who could

serve him,
The means of advancement could never

unnerve him,
To get up in the world, nothing balked

his temerity,
No matter how he might go down to

posterity;
High pay and low pleasures he loved—

nothing pure
But pure whiskey could please the

Squireen of Knocklure.

The blacksmith's fair sister had caught
his foul eye:

The watchful young brother did quickly
descry

The sly-baited lures that were laid to
ensnare

Her heart in a hope that might end in
despair—

Such hope as too often the maiden
enthralls,

Through a villain's false vows, till she
trusts and she falls—

So to save from pollution the simple and
pure,

Stern warning was giv'n to the knave of
Knocklure,

Till Phaidrig, at last, in his passion's fierce
glow,

The threat of the horsewhip chastised
with a blow.

A vengeance demoniac the Squireen now
planned,

In fetters to palsy the brave brother's
hand;

In the dead of the night loaded arms he
conceal'd

In the ridge of potatoes in Phaidrig's own
field;

Then the Smith he denounced as a White-
boy. A search

For the fire-arms conceal'd, tore up many
a perch

Of the poor Blacksmith's garden. What
he had intended

Life's prop, was not only uprooted, but
blended

With seed of destruction!—The proof-
seeking spade

Found the engines of death with the staff
of life laid!

'Twas enough.—Undeniable proof 'twas
declared

That Phaidrig in Whiteboy conspiracy
shared,

The Blacksmith was seized, fetter'd,
sworn 'gainst, and thrown

In a dungeon that echoed his innocent
groan.

Those were days when the name of a
Whiteboy brought fear

To the passion or judgment—the heart or
the ear

Of the bravest and calmest—when Mercy
aloof

Stood silent, and babbling suspicion
seemed proof.

Then Justice looked more to her sword
than her scale,

Then ready unfurl'd was the transport-
ship's sail

To hurry the doom'd beyond respite or
hope:—

If their destiny's thread did not end in a
rope!

Phaidrig soon was on trial.—When called
on to plead

In defence to this charge of a dark lawless
deed,

This hiding of arms—he replied, "The
Squireen

Showed the place of concealment; no
witness has been



"A search
For the fire-arms conceal'd, tore up many a perch
Of the poor blacksmith's garden."

To prove he was *told* of the arms being
there; [is fair—
Now how did he know it? That question
But unanswer'd. The old proverb says
—'They who hide
Can find.'—'T was the villain himself, who
has lied
On the Gospels he kiss'd, that conceal'd
the arms there;
My name thro' the country is blameless
and fair;
My character's spotless;—Can any one say
I was found among Whiteboys by night
or by day?
'T was the Squireen himself who contrived
it: my curse [is worse
Be upon him this day—for I know there
In his heart, yet to do. There's an in-
nocent girl [pearl
He's hunting to ruin—my heart's dearest
Is that same—and he seeks for my banish-
ment now, [brow;
To brand with a darker disgrace *her* young
If I'm sent o'er the sea, she'll be thrown
on the world,
Lone, helpless, and starving;—the sail
once unfurl'd
That bears me from her and from home
far away,

Will leave that poor girl to the villain a
prey!
That's the truth, my Lord Judge—before
Heaven and men
I am innocent!"—Lowly the murmurs
ran then
Round the court; indignation and pity
perchance,
Glowed deep in some bosoms, or gleamed
in some glance, [choice;
But THE ARMS left the timorous jury no
They found "GUILTY"—and then rose
the Judge's mild voice,
"Transportation" the sentence—but
softly 't was said— [the dead)
(Like summer wind waving the grass o'er
And Phaidrig, though stout, felt his
heart's current freeze
When he heard himself banished beyond
"the far seas."
"Oh, hang me at once," he exclaimed;
"I don't care [despair;
For life, now that life leaves me only
In felon chains, far from the land of my
birth, [earth!"
I will envy the dead that sleep cold in the
He was hurried away, while on many a
pale lip [ship"
Hung prophecies dark of "that unlucky



“ Oh, judgment dread !
His own traitor weapon the death-shot sped.”

That should carry him. “ Didn’t he ask
for his death ?
And sure Heav’n hears the pray’r of the
innocent breath.

Since the poor boy’s not *plazed* with the
sentence they found,
Maybe God will be good to him—and
he’ll be *dhrown’d* !”

Now the villain Squireen had it “ all his
own way,

Like the bull in the china-shop.” Everyday
Saw him richer and richer, and prouder
and prouder ;

He began to dress finer, began to talk
louder ;

Got places of profit and places of trust ;
And went it so fast, that the proverb,
“ needs must,”

Was whisper’d ; but he, proverbs wise
proudly spurning,

Thought his was the road that should
ne’er have a turning.

But, “ Pride has its fall,” is another old
saying ;

Retribution *will* come, though her visit
delaying ;

Though various the ways of her devious
approach,

She’ll come—though her visit be paid in a
coach ;

And however disguised be the dominorare,
The mask falls at last—RETRIBUTION IS
THERE !

The Squireen lived high, drank champagne
ev’ry day,

“ Tally ho !” in the morning ; at night,
“ hip, hurrah !”

In reckless profusion the low rascal
revell’d ;

The true “ beggar on horseback ”—you
know where he travell’d.

But riot is costly—with gold it is fed,
And the Squireen’s affairs got involved, it
is said ;

And time made things worse. Then, in
wild speculation

He plunged, and got deeper. Next came
pec-ulation—

There is but one letter in difference—what
then ? [ten ?

If one letter’s no matter, what matter for
One letter’s as good as another—one man

Can write the same name that another
man can ;

And the Squireen, *forgetting his own name*,
one day

Wrote another man’s name,—with a
“ promise to pay ;”—

All was up with the Squireen—the “ Hue
and Cry ” spread,

With "Five Hundred Reward" on the
miscreant's head;
His last desp'rate chance was a precipitate
flight,
In the darkness—his own kindred dark-
ness—of night.

But **what** of the Blacksmith? — The
exiled one—cast
From the peace of his home to the wild
ocean blast?

Was he drown'd?—as the pitying pro-
phesy ran;

Did he die?—as was wished by the heart-
broken man.

No! Heaven bade him live, and to wit-
ness a sign

Of that warning so terrible — "VEN-
GEANCE IS MINE!"

He return'd to his home—to that well-
beloved spot

Where first he drew breath—his own wild
mountain cot.

To that spot had his spirit oft flown o'er
the deep

When the soul of the captive found free-
dom in sleep;

Oh! pleasure too bitterly purchased with
pain,

When from fancy-wrought freedom he
woke in his chain

To labour in penal restraint all the day,
And pine for his sea-girdled home far
away!—

But now 't is no dream—the last hill is
o'erpast,

He sees the thatch'd roof of his cottage
at last,

And the smoke from the old wattled
chimney declares

The hearth is unquenched that had burn'd
bright for years.

With varied emotion his bosom is swayed,
As his faltering step o'er the threshold's
delayed:—

Shall the face of a stranger now meet
him, where once

His presence was hail'd with a mother's
fond glance,

With the welcoming kiss of a sister
ador'd?—

A sister!—ah! misery's linked with that
word,

For that sister he found—but fast dying.
A boy

Was beside her.—A tremulous flicker of joy
In the deep-sunken eye of the dying one
burn'd;—

Recognition it flash'd on the exile return'd,
But with mingled expression was strug-
gling the flame—

'T was partly affection, and partly 't was
shame,

As she falter'd, "Thank God, that I see
you once more,

Though there's more than my death you
arrive to deplore:

Yet kiss me, my brother!—Oh, kiss and
forgive—

Then welcome be death!—I had rather
not live

Now you have return'd;—for 't is better
to die

Than linger a living reproach in your eye:
And you'll guard the poor orphan—yes,

Phaidrig ma chree,
Save from ruin my child, though you
could not save me.

Don't think hard of my mem'ry—forgive
me the shame

I brought—through a villain's deceit—on
our name:—

When the flow'rs o'er my grave the soft
summer shall bring,

Then in your heart the pale flow'r of pity
may spring."

No word she spoke more—and no words
uttered he—

They were choked by his grief; but he
sank on his knee,

And down his pale face the big silent
tears roll—

That tribute which misery wrings from
the soul,

And he pressed her cold hand, and the
last look she gave

Was the sunset of love o'er the gloom of
the grave.

The old forge still existed, where, days
long ago,

The anvil rang loud to the Smith's lusty
blow,

But the blows are less rapid, less vigorous
now,

And a gray-haired man wipes labour's
damp from his brow.

But he cares for the boy; who, with love,
gives him aid

With his young 'prentice hand in the
smithy's small trade,

Whose stock was but scanty; and iron,
one day,

Being lack'd by the Blacksmith—the boy
went his way,

Saying, "Wait for a minute, there's
something I found

Th' other day, that will do for the work,
I'll be bound;"

And he brought back a gun-barrel.—Dark
was the look

Of the Blacksmith, as slowly the weapon
he took :—

“Where got you this, boy?” “Just
behind the house here ;

It must have been buried for many a year,
For the stock was all rotten, the barrel
was rusty——”

“Say no more,” said the Smith. Bitter
Memory, trusty

As watch-dog that barks at the sight of
a foe,

Sprang up at this cursèd memento of woe,
And the hard-sinewed Smith drew his
hand o’er his eyes,

And the boy asks him why—but he never
replies.

Hark ! hark !—take heed !

What rapidly rings down the road ?

’Tis the clattering hoof of a foaming
steed,

And the rider pale is sore in need,
As he ’lights at the Smith’s abode ;

For the horse has cast a shoe,

And the rider has far to go—

From the gallows he flies,

If o’ertaken, he dies,

And hard behind is the foe

Tracking him fast, and tracking him sure !

’Tis the forger—the scoundrel Squireen
of Knocklure !

Flying from justice, he flies to the spot

Where, did justice not strike him, then
justice were not :—

As the straw to the whirlpool—the moth
to the flame—

Fate beckons her victim to death and to
shame !

Wild was the look which the Blacksmith
cast,

As his deadliest foe o’er his threshold past,

And hastily ordered a shoe for his horse ;

But Phaidrig stood motionless—pale as a

corse,

While the boy, unconscious of cause to

hate

(The chosen minister, called by Fate),

Placed the gun in the fire, and the flame
he blew

From the rusty barrel to mould a shoe.

Fierce, as the glow of the forge’s fire,

Flashed Phaidrig’s glances of speechless
ire,

As the Squireen, who counted the mo-
ments that flew,

Cried, “Quick, fellow, quick, for my
horse a shoe !”

But Phaidrig’s glances the fiercer grew,
While the fugitive knew not the wreck
of that frame,

So handsome once in its youthful fame,
That frame *he* had crush’d with a con-
vict’s chain,

That frame *he* had tarnish’d with felon stain.

“And so you forget me ?” the Blacksmith
cried.

The voice rolled backward the chilling tide

Of the curdling blood on the villain’s heart,

And he heard the sound with a fearful
start ;

But, with the strong nerve of the bad
and the bold,

He rallied—and pull’d out a purse of gold,

And said, “Of the past it is vain to tell,

Shoe me my horse, and I’ll pay you well.”

“Work for you?—no, never!—unless
belike

To rivet your fetters this hand might strike,

Or to drive a nail in your gallows-tree—

That’s the only work you shall have from
me—

When you swing, I’ll be loud in the crowd
shall hoot you.”

“Silence, you dog—or, by Heaven, I’ll
shoot you !” [child

And a pistol he drew—but the startled

Rushed in between, with an outcry wild,

“Don’t shoot—don’t shoot ! oh, master
sweet !

The iron is now in the fire to heat,

’Twill soon be ready, the horse shall be
shod.”

The Squireen returned but a curse and a
nod, [him

Nor knew that the base-born child before
Was his own that a ruined woman bore

him ;

And the gun-barrel, too, in that glowing
Was his own—one of those he had hid to

conspire

’Gainst the Blacksmith’s life ; but Heaven
decreed

His own should result from the darksome
deed,

For the barrel grows red—the charge
ignites—

Explodes !—and the guilty Squireen bites
The dust where he falls. Oh, judgment

dread !

His own traitor weapon the death-shot
sped,

By his own child it was found, and laid
In the wrong’d one’s fire—the gathering

shade

Of his doom was completed—Fate’s
shadows had spread

Like a thunder-cloud o’er his guilty head,
And the thunder burst, and the lightning

fell,

Where his dark deeds were done, in the
mountain dell.

The pursuit was fast on the hunted
 Squireen ;
 The reeking horse at the forge is seen,
 There's a shout on the hill, there's a rush
 down the glen,
 And the forge is crowded with armed men ;
 With dying breath the victim allowed
 The truth of the startling tale

The Blacksmith told to the greedy crowd
 Who for gold had track'd the trail.
 Vain golden hope—vain speed was there ;
 'The game lay low in his crimson lair !—
 To the vengeance of earth no victim was
 giv'n,
 'Twas claim'd by the higher tribunal of
 Heaven !

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

"THE Roving Englishman" has well earned his travelling reputation. If he has not gone everywhere and seen everything, it is certainly not his fault. His rambles and explorations have extended to lands hitherto considered inaccessible from political or physical causes, for he is as little deterred by the animal ferocity of untameable savages as by the apparently interminable desert, the most colossal mountain-chain, or the deadliest climate. In short, this national instinct for the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has become so generally diffused, that "the home-keeping youths" seem confined to such of the rising generation as are tied by the leg with duties which rigidly confine them within a circumscribed range.

Travelling, therefore, has necessarily become a pastime that yearly exhausts innumerable editions of *Murray's Hand-books*, and creates a very active demand for pocket-maps and MS. journals. Associations have been formed for mutual communication, in accordance with particular modes of locomotion. Such as care only for distance, congregate at the Travellers' Club ; those whose ideas are exclusively for elevation, meet at the Alpine ; and others who care to enlarge our knowledge of the globe, fraternize at the Royal Geographical. One of the results is, that ordinary ideas have undergone as complete a sommersault as M. Leotard ever perpetrated. For instance, the old superstition as to going farther to fare worse, has been thoroughly exploded ; such enterprising yachtsmen as Lords Dufferin and David Kennedy* having beat up the haunts of the walrus beyond Spitzbergen, and lived very jollily, as the accounts of their adventurous voyages can testify ; while a group of English tourists meeting accidentally under the roof of a log-hut erected within the Arctic circle as a tavern, enjoyed a banquet of salmon and

roast reindeer, washed down with a liberal supply of champagne, Tokay, Lacryma Christi, Constantia, Madeira, claret, Sauterne, hock, and other choice vintages, with copious draughts of London stout and Edinburgh ale, as may be learned from the trustworthy author of *Through Norway with a Knapsack*, a third edition of which has just been issued. So thoroughly has the delusion been exploded, that a party has been got up to enjoy the hospitality of volcanic Iceland, where arrangements have long been completed by nature for an inexhaustible supply of "hot with" and "cold without," in its thermal springs and freezing atmosphere, should the stock of vinous and malt liquors exported, fall short of the anticipated demand.

It is not, however, in search of luxuries that some of our tourists exhibit the inclination which immortalized Lord Bate-man of the old ballad ; many "rough it" to a degree which even the roughly brought-up might desire ameliorated, and though well born and university bred, as pedestrians endure privations and fatigues that those only whose hard fate it has been to tramp their way through life, are believed to experience. To live day after day on the humblest fare, to brave the most inclement weather, to toil up steep ascents where every step is attended with more or less danger, and to wander mile after mile through forest, morass, desert, and along an endless vista of snow and ice, often with no more knowledge of the country than what may be gathered from an imperfect map, or an equally untrustworthy guide-book, is not unfrequently the fate of the traveller who endeavours to join enterprise with economy.

The Roving Englishman in this case does not pride himself so much on the greatness of his endurance as on the littleness of his expenditure. One traverses Norway in ten weeks, with a total outlay of twenty-five pounds, from London and back, while for less than fifteen he

* See the former's *Letters from High Latitudes*, and Mr. Lamont's *Seasons with the Sea Horses*.

passed Belgium, along the Rhine to Mayence, by Nuremberg to Munich, through the Tyrol to Venice, penetrated Lombardy, journeyed by the loveliest of the Italian lakes, went on to Zurich, and by Basle reached the source of the Moselle, thence proceeded to Nancy, and then took the rail to Paris and London.* Other interesting excursions have been enjoyed with as sensible a regard to cost and profit; showing clearly that many idlers who annually squander time and money at a fashionable watering-place in a very dull way, may become acquainted with the most picturesque scenery in Europe, while they enlarge their minds and invigorate their constitutions by a course of mental and physical exercise as novel as it is agreeable.

For several seasons the familiar sign of "The Traveller's Rest" has been transferred to a position strikingly different to the pleasant localities in which it had appeared time out of mind. We have not forgotten how amusing the ascent of Mont Blanc was represented—indeed, we suspect that a large majority of those adventurers who were induced to seek a nearer acquaintance with this famous mountain, preferred their introduction in Piccadilly—the two hours' romance of the lecturer having proved far more entertaining than the stern realities presented by their Swiss guides. Still there were many individuals, better adapted physically and intellectually to appreciate the enterprise, who sought this and other equally hazardous achievements in Alpine travel, with not less gratification to themselves than profit to every member of the community interested in the sublime phenomena of nature. Their ardour for the advancement of science was not to be checked by difficulty or danger, and having carefully pursued their investigations at every favourable opportunity, they have largely increased our knowledge, not merely of elevations above the snow line, but of glacial structure and action, an important contribution to the history of the earth. Prominent among these we must name Professors Tyndall and Forbes, whose works deserve to be studied not merely by all admirers of wildly picturesque scenery, but by every student of geology anxious for trustworthy information respecting the marvellous changes our planet has undergone.

Fashion affects travel much as it affects

* *Through Norway with a Knapsack.* By W. Mattieu Williams.

other things. After having become familiarized with the Rochers Rouge, the Grands Mulets, the Mer de Glace, and scores of other Alpine celebrities, and beheld a sufficient variety of avalanches, inspected every form of moraine, and found that the aspect of the most dangerous crevasses had grown commonplace, the Alp-climber returns home, whence he transports himself, his knapsack, and his Alpenstock to Christiania; then continues to journey northward, and finds no rest till he has exhausted the interest of fjelds and fiords, dals and fosses, has grown almost as intimate with the Halling Joklen as he was with his brother giant, Mont Blanc, and finds himself more at home with the gentle Lapps and the rude descendants of the Scandinavians than ever he had been with his more polished acquaintances at Chamouni.

The fruit of so much toil has come to us in the shape of several interesting books of travel, in which adventure has infused its exciting zest into local description, and scientific deduction given a lasting value to personal observation. Worthy of distinction among such works are Ramsay's *Old Glaciers of Switzerland*, the well-known *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, by the members of the Alpine Club, Wills's *Eagle's Nest in the Valley of Sext*, and Hinchliff's *Summer Months among the Alps*. Travellers of the other sex have contributed their quota to this branch of literature, as may be seen in the *Alpine Byways*, and *A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa*—the productions of writers less adventurous perhaps than the lamented Ida Pfeiffer, but far more intelligent than the aristocratic scribbler of *A Journey on a Plank*. But we cannot dismiss this part of our subject without calling attention to an admirable series of narratives, edited by Francis Galton, M.A., F.R.S., with the title of *Vacation Tourists, or Notes of Travel in 1860*. They refer to Italy, Croatia and Hungary, Peru, Spain, and Syria. Several are devoted to Alpine adventure and description—one to Norway, and another to Iceland, and all are written by observers of a superior class. *Wild Life on the Fjelds of Norway*, by Francis M. Wyndham, will form an excellent companion to Mr. Mattieu Williams's honestly-written account of his adventures and explorations over the same regions, already noticed, and to the Rev. Mr. Metcalfe's *Oxonian in Norway*, a work of a similar character, of which there is a cheap edition in one volume.

Mr. Longman has been beating up for recruits for an expedition further north than most holiday tourists have hitherto thought of going; and for the advantage of those who may join him, or may be curious respecting the field of observation he has selected, the Oxonian* has again ventured into print, with notes of an exploration in Iceland, made during the summer of last year, over districts not visited by an English traveller for the last half-century; to which he has added much elucidatory information respecting folk-lore and sagas. The latter portion of his labours is somewhat fragmentary; but the reader who desires a more profound knowledge of Norse legend, should have recourse to Dr. Dasent's *Story of Burnt Njal*, a singular picture of life in Iceland at the end of the tenth century; while the volume of Commander Forbes, published last year, *Iceland; its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers*, will supply him with an admirable account of the natural phenomena of the country. Nor is it without a fair allowance of legendary lore. Commander Forbes exhibits a professional instinct in the ardour with which he dashes over fields of lava, as hard and as slippery as the iron sides of the *Warrior*; or on the back of an Islandic pony, climbs the precipitous slopes of the various "yokuls" of towering altitude, that spread their icy attractions in his neighbourhood. He explores the formidable Hecla in the same spirit, is quite at home among the boiling Geysers, and rambles over the most dangerous of the volcanic regions in the south-western portion of the island, as much at his ease as on the quarter-deck of his own vessel. In this characteristic he is likely to be preferred to the Oxonian as a guide, though the latter can boast of great travelling experience, and has read up for his book as diligently as if he had been "coaching" for a degree.

There must be some peculiar fascination in the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," or there would not be so many sensible people ready to trust themselves to their slippery footing and hidden dangers. The Rev. Louis L. Noble has thought proper to seek them on the North American coast, and has furnished the reading public with the result of his experience in a volume, entitled, *After Icebergs with a Painter; a Summer Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland*. In this direction was, seven years ago,

* *The Oxonian in Iceland*.

first projected the line of the North Atlantic telegraph, which was to proceed from Scotland to the Faroës, thence by way of Iceland to Greenland, and on to the coast of Labrador; but electric communication with the New World is still an unaccomplished fact, and for the present at least we must rest content with the propelling agencies of wind and steam. Surveys lately made by Sir Leopold M'Clintock in H.M.S. *Bulldog*, by Captain Allen Young, in the *Fox*, the explorations of the Faroës and Iceland by Dr. John Rae, and the account of the Fiords of South Greenland by Mr. Tayler, together with Colonel Shaffner's description of the electric currents, read before the Royal Geographical Society in the month of January last, show that the project has not been lost sight of by our Government, and it is not improbable that a cable will be laid out in the proposed line, sooner or later—it is to be hoped with a more satisfactory result than attended the experiment across the Atlantic from Ireland a few years back. It is singular that this is to a considerable extent the original course of emigration and discovery; an adventurous party of Norwegians colonized Iceland, thence a settlement was made in Greenland, and a Greenland colonist found his way to the neighbouring continent, where another colony was founded, which kept up commercial relations with the island mother country nearly half a century before either Americus Vesputius or Christopher Columbus had set foot on the American soil.

The success of Mr. Atkinson's volume describing the regions of the Amoor, appears to have excited a desire to profit by the interest in these enormous acquisitions of territory by Russia, that his account of them has created in England. To this cause we must attribute the publication of a work bearing the imposing title of *The Russians on the Amoor*. It is nothing but a compilation, has no claim whatever to personal observation, and therefore possesses no authority. We should like to give a better notice of the work published as the voyage of circumnavigation of the Imperial Russian corvette *Rynda*, during the years 1848, 1849, and 1860, entitled, *Japan, the Amoor, and the Pacific*; but the author has thought proper to keep his readers so completely in the dark respecting himself, his connexion with Russia, and his position in the "Imperial" vessel, that we have no means of judging of the value of his nar-

rative. We confess to a little curiosity as to how he got on board the *Rynda*, and what he did there; indeed, it would much assist us in forming an estimate of his capacity, as well as of his trustworthiness, could we know for certain that he had been only A.B. on the ship's books. Without such information to guide us, we are prevented from saying more than that his Japanese sketches are very amusing. He has not added much to our knowledge of the Amoor, and as for the Pacific, this flood of romance has been too often navigated to leave much novelty or interest to be picked up even by a Russian corvette. Had he more clearly regarded this part of the world from a Russian point of view, we might have had information of a suggestive character; but the author does not venture to explain the policy of his imperial friends. His reserve must sanction ours.

The tourist in Europe usually finds himself indulging in a holiday. However laboriously he may journey, whatever privations he may have to undergo, his keen enjoyment of a pure air, the invigorating exercise of his muscular powers, and the expansion of his mental faculties, under the observation of laws in natural physics, as novel to him as they are surprising, give to his travelling experience a relish which exceeds even that he once found in a schoolboy ramble out of bounds. In Asia there are other and higher interests, that increase the sense of pleasure with which he pursues his course. Even in America there is an appeal to his sympathies as well as to his admiration on behalf of the new communities and decaying races that there present themselves to his notice. But in Africa the traveller meets with no such sustaining influences; his journeys are the reverse of holidays; he comes in contact with a people that have no feeling in common with him, and is obliged to traverse a country which, to almost insurmountable difficulties for transit, adds frequently a pestilential atmosphere and an insupportable heat.

When we recall to mind the different nations of the ancient world that have left on record unmistakeable evidences of power and intelligence while they peopled different portions of this continent, and contrast them with the existing population of the most civilized districts, we cannot help perceiving the degeneracy of the modern race or races. The Carthaginians, the Egyptians, the Moors, were the Great Powers of their epoch—

where are now their descendants or representatives? A bastard kind of civilization struggles for existence in the valley of the Nile; but could M. Lesseps' impracticable canal be cut through the sandy soil, it would not bear into the new harbours the long-lost greatness of Alexandria or the forgotten glory of Tyre. Elsewhere the population exhibits every degree of barbarism, till humanity becomes only a shade more human than the beasts that perish. Yet this vast region, imperfectly known by the old geographers as Libya, and but vaguely described by Arab travellers of the Middle Ages, has been the constant object of exploration since the Portuguese first settled on its coast. The literature of that once enterprising nation abounds with narratives of attempts to penetrate the interior, made chiefly for commercial objects; but since England took the lead in maritime discovery and geographical investigation, she has continued to send expedition after expedition, and has encouraged the enterprise of individual adventurers, till a considerable portion of the previously unknown regions has been penetrated from different parts of the seaboard.

African discovery has for years been one of our favourite scientific pursuits, and for several months we have received from the press new contributions to our knowledge of the country. As a field of missionary labour, Africa has long enjoyed extensive popularity with the religious world; as the source of the slave trade, it became equally interesting to politicians; and as a new market for articles of British manufacture, it excited as much attention from the merchant, while the adaptability of very large districts to colonial purposes recommended it to the statesman. A settlement on the southern coast we conquered from the Dutch, furnished England with a part ownership of the country; but as soon as Egypt became recognised as the natural highway to our Indian empire, our interest in it was very largely increased. Other proprietaries have been established—the Spaniards in Morocco, the Portuguese in Mozambique, and the French in Algeria; as a natural consequence, other inclinations have been awakened, and a complication may arise out of the first European difficulty, which will probably make this part of the globe the theatre of a severe struggle. These considerations have greatly assisted in obtaining a general recognition of its geographical

claims, which accounts for the zeal with which investigations have been pursued, and the favour that published narratives of travel in this direction, of any merit, have received.

The well-known work of Dr. Livingstone gave a powerful impulse to African enterprise; but, notwithstanding its thirty editions, it is a book that would not of its own merits have attracted much attention. It was an appeal to the most powerful interests in the kingdom, which was promptly responded to; but sufficient time having now elapsed to have realized the enticing promises it held out, the public begin to ask after the results of the new expedition, so liberally placed under the guidance and authority of the newly-appointed consul. All that is known is, that Dr. Livingstone has sent home two valuable officers attached to it, whose only fault appears to have been their want of clan connexion with their chief, and has asked for Scotch families to cultivate certain promising spots of African soil. The navigation of the river Zambesi has not been completed; and of the abundant supplies of cotton and other produce confidently promised, not a bale has been warehoused. We sincerely hope that his missionary labours have been more profitable than his consular, but are not more sanguine in this respect than we were when we heard the reverend gentleman's description of his Land of Promise. Missionary accounts are more or less delusive; their estimable writers not being able to refrain from making things appear as they wish them to be. For this reason we place more faith in the descriptions of travellers who neither desire to be sectarian nor insist on being provincial.

It is but right to add, that in his notices of the people with whom he became acquainted, the Doctor has laboured under disadvantages unknown to the European tourist, with whom, and his travelling acquaintances, a common race, a similar religion, or historical associations, form a connecting bond of sympathy. This is peculiarly the case in Norway and Iceland, where the descendants of the ancient Norse awaken in the Englishman a profound interest in their language, customs, and traditions. There is not the slightest approach to any such recommendation in the Negro or Arab tribes of the interior of Africa; they have no literature, no history, no religion, in common with their visitor; they apparently do not belong to the same family

of man, and he can find very little to say about them likely to instruct or entertain his enlightened countrymen.

It is the new country and its novel productions that afford real sources of interest; and in proportion as the traveller devotes his attention to the physical description and natural history of the unknown portions of the continent penetrated by him, will his narrative become popular. Dr. Barth's heavy volumes form a mass of reading totally inaccessible to the general reader; he is too clever to be amusing. Almost as prolix is Captain Burton's account of the Lake Regions—he also is a little too learned; while such travellers as have enlivened their descriptions with personal adventure with the wild animals that abound in certain districts have been read and re-read by thousands and tens of thousands. Particularly was this the case with Gordon Cumming and Gerard, and is likely to be equally so with the work of M. du Chaillu. A sportsman appeared a few years back as an African explorer, who possesses higher qualifications than skill as a marksman and courage in the pursuit of dangerous game. Charles John Andersson is the son of a Swedish lady, but his father is an English gentleman who has established an honourable reputation in the world of letters. Andersson, with the advantages of a superior education, united an extraordinary ardour in the study of natural history, an adventurous spirit, and remarkable self-reliance. These qualities appear to have recommended him to a scientific Englishman, Mr. Francis Galton, and he became his companion in explorations in tropical South Africa, through the countries of the Damaras and the Ovambo; both equally unknown to Europe. Mr. Galton returned to England, and published an account of his travels, but Mr. Andersson remained in Africa two years longer; during which period, besides discovering a new route to the Lake Regions in the south-west that had hitherto been considered impracticable, he widely extended his knowledge of the fauna and flora of these extraordinary countries, and acquired a large amount of information illustrating other branches of natural history. He then proceeded to England, and in 1856 published a narrative of his scientific researches and personal adventures,* which was exceedingly well received.

* *Lake Ngami; or Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-western Africa.*

Less than twenty years since, the "Tshad" was considered the only African lake. Recent travellers, however, have deprived it of this distinction; indeed, to the enterprise of Captain Speke we are indebted for a knowledge of large sheets of water, which he confidently pronounces to be the feeders of the Nile. Lake Ngami was an earlier discovery, and the very little known of it in England rendered more valuable the full and precise information afforded by Mr. Andersson. Such geographical information was rendered doubly acceptable by the author's lively accounts of his personal adventures in pursuit of the wild animals he met with in his rambles. He encountered the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, spotted hyæna, lion, leopard, and giraffe; hunted many remarkable specimens of the deer tribe, including the eland, gembok, koodoo, steinbok, leché, and nakong; brought down the gnou and zebra, and assisted in making a full bag with the ostrich and the bustard. He formed an acquaintance with several strange reptiles and insects, and secured even a few remarkable fish. Nor was he indifferent to the mineralogy or botany of the unexplored country which he penetrated. As for the human population, he has done his best to make the different tribes ethnologically interesting. The general reader, however, appears to have been better pleased with his accounts of some of the brute creation.

Mr. Andersson remained in England till he had recovered from the fatigues and the effect of the malaria he had been obliged to endure in the course of his hazardous explorations; then returned to Africa to strike out a new course of adventure, with the object of throwing additional light on the imperfectly-known regions. He reached the Cape in the year 1856, and was not long before he had made arrangements to join an enterprising traveller on a new and extremely interesting expedition. This was Mr. Frederick Green, who had distinguished himself by his discovery of the freshwater lake Onondova, between twenty to thirty-five miles in circumference, in lat. 21° , long. 19° . Their destination was now the river Canené, and the exploration of the unknown regions that lie between Damara and Ovambo Land. Accounts occasionally reached England of Mr. Andersson's adventures and discoveries;* these were brief though pro-

missing. All that could be ascertained was, that his party had passed the desolate country in the vicinity of the Omarura River, in which they were obliged with axes to cut a path through the primeval forest, a hundred miles in length, while waging continual war against lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and other savage beasts that abounded in the neighbourhood. They passed in sight of the Otjirokaku Mountains, towards the Makuru Makurranju River, and subsequently came upon another large river called the Okavango; and having explored the country on its banks, returned. The result Mr. Andersson embodied in a narrative which he sent to England. It has been published,† but too late in the month to allow of our giving a proper analysis of it here.

Its merits must be very attractive to divert popular attention from M. du Chaillu's romantic account of the land of the gorilla. Since the days of Bruce—indeed, we might add, since those of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto—no traveller has recorded such extraordinary incidents as came under the observation of this gentleman during his peregrinations in Equatorial Africa. We wish, however, that he had been able to give a better proof of his veracity than was furnished by his ungentlemanlike assault on one of his critics. We are quite willing to allow that he has written a most amusing book; we regard with due importance the collections of animals and birds he has procured, particularly the gigantic ape which has rendered him famous; and even would give him credit for all the enterprise, perseverance, skill, and intrepidity he claims; but it is impossible not to perceive that an air of exaggeration pervades his statements, and as they are full of palpable inconsistencies, it is not singular that strictly matter-of-fact people should have set him down as a *charlatan*; nevertheless, this he certainly is not. We are glad to be able to add, that his quarrel

where they struck Messrs. Green and Andersson's spoor. From them we learnt that Mr. Andersson had reached a tribe called Ova Kaugarra or Ovalinque, on a fine river (the Okavanga), in about latitude 17° S., and longitude 18° E., but was detained there by fever. These reports were verified a few days ago by the arrival of Messrs. Andersson and Green, who bring glorious news for those who wish to distinguish themselves. They report elephants to be just as numerous as Gordon Cumming found them in the Bamangwalo country."—*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1861.

† *The Okavango River. A narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.*

* "Other Hottentots from Amiral Lambert's have made a successful hunt northwards,

with Dr. Gray has ended in the Trustees of the British Museum purchasing for £500 his collection of animals.

Of other African explorers, Dr. Baikie is pursuing his expedition to the Niger—Captain Speke has left Zanzibar, in the south, to meet, at Gondokoro, Consul Petherick, who is to journey from Khartoum, on the north, to trace the sources of the Nile. The latter gentleman, before starting, published the result of his travelling experience;* and to the former we are indebted for the important discovery that arose out of his journey to the Tanganyika Lake, and his survey of Unyanyembe to the Nyanza, a large elevated reservoir that holds the waters proceeding from the mountainous regions east and west. They are, therefore, thoroughly qualified travellers, and important additions to our geographical knowledge may be anticipated from their joint expedition.

In Eastern Africa there have been recently published the travels of Dr. L. Krapf, of the Church Missionary Society. This quarter of the world, as is well known, is the grand campaigning ground of the different missionary societies of Europe and America, the result of whose labours, according to their several publications, must have been eminently satisfactory; but all the knowledge they have obtained of their fellow-man, both of the coast and of the interior, has not excited half the interest created by the discovery of the gorilla. Whether the former will ever prove worthy of the labours in their behalf of their pious friends, is problematical; nor is the African prospect, taken from a commercial point of view, quite so dazzling as some enthusiastic consuls have endeavoured to make “the nation of shopkeepers” believe. Inexhaustible supplies of ivory and of palm-oil may be prominent in the perspective; and there is no doubt that mineral and other natural produce are in abundance; but safe roads and navigable rivers are not so easy to be found; and the intense savagery of the population of enormous districts will, we are afraid, form an insurmountable obstacle to the long-anticipated regeneration of the negro.

Though we would gladly acknowledge the advance that has been made towards a complete natural history of this conti-

* *Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa; with Explorations from Khartoum, on the White Nile, to the Regions of the Equator: being Sketches from Sixteen Years' Travel.*

ment, we cannot help calling attention to the imperfect state of its geology, particularly in the interesting department of palæontology. The mountain chains in the interior, when scientifically explored, and the water-system, when accurately surveyed, will, we have no doubt, add largely to our scanty information respecting African stratification, deposits, and organic remains.

A more interesting division of the earth has also recently become better known to us, through the intrepidity and zeal for discovery, of English travellers. This is our invaluable colony Australia, which affords scope for scientific investigation unrivalled in its resources. Gould and Bennett have made us familiar with the most remarkable varieties of its ornithological and marsupial creations; while the lamented Leichhardt, with Messrs. Gregory and Kennedy, have since been pursuing their explorations into the unknown districts, and enlarging our knowledge of its geographical features and capabilities. The two Gregorys—the one from the north, on the Victoria, the other from the west coast—have nearly completed a chain of exploration. To the north-east, Mr. George Elphinstone Dalrymple has surveyed the valley of the Burdekin, which he describes as containing the finest and largest pastoral and agricultural districts in Australia; and Mr. J. McDouall Stuart has carried out an expedition (with only two companions) from Spencer Gulf on the south, across the centre of Australia, to lat. $18^{\circ} 47'$ on the north—upwards of 2300 miles—when, having penetrated to within 250 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the hostility of increasing numbers of the natives made it prudent that his little party should return.† Mr. Stuart's representations of the geological structure of the country he explored, are so important, that we have no doubt an expedition capable of resisting all opposition from the aborigines has been organized before this, which has not only set at rest the idea of insurmountable difficulty in the way of traversing this noble continent, maintained by some geographers of eminence, but has placed at the disposal of the enterprising and industrious, another wide field of profitable labour, capable of adding largely to the agricultural and mineral wealth of one of the most productive regions of the globe.

Having given a *resumé* of our travelling

† *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, 1861.*

literature, we proceed to notice recent publications in other departments of letters. In history, our acquisitions have been of but small account. Since the last labours of Lord Macaulay were given to the public, very little of real historical interest has issued from the press. The most pretentious has been Earl Stanhope's *Life of William Pitt*, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Defence of Lord Bacon*. The former worthily fits a niche which Giffard, Bishop Tomline, and more recent biographers have vainly endeavoured to fill; the latter, though possessing even greater zeal as a pleader, and with more care to illustrate his subject, fails in his object, simply because he makes it too conspicuous that the illustrious Lord Chancellor needs defence, and that Mr. Hepworth Dixon is his leading counsel. Though our sympathies are with "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," on account of the intellectual obligations he has laid us under, our commonsense cannot help seeing that the arguments in his favour are the merest special pleading. James the First, by his example, made his chief counsellors eminently corrupt, and when any one of them had taken advantage of his opportunities to amass wealth, his royal master seized the first favourable pretext that presented itself for making him disgorge his ill-got gains into the Treasury. There were cormorants in Old England in those days, but a greedier, fouler bird than the Scottish Solomon never polluted the soil. The age of Pitt was purer and nobler—the minister being as free from corruption as his sovereign—nevertheless, as Lord Stanhope makes us aware, honesty was not everywhere regarded as the best policy, either in Church or State. Both works are creditable for the research they display among State papers and other original documents.

Miss Knight's gossiping recollections of the Courts of George the Third and the Prince of Wales* afford more popular reading. This lady wrote a very dull fiction, apparently for the sole purpose of its being bound up with *Rasselas*—of the intense unreality of which it is a successful imitation—and this distinction was accorded to it in that once populous series of reprints *Dove's English Classics*. These were halcyon days for writers whose am-

bition it was to be thought didactic and moral rather than natural and amusing, and the authoress of *Dinarbas* found herself moving in the midst of a galaxy of social stars that twinkled for a season in the zenith and then dropped unnoticed into space. Before, however, she was lost to view, the young lady had attracted the attention of the Queen of George the Third, who was a patroness of female merit after a somewhat frigid fashion. Madame D'Arblay, when Miss Burney, in this way became an inmate of the palace, in a position about as worthy of being an intellectual distinction as was the excise-man post of Burns or the stamp-distributorship of Wordsworth—planets with whom such very small stars as Miss Burney and Miss Knight are not to be compared. The latter appears to have been more comfortable at Court than was the authoress of *Evelina*; she had not an old, cross-grained German harridan to torment her, and her duties, those of "Reader," were less menial than those of a "Dresser." Indeed, she must have impressed Queen Charlotte with a high opinion of her abilities and feminine excellences of every kind, for Miss Knight was selected to be "companion" to her granddaughter, the youthful Princess Charlotte—a post requiring singular judgment and prudence, for her Royal Highness had not only arrived at an age which more than doubles the responsibilities of a teacher, but was possessed of strong impulses, and, owing to the unhappy antagonism of her parents, had been placed in a position of extreme embarrassment. How the companion conducted herself and her august pupil under such untoward circumstances, has been graphically, and there is no doubt truthfully recorded in the work we are now noticing. We are bound to say that it is a valuable contribution towards a domestic history of the royal family, in those good old days which were so very bad. Lord Malmesbury's and Lady Charlotte Bury's revelations of the bride and the wife will greatly assist the reader in appreciating Miss Cornelia's portrait of the bridegroom and the father. If not quite so attractive as the famous sofa-portrait by Lawrence, it is a great deal more trustworthy. She has produced a most interesting picture of the intrigues that flourished in the immediate neighbourhood of the young and amiable princess, but those that referred to her intended marriage with the Prince of Orange are not described with such

* *The Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with Extracts from her Journals and Anecdote Books.*

completeness. Miss Knight seems not to have been aware of the active part two of the most important personages in this Court drama were playing; indeed, it was so well concealed, that when, some time subsequently, our active ambassador at the Hague announced the completion of an arrangement for the marriage of the Emperor Alexander's sister with the heir to the crown of Holland, few persons imagined the game that had been going on when the emperor was in England. After the flight of the Princess from Warwick House, where her Royal Highness was domiciled, her father considered energetic measures were called for, and the companion, who does not seem to have encouraged her pupil's contumacy, was dismissed. Here closed Miss Knight's connexion with the Court, and here terminates the real interest of her narrative.

Miss Strickland having written the History of England from a strictly feminine point of view, appears to imagine that there is still something to be added which would have special recommendations to her readers, therefore has taken the unmarried kings under her protection.* We are not quite satisfied that there was any necessity for such distinction, but as the work appeals to young ladies at school much more than to historical scholars, we do not feel called upon to make very forcible objections. We thought we were tolerably well acquainted with that son of the Conqueror whose familiar affix was taken from the colour of his hair; but it is quite true that no one of our careful chroniclers of the Norman period of our history has thought it necessary to write his history as a bachelor. This was, of course, an oversight, and Miss Strickland has taken advantage of it—still we cannot see the historical claim of single blessedness in sovereigns. If this is not clear to us in William Rufus, still less clear is it in the cases of Edward the Fifth and Sixth, whose lives belong to royal juvenile biography. Perhaps, as half a loaf is better than no bread, half a man is better than no bachelor, and, therefore, the boy sovereigns were invested with the honours of adolescence. Of the first of these there is very little to be said, but it is exactly under such circumstances that this writer exhibits her historical re-

* *Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England.*
By Agnes Strickland.

sources. The small sterling particle of fact is beaten with untiring industry into a prodigious surface of leaf; of course, without any solid addition to our knowledge. Who would be so unreasonable as to expect it? Not the young ladies for whose edification the work is written, we are certain. The hero of the chapter may have been a "boy bachelor" more thoroughly than was Wolsey at College, but then this source of interest adds to his coronet a jewel that is valued higher than the crown diamonds. The victim of the crooked-back usurper was allowed no opportunity of showing what loveable qualities he possessed; but had he lived to inspire a royal Juliet with affection, he could not have been made more of as a bachelor than has been done for him here.

Edward the Sixth, though he also failed to arrive at a marriageable age, has been made familiar to the historical reader. Indeed, he could scarcely be more so had he been as frequent a candidate for wedded felicity as his royal father. Like many modern aspirants for academical honours, his gains by his bachelorship are scarcely perceptible. In consequence of the important social change which made progress in England during the brief career of this boy-sovereign, the State papers, the diaries, the family archives of the period, have been over and over again so thoroughly searched and sifted, that nothing has been left for Miss Strickland's use possessing the slightest claim to novelty. But the zealous partisanship she displayed in writing the "histories" of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth, and subsequently in her dreadfully elaborated life of his kinswoman Mary Stuart, prove her to be disqualified for doing justice to an age so pregnant with human interest. We are, therefore, quite content to see the young friend of Barnaby Fitzpatrick made so little of in this appendix to her boarding-school History of England. Now that the sources of our history as a nation have been rendered accessible by the publication of so many invaluable records and calendars, there is no longer an excuse for our not possessing a national history—a picture of the growth of a great empire infinitely more reliable than a series of portraits of queens and bachelor kings.

LAW AND CRIME.

ONE of the most important law cases of the month is that of "*Turnbull v. Bird*," a trial which affords a melancholy proof that the *odium theologicum* still madly rages in these realms. All our readers will admit that it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, between two extreme sections of religionists, and its merits, end, and origin may be dismissed in a few sentences. Mr. Turnbull was in former years a Presbyterian in faith, and a Scottish barrister by profession. He subsequently became a Roman Catholic, and was distinguished for the proverbial zeal of the convert. On the 8th of July he appeared as the plaintiff in a cause which came on to be tried before Chief Justice Erle and a special jury at Guildhall, in which he claimed damages of Mr. Bird (who had also formerly practised as a barrister, but is now Secretary of the Protestant Alliance), for a libel published on him by that gentleman in a communication to the *Daily News*. Mr. Turnbull had for some time been employed, at a very meagre remuneration, as calendarer of papers in the State Paper Office, and the libels insinuated that as a Roman Catholic, and particularly as an admirer of the Jesuits, he was likely to suppress, alter, or falsify the documents with which he had to deal in the course of his official inquiries; that, in fact, he would make the interests of his Church paramount over those of historic truth. Such a charge is, indeed, a grave one; and the accused gentleman had just cause of complaint, for no proof was adduced of any single instance in which he had falsified or tampered with historical papers. But the jury probably thought that as a state-paper calendarer, he was not exactly "the right man in the right place," and in opposition to the summing-up of the learned judge, gave a verdict for the defendant. We can only say that we hope we have heard the last of this bitter theological duel.

In our last number we referred at some length to the trials arising out of the frauds on the Commercial Bank. We have now to report the sequel: on Tuesday, July 19th, Durden and Holcroft were again put on their trial at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Baron Bramwell and a London jury, charged with jointly appropriating to themselves the moneys of the Bank. The facts proved on the former trial were again relied on to show the complicity of *both* the accused persons in the frauds undoubtedly com-

mitted. Mr. Baron Bramwell read over his notes of the evidence, and gave the same opinion as to its effect that he had given on the former trial: namely, that as the offence charged was alleged to be committed by Durden and Holcroft in concert together, both of them must be acquitted or both convicted. The only additional evidence produced was, that the prisoners had been acquainted with each other for fourteen years, and had lived on terms of intimacy; Holcroft being at first the manager of a boot-and-shoe-making business, and afterwards carrying on that trade on his own account. It was then attempted to be shown that Holcroft had benefited largely by his connexion with Durden, who, it was clearly proved, had plundered the Bank for years. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and were absent for a long time. Ultimately, having stated through their foreman that there was no chance of their agreeing, they were discharged without returning a verdict. The counsel for the prosecution then declined to offer any further evidence on the other indictments affecting Holcroft, and the proceedings in this remarkable and protracted case terminated.

The cruel attempt of Baron Alfred Louis Pons de Vidil to murder his only son, in the prime of youth, in order to possess himself of £30,000, is *the* crime of the month; for although the tragical affray in Northumberland-street has ended more fatally, it has failed—in the hopeless mystery which shrouds the entire affair—to elicit much popular sympathy on behalf of either of the combatants in that savage and bloody encounter.

Surely the fertile author of the "Dead Secret" and "After Dark" can be no longer accused of outraging human nature in the peculiar creations of his fancy. In the gentle, fascinating Baron de Vidil, "graceful, elegant, and accomplished," of "polished manners and insinuating address," of "brown complexion, ripened manhood, with hair still black, and cut short," (we quote the fashionable journal,) have we not a living presentment of the famous Count Fosco? and if half the rumours which have reached us shall prove ultimately correct, the resemblance is but partially developed as yet. No revelation is to be expected from young Alfred de Vidil, it seems, except under great provocation; but assuredly his family will satisfy the public

mind on two material points: Under what circumstances was the young gentleman twice placed under restraint by his father? and is it true that the Baron's wife had the misfortune to lose her life by falling from a horse, while riding out with her affectionate and devoted husband?

As if to prepare us for the coming incidents of this domestic drama, a short paragraph appeared in some of the newspapers, darkly insinuating its purport, with the accompanying editorial hope that such rumours might prove wholly unfounded. Then came the narrative above referred to, by an old familiar hand, in which fact was so blended with fancy, that it was a positive relief to the public, a day or two afterwards, to get the first authoritative account of the transaction in the form of a magisterial investigation at Bow-street.

Now it appeared certain that on the afternoon of the 28th of June, while the bells were ringing, and the guns were firing in commemoration of the English Queen's accession to the throne, young Alfred de Vidil accompanied his father, by previous invitation, on a visit to the dethroned Queen of France, at Claremont, saddle horses having awaited their arrival at the Twickenham railway station. After spending some time here, the father and son remounted their horses to return; but the Baron affected to lose his way, and wandered into the lonely, narrow lanes near the residence of the Duke d'Aumale. His manner had excited terror in the young man's breast, so that he was almost prepared for the deadly blows which suddenly came upon him from the loaded handle of a riding-whip, and was enabled, therefore, to avoid the third, which descending on his hitherto spiritless horse, was the means of saving his life. Of the severity of that first blow some idea may be formed from the fact that it cut through the band of young Alfred's hat, and inflicted such a wound upon his forehead that his face was instantly covered with blood. Such a blow two inches to the right or left would have killed him on the spot. Fortunately a man and woman presented themselves at the corner of the lane, and to them the young man appealed earnestly for help; but little help was needed, for was not the gentle and amiable Baron in immediate attendance on his son, anxious to dress his wound, bathe his face, and administer restoratives if necessary? Young Alfred had the presence of mind, however, to exact from the surgeon in

attendance a solemn promise that he should not be once left alone in the presence of his father; and the latter finding that promise faithfully kept, abandoned his son, adjourned to his club, dined with several "distinguished foreigners," and was, doubtless, the most bland and engaging of the company! In the meantime Alfred de Vidil fled to his uncle, at Ware Park, Herts; and the warrant was applied for. The Baron, apprised of this fact by its premature and injudicious publicity, fled to Paris. The English detectives and the French police traced him to his retreat, and the Baron de Vidil, finding all chance of escape hopeless, magnanimously volunteered to return to England to meet any charge which might be brought against him!

With all that followed our readers are sufficiently familiar—the Baron's appearance at the Bow-street police court—the son's avowal that in consideration of the relation between parent and child, he would proceed no further with the charge—the adjournment of the inquiry—the examination of poor John Rivers, who saw the blow struck at seven in the evening, but was too feeble to interfere, and whose evidence was taken at the bedside of the dying man; and finally, the withdrawal of the son altogether from the prosecution, and the futile attempt of the Baron's counsel to get the matter disposed of by the prisoner's being "bound over to keep the peace"—a proposition which very naturally excited the indignant remonstrance of every one in the court.

It was noticeable that throughout the proceedings the prisoner continued to hide his face most effectually from observation. He looked about fifty-six years of age, was hardly above the middle stature, and although the lower part of his face was covered with hair, tinged with grey, his head was nearly bald. A considerable sum of money was found upon him at the time of his apprehension at the Jockey Club, in Paris, but we believe it comprised nearly all his available resources.

The son, Alfred, is an extremely delicate-looking young man, of twenty-three, with prominent nose and eyes, and a somewhat vacant expression of countenance. He appeared nervous and agitated in the presence of his father, and his voice could not be heard across the court. The only occasion on which he exhibited any firmness was when the magistrate threatened him with seven days' imprisonment if he persisted in his refusal to repeat, in his

father's presence, the evidence which he had already given on oath, on applying for the warrant.

On Monday last the Baron underwent his final examination, the magistrate, Mr. Corrie, having in the meantime applied to the Executive to take up the prosecution on public grounds. The Home Secretary—the only person in this country who is entitled to assume the functions of a public prosecutor—"declined to interfere." The Right Hon. gentleman who "interfered" so recently to liberate from prison a fashionable and wealthy ruffian who had assaulted half-a-dozen people at Cremorne, flatly refused to take any part in the charges against the fashionable Baron. The public will manifest no little indignation at this mode of shelving a case of such serious import; but if it will hasten the appointment of a duly qualified "public prosecutor," we shall not regret the occurrence.

Mr. Corrie's appeal to the Executive having failed, in spite of his avowal that there never was a case which more completely warranted the interference of the Crown, in order that the ends of justice might not be defeated, the charge was proceeded with as an ordinary police-case. A couple of policemen were entrusted with the prosecution of the Baron de Vidil, and the result was just what might have been expected. Mr. Corrie was left to sift for evidence, just as if he were dealing with a common assault case from Seven Dials. The prisoner's son was sworn, but again refused to make any statement to the Court. Poor John Rivers, whose evidence was taken at Twickenham, was the only man who had witnessed the attack. Others saw the young man immediately afterwards, bleeding from the wounds inflicted, and heard his appeals for help, and his account of the murderous attack made upon him by his father; but his words were not uttered within the hearing of the prisoner (it is hardly likely they would be), and therefore the forensic wisdom of the Courts proclaimed them inadmissible. Mr. Sleight, whose client was so anxious for full inquiry that he had come voluntarily to England to seek it, would not allow one of these utterances to be whispered in Court. He assented to the production of the Baron's letter to young Vidil's uncle (after reading it first); but, oddly enough, this letter established a material discrepancy in the Baron's account of the transaction. To Mr. Clarke, the surgeon, to the landlord of the Swan,

and to all the other witnesses who had inquired the cause of the calamity, the Baron stated that the young man had been thrown by his horse against a wall. In his letter to Mr. Parker, however, he said, "The accident to Alfred was caused by the horse having reared and struck him in the forehead." The son had fled from his father's presence at the first opportunity, and sought a refuge in the house of his mother's sister, with whom, we believe, he has chiefly resided since the premature death of that mother at the age of twenty-three.

At the close of the inquiry, Mr. Corrie having committed the Baron for trial, an earnest appeal was made to the magistrate to admit the prisoner to bail. The application was refused, and unless the Home Secretary has again "interfered," the Baron Louis Pons de Vidil is still in Newgate, awaiting his arraignment at the Old Bailey, on the charge of having attempted to murder his son.

If there be something Parisian in the character of the incidents just related, to what national attribute shall we liken the frightful catastrophe in Northumberland-street? Even in the back settlements of America we might look in vain for its parallel. Following so closely, too, upon the Vidil affair, the "feast of horrors" was indeed complete. Fortunately for those who like to partake of such feasts, young Mr. Woods, of the *Times*, happened to be on the spot, by the merest accident, within a few minutes of the horrible occurrence, and was one of the first to enter the den of the late Mr. Roberts where the deadly encounter was fought out. So to the versatile gentleman whose accounts of the "National Prize Fight," the "Great Eastern in a Gale," "the Prince of Wales in America," &c., are so well remembered, we now owe the most graphic description yet written of the interior of the money-lender's office, immediately after the scene of bloodshed—its gorgeous furniture, pictures, statuettes, and vases buried in the dust of years—its marble mantelpiece pierced with bullets—its broken bottles and scattered papers—the whole place being so splashed and smeared that it seemed as if a mop, dipped in blood, had been trundled round and round there! Many have been the conjectures, of course, as to the motive which may have goaded on these two men, both apparently strangers, to destroy each other. The fact that no explanation was given, and no complaint of Major Murray was uttered, during the few calm moments

which came to the dying man, and when a magistrate was by his side, prepared to act upon his evidence, is a very important one in the Major's favour—even if he were, as we have heard suggested, probably the first assailant. The *Daily Telegraph*, one of whose staff was by the bedside of Roberts, in company with a relative, watching the ghastly and battered countenance a few hours before death had sealed the parched lips for ever,—has given currency to a rumour that Major Murray saw a lady who is permitted to bear his name enter the rooms of the deceased—that he followed them—that the lady in question fled in terror—and that the injuries received by the Major were inflicted by Roberts in self-defence. There is nothing, certainly, in the demeanour of Roberts at the hospital to contradict this suggestion, but it is wholly inconsistent, of course, with the statement made by Major Murray,—that he was invited by Roberts to discuss with him, in his office, the loan of a sum of money to a company in which the Major was interested as one of its Directors. Few, however, are disposed to credit this latter version of the affair, and the public conviction is, that jealousy or insanity must have led to this dreadful business.

It is agreed, on all hands, that Roberts was a most eccentric personage. We inquired of an occupant of adjoining chambers, under the same roof, how it was that such a struggle could take place in open day, without exciting terror and alarm throughout the house? The answer was that pistol-shots were constantly heard in those rooms, and that nothing that ever transpired there excited the surprise of anybody. No further explanation was vouchsafed, but there was a mystery in the manner of the man quite in keeping with the whole affair. The Major's descent from the back window by means of a water-pipe, at the risk of falling into an area thirty feet below, was a most marvellous exploit. It was seen by a lady who resides in the next house, and who has been ever since confined to her room from the effects of the shock. It is due to the Major to add, that, having been observed and assisted to the hospital, he at once directed inquiry to be made as to the fate of his alleged assailant.

The Benchers of the Middle Temple have taken the very serious step of "disbarring" Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., late M.P. for Marylebone. This resolution was taken at a "Parliament" (so the meetings of the Benchers of this Honour-

able Inn of Court are termed) on the 18th of July. Mr. James has signified his intention of appealing to the judges of the superior courts of common law, who act as visitors to the inns of court, and have the power of reviewing the decision of the benchers. We know not what "case" Mr. James may have, and as none of the proceedings have yet been published, can pronounce no judgment upon it. Singularly enough, up to the very eve of the promulgation of the Benchers' decision, it was confidently announced in many journals that the distinguished advocate was on the point of resuming his high position in the profession.

Since the publication of our last number, the legal profession has had to regret the loss of one of its most distinguished members, Sir John Pattison. Sir John was formerly one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, but becoming afflicted with deafness, retired some years ago. He had exacted a promise from a friend, that whenever his infirmity should appear in any degree to unfit him for the fair discharge of the duties of his high and responsible office, he would frankly tell him so, in order that he might at once retire. The faithful friend most reluctantly made the melancholy communication, and the conscientious judge sorrowfully thanked him, and immediately resigned. He had been a hard-working lawyer, both as a special pleader below the bar, and afterwards as a junior barrister; but he never aspired to "lead" a cause, and it is said that during the nine years he practised at the bar, he never once addressed a jury. On the bench he was universally respected and beloved as a high-minded, learned, and painstaking judge. Amongst his learned contemporaries he was emphatically distinguished for his kindness of disposition. The poor, unfriended prisoner had in him indeed a counsel, who would watchfully protect his interests, and who in administering justice, never failed to remember mercy. The eulogy passed upon Lord Chancellor Hardwicke by Richard Savage might be as appropriately pronounced upon Sir John Pattison:—

Learn'd, just, polite, born every heart to gain,
Like Comyns mild, like Fortescue humane.

After his retirement from the Bench, Sir John became a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for which position his logical understanding and sound acquirements admirably fitted him.

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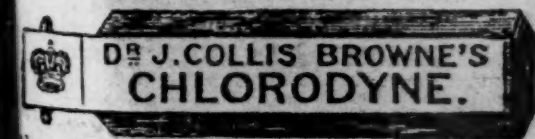
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